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THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

ALMOST during the whole of the last century the mission of England in India may be described as having been educational ; not indeed in purely intellectual matters, in which respect the Hindus had a system of their own, but in all the things that constitute national strength where, for ages, they had been deficient. Honest ambition, moral courage and rectitude, and sympathy with the lower classes, all these qualities were esteemed by European nations in a manner which had largely contributed to their existence and power ; and their possession, however hampered by human weaknesses, enabled them to assume a position of superiority long after their first arrival in India. To inculcate ideas of this sort, alike by precept and by example, involved so much of education as tends to the formation of the pupil's character ; and that which the members of the Company's Civil Service aspired to do for the Indians was very similar to that which in their time of preparation had been done for themselves. Although certain branches of knowledge were pursued by the candidates during the two years of their residence at the E. I. College near Hertford, it could hardly be expected that Sanscrit and Persian, Greek and Latin, Law, Political Economy, Mathematics and English composition could all be mastered in so short a period : but the study, combined with academical discipline, acted as a kind of moral gymnastics by which the minds of the youths were trained, and those who desired a life of active labour would be made ready for the kind of exertion which would be required of them.

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A very favourable instance of the way in which this system sometimes worked was provided in the career of the late Sir Richard Temple. He never went to an English University ; indeed, the small need that was felt for such learning as is now insisted on may be clearly seen from the fact that many of the best Indian administrators have been military officers who had scarcely received any education at all. This was far from being Temple's case ; he rose to the highest form at Rugby, and when he migrated to Hailebury took prizes in many of the subjects taught there. On arriving in India, he showed the like diligence in Calcutta, where he was detained for examination in some of the Oriental languages. His course after passing this ordeal may be described in his own words as recorded in his first volume,* when he comes to his appointment as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces :—" When I was at the very outset put to work on the Registration of Land Tenures, I grasped its importance, stuck to it, and identified myself with it in the North-Western Provinces. This caused me to be made a Settlement Officer in the Panjab. Next, the Settlement work imparted that special knowledge of the people and the country which enabled me to win the esteem of Mr. John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery. In consequence of that I was entrusted with the preparation of the First Panjab Report, which was the foundation of my official fortunes. That again led to my being appointed Secretary to the Panjab Administration, which was the first important appointment held by me ; and it took me out of the ordinary line of the Civil Service. But some few years later I left that Secretariat deliberately, in order to re-enter the ordinary line in its higher branches, and to display again the spurs I had previously won in that line. I often congratulated myself afterwards in having taken that step, because it completed my qualification for a governing position. It was the financial knowledge, gained in the Settlement and the Secretariat, that rendered me so lucky as to attract the favour of Mr. James Wilson, who at once brought me on to the path which led up to the Central Provinces. In all this I ever tried to do my best for the natives. I had to perform my duty both to them and to my employer, the State. That, indeed, did sometimes

* "The Story of My Life," Vol. I, p. 138.

mean the performance of unpleasant tasks. Otherwise I worked hard to help them onwards, both mentally and materially ; and they knew it. My superiors, too, felt that ; indeed, Sir Robert Montgomery himself told me that he was much impressed in this respect. Probably Lord Canning, when he travelled in the Panjab, may have received a similar impression. Perhaps that was the reason why he decided to place me in charge of a people rather than at the head of a Secretariat. I had wished to make friends, and I made them. Muir and Frere, Thornton and Barnes, Lawrence and Montgomery, Napier and Bruce, all helped me. Two of my best patrons, Mr. Thomason and Mr. Wilson, died before their good intentions towards me could be carried out. I had tried to avoid making enemies. Critics and assailants I must necessarily have without number ; but they need not be my enemies personally. If I showed temper and resentment, they might indeed become hostile. But if I did the reverse of this, then without abating their public opposition, they might entertain a private regard for me. I strove to enter into the views and feelings of those with whom I had to deal in my various deputations, delegations and commissions. Thus I was able to maintain agreement with them ; and my succeeding in this was probably the final reason that determined Lord Canning to confer on me this great promotion."

The above summary may strike the reader as too much like Katerfelto, with his hair on end, staring at his own wonders ; but he will do well to remember that the writer was both a successful and a useful man, who was ultimately created a baronet and became, in succession, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Governor of Bombay. Nor must it be cited in support of the doctrine that no man can hold high office in India unless he has been trained and examined in London—a rule full of humiliation for the educated natives of India. To lay down that no graduate of an Indian University is fit for any but subordinate employment must be held to explain, though it may not justify, the discontent and crime that marked the first years of the present century.

In a characteristic passage of his book Temple praises John Lawrence for his good selection of agents, and proceeds to indicate his opinion that no system of government is of importance

compared with a wise selection of men, winding up with the old verse which tells us "Whate'er is best administered is best."

This maxim, if not modified, might be construed as defending the most arbitrary despotism if it were only sufficiently carried out ; and indeed people are now found to argue that efficiency has been over-rated, and that what India now needs is repose and a popular administration. In any case the Commission lately appointed to consider the subject may find that the time has come for a more liberal method of recruiting the service. What has above been called the Educational Mission of England in India has been going on for a full century, but it has been performed in vain if India is still to remain dependent for high judicial and executive officers upon a remote region and an alien civilisation.

Such a doctrine is too detrimental to the self-respect of educated men to cause any just regret for its disappearance ; though a glance at the past will serve to show that it is unavoidable in the origin of the system and has been productive, since then, of much benefit to the people, long degenerate and almost enslaved. The origin of the Service may be traced back as far as the middle of the eighteenth century. When Clive defeated the Nawab of Bengal at Plassey, it was natural, if not necessary, that resolute measures should be taken to protect the Company's trade. At that time a purely mercantile body, it demanded what were termed "investments," and these could only be produced in anything like regularity so long as the territories that yielded them were protected from anarchy. The earliest members of the Service were thus commercial agents fortified with administrative powers, and henceforth this double character remained a not unchangeable characteristic : what the Company then required being a body of agents who would live long enough in the country to be competent for their work, while they would be thoroughly trustworthy from their interests being involved in those of their employers. As the jurisdiction of the Company extended, the position and profits of the members increased, a certain missionary spirit, though carefully guarded against religious interference, began to animate the leading men amongst them, and many more or less famous names might be cited of men who deemed themselves entrusted with the duty of shaping Oriental habits and methods, so that it might almost be said that the

more influential members of native society were their disciples. Military officers ceased to be employed as peaceful conditions extended, and the Service became more and more a Civil Service ; and these progressive changes became more and more universal after the suppression of the disturbances of '57-'58 and the abolition of recruiting by patronage. The system of competitive examination, then substituted, has continued to the present day with the important proviso, already mentioned, that the examination must be held in London—a rule which may be thought somewhat inappropriate when the land to which the successful competitors are to be appointed is amply furnished with universities and a free Press. Many modern thinkers, amongst whom are several members of the present Commission, have condemned the system, and indeed it is obvious that it has its dangers. Young Indians coming to England for purposes of study do not always find quarters in the most respectable directions, and must often return to India possessed of political principles ill-suited to their digestions. Evidently the main problem that will present itself for solution must involve the question, what regulations are needed to make the appointment of candidates for the higher class of Indian employment suitable to modern circumstances and conditions ?” The schoolmaster side of the Indian Civil Service is now a thing of the past ; and the only remaining essentials are integrity, industry, knowledge of the country and public spirit. Moderate reformers will be likely to agree with those who, like Sir B. Fuller, think that these qualities are not the monopoly of men educated in England, and declare that the London examination should no longer be the sole access to high Indian employment, which should be open to deserving members of the lower grade, and the local Bar.

It will be asked how the European element is to be maintained in Indian administration if the Civil Service is not to be recruited from young men educated in Europe ? There is no doubt something in this. Departmental officers at head-quarters, no less than the charge of turbulent districts, and frontier posts, may still require the special qualities which they have up to the present time demanded ; and these qualities will often be more fully produced in men who have risen in the native army and been schooled in military

discipline. Such appointments have not been usual of late, but history shows that from Sir Thomas Munro to Sir Henry Lawrence, military Civilians have been among the very best administrators, both Imperial and Provincial. There seems, therefore, no substantial reason why, if the High Courts were recruited from the local Bar, and the ordinary administration provided for by the promotion of local officers, special duties might not be entrusted to special officers who have been trained in discipline from the time of their entering the Service. Benevolence, rectitude, and unswerving devotion to duty are the qualities most needed for work of the kind contemplated; and none of these qualities can be tested by competitive examination.

The case of Sir R. Temple has been cited to show what was the nature of the tasks which fell to the Civilians of Victorian days, and of the rewards which awaited their performance with a clear head, a strong determination and an unswerving devotion to duty. All this is now changed. The welfare of millions no longer depends on the character and conduct of one man. Legislative Councils and highly organised departments mould the policy of government; famine is held in check by a system of irrigation and railways adequate to the distribution of produce; universities and colleges exist in every province, and a permanent department is ready to undertake the work of general education. In such conditions it may well be thought that India may be left to herself, under due control to keep the administrative machinery in good order, and to work out her own salvation.

H. G. KEENE.

England.

THE IDEALS OF EMPIRES.

GUIZOT has described history as "the record of the rise and progress of those nations whose doings constitute the history of civilisation." Accepting this description as it is, it becomes clear that the true aim of historical study does not consist merely in storing the mind with facts and events, but in looking behind and below these external phenomena of a nation's life and investigating the social and political results of which they are only the fore-runners. Man is a thinking being, and has been so from the earliest times. Nations are but individuals upon a grand scale, and in the moving panorama of their rise and fall, it is the collective *thought* of men that becomes embodied in language, literature and art, in morality, law and government. The nations and their political achievements pass with the age whose impress they bear, but the thought, the ideal, the principle that was evolved in the past, lives on and becomes the basis of a still grander civilisation in the future. It is the ultimate end of history to trace this civilisation from country to country, to note that this or that principle or phase of thought was predominant in the one country or the other, to follow wars and conquests, battles and sieges, not merely as a compilation of so many isolated occurrences, but as the outgrowth of underlying causes and as the vital expression of a national purpose or design. The progress of a nation does not proceed like the incoherent fancies of a wandering mind, for, below the surface, there is an ever-moving, resistless current, unseen but not unfelt, bearing society and individual alike in the grasp of law and order and truth. History, therefore, cannot be merely an unmeaning procession across a phantom scene. Its chief interest lies not in its being a mere narrative of facts which according to Macaulay are "the mere dross of history," but

rather, as Mill has put it, in its being "a chain of causes and effects still unwinding itself before our eyes and full of momentous consequences to the student and his descendants—an unremitting conflict between good and evil powers, of which every act done by any one of us, insignificant as we are, forms one of the incidents; a conflict in which even the smallest of us cannot escape from taking part, in which whoever does not help the right side is helping the wrong."

The history of the world bears witness to the rise and fall of great empires, but each and every one of them that has given the world a civilisation has had a guiding principle, a watchword, or an ideal, which inspired its men and led them on to the heights of power and prosperity. The principle may have been perhaps unconsciously adopted, but, none the less, it was certainly followed, and became the centre and remained the pivot round which the life and activities of the period revolved.

Limiting our consideration to some of the great nations of Europe, there were, first of all, to begin with, the ancient Greeks, and of them it can be truly said that they had one goddess whom they really adored, and that was, "Culture." It was their culture, both physical and mental, which raised them in the estimation of the world, and that high estimate will for ever endure. Sparta was the home of courage and devotion and heroism. At its very name there come before us, through the gates of dreams, the figures of those tall, hardy, plain and simple living warriors, with wives and children as famous for their muscular strength as for their physical grace and charm. On the other hand, there was Athens, the great seat of learning and wisdom; and we can still imagine her great statesmen, subtle philosophers, fine artists, and noble orators, passing before us in an endless procession of famous personages leading up to the temple of eternal fame. To the student of literature, Greece is, as it must be, a consecrated land. It is with a sense of awe and reverence that pilgrims from all countries have approached its scenes. It was in the same spirit that Oscar Wilde "stood upon the soil of Greece at last." In itself the land is said to possess a singular beauty. There is nothing exaggerated or appalling in its natural aspects. From every point high mountains are visible, but they are not immeasurable, and even the heights of Olympus, with its

snowy seats prepared for the gods, are not hard of access to any mountaineering enthusiast. The whole country seems to be laid out on a moderate scale, as though the land itself had observed the Delphian precept and shunned excess. "Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise"—thus it stood before the poetic vision of Shelley who never saw Greece with his mortal eyes. And such a country was the home of those men and women who within a bare century and a half reached perfection at so many points. Who can separate such a land from its associations? Byron might as well have called Greece the Niobe of nations; for she could mother only one offspring, and when they fell, no matter what Franks, or Venetians, or Turks, or Slavs attempted to take their place—these remained to her a crowd of foreigners and step-children for whom she heeded not. Yet the influence of the Greek spirit and its animating impulse live with us still. To estimate its splendour and its significance would be to catalogue some of the greatest names in the history of intellect and imagination, and to describe those definite paths of thought and standards in almost every art which they laid down for succeeding generations to follow. The Greeks were the first to bring human life up to its full stature; they were the first to state the great problems of religion and philosophy which still confront mankind; they were the first to attain perfection in so many arts; and as perfection was reached and attained, it remains for us only to worship and venerate, rather than to imitate, for, as the Greek philosopher has said, nothing can be done twice.

With all her culture and her astonishing glory, Greece declined, and, like the Phoenix of old, Imperial Rome rose from out of her ashes, bearing on her standard the symbol of "Law" wherever she went. Our hearts thrill at the sound of that simple yet majestic name. Rome! It is the city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of the world, the centre of all that is most remarkable in human history and all that is most inspiring in the lives of men. Rome! The land which Scipio covered with renown and in which he is buried, which gave birth to the Gracchi, and which still breathes and burns with the eloquence of Cicero. These are memories on which mankind will linger long. And the secret of its greatness was this, that for many years, the Roman name stood for the spirit of law and justice. Savage tribes and conquered races that knew no

order and no peace were brought by the might of Cæsar's arms under the Roman eagles and made to pursue the lives of peace and industry. The Roman cohorts, wherever they went, were the forerunners of Roman administrators, and with them came all the comforts of civilisation. Good roads opened the new provinces to an ever-increasing commerce, and flourishing towns shared the dignity of Roman citizenship. The manners of the people, their movements, their wars, their institutions, all combined to mould their national laws, and placed them in the vanguard of civilisation. The shadow of the Roman empire still haunts the modern world. What other nation has exercised dominion so long and with such success? From east to west, and north to south, the Rome which Pompey and Cæsar had extended and the genius of Augustus had consolidated, spread out her broad belt of light and order and security across lands over-run only by barbarian hordes, and sent out her ships to all seas and rivers, bearing Roman peace and honour with her name. It was this spirit of obedience to her laws which upheld her power, and the monuments of that vast empire survive in nothing else so much as in the splendid body of laws which have stamped their impress for all time upon the legal systems of Europe. The supremacy of the law stands out among the diverse elements of Roman life as specially prominent, and the national epic of Rome celebrates as much the triumph of law and civilisation over the savage instincts of man, as the glorious development of her world-wide sway. Degeneracy and corruption, violence and immorality, set in, in later days, and the resentment of Juvenal and the searching eye of Tacitus have laid bare the disintegration of the Roman State, showing how the surface of things, apparently so calm, concealed numberless sources of disquiet, how lawlessness in a disorganized Government became more and more apparent, and how, under a succession of wicked rulers who had accepted the diadem as the gift of a brutal soldiery, this disorder and disintegration broke out into fearful paroxysms which ultimately swept the greatness of Rome into the annals of a historic past.

From the ancient classic world of the Greeks and the Romans, we must come down to comparatively more modern times, for it was not until Spain rose to power that another empire was established

with a definite ideal and purpose in view. *Religion*, or rather *the pursuit of religious power*, now became the inspiring principle of action, and belief emerged triumphant in its struggle with unbelief. Those were the times when the Christian Church became the one national institution which kept alive the sacred flame of religion, and when the spirit of the Crusades still lived in a gallant nation. The memories of that struggle kept up the enthusiasm of men as well as nations at large. The whole of Europe came within the magic spell, and the influence of the minstrels who inspired admiration for this holy warfare in some European kings, especially Richard I. of England, has been historically recorded and apparently not exaggerated in "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe." It was the same religious fervour which inspired also the Italians and made Dante one of the living voices of mankind. The Spaniards had not perhaps the same strength of intellect and the same culture as the Italians had, but they had within them a livelier enthusiasm for religion with just that tinge of romance which led them to develop that system of noble deeds and noble feelings familiarly known as Chivalry. The germs of this system lay embedded in the barbarism of early Europe, and when some of those warlike savage races, such as the Goths, the Teutons, the Scandinavians, and others embraced the Christian faith, the Church turned their religious zeal into its own service by investing knighthood with a religious character upon which it set the seal of its ceremonial. Chivalry thus became an organized religious institution, and, so constituted, it did its work in history. It fought for the Church against the Moors in Spain, against the Saracens in the Holy Land, and as an institution it laid down its code of honour, courage, and devotion. But various causes helped ultimately to sap this spirit. Greed for gold replaced the pursuit of glory for its own sake, and, with the bitter controversies that came in with the Reformation, the influence of this mediæval institution gradually passed away.

After Spain came France, which took its place as the leading nation in Europe; and, in the reign of Louis XIV which extended over a period of sixty-five years, its power grew so fast that it needed the union of several other nations to keep it in check. The ideal which the French people always aimed at was that of *Military*

Glory, in striving for which they never failed to put forward their greatest efforts. Through all their vicissitudes and difficulties, it remained the distinguishing feature of their national life, and even to-day their national song itself is an appeal to arms and breathes the spirit of martial valour and prowess in defence of *la France et la Patrie*. The policy of Louis XIV was to make the power of the monarchy felt all around, and for a long time he really was the arbiter of the destinies of Western Europe. His reign ultimately closed in disaster and in gloom, but its influence upon the course of the world's history was so powerful that an epoch in the history of civilisation has been called after his name. The Napoleonic era was also a triumph of arms and the man. It was ushered in midst a blaze of military glory, and those great and fateful watchwords—Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—were soon forgotten when the young Corsican came upon the scene and with his "whiff of grape-shot" carried all before him. In their zeal for freedom and innovation, the French people over-acted their parts, and the result was that an oppressive militarism rose over the ruins of the Revolution and its propaganda. The great principles for which they fought, the influence of those strange voices which Europe hearkened to, with a thrill at the time, the problems which they re-stated and started anew, still dominate the political philosophy of the civilised world ; but, behind all this, the cherished aim of republican France to-day is, as it has been for years before, its desire for name and fame on the field of conquest and its ready response to the call to arms.

Whilst France has been tempting Fortune in this manner, now successful, and now put back with rebuffs, the Germans have worked silently towards quite another ideal. What is now the mighty German Empire was once a heterogeneous collection of some six hundred petty little States, each with its own prince or ruler, and all torn by internal strife and dissension, the northern States fighting against the southern, and the Catholic against the Protestant. But, even in their most troublous times, the best thoughts of the German people have always been on the side of *Unity* and solidarity, and they have always kept this high ideal in view. Many of their wars, with all their horror and brutality, contributed largely towards the consolidation of Germany, until the number of States was

ultimately reduced. After Prussia had ousted its only rival in a short but bitter *Bruderkrieg* in 1866, it easily gained the ascendancy over all the other States, and the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 brought with it a united Germany. Its ruler is at present the most powerful figure in Europe, a King indeed, perhaps the last residuary legatee of "the divine right of kings." A man of enormous energy and mental alertness, he stands facing the modern world as a monarch, absolute and irresistible, strong in the strength of a united nation; and the forces of democracy only thunder and crouch at the base of his throne.

Finally, in this brief summary of a few imperial ideals, we come to England, the empire on which the sun never sets. Its long history and the lives of the greatest of its children have been a supreme vindication of the noble ideals of *Duty* and *Humanity*. There may have been occasional lapses from this high standard of devotion, especially under the influences of modern Imperialism; but, as we think of it as a whole, the England of Alfred the Great and Victoria the Good, of Shakespeare and Tennyson, has been the England of a high and chivalrous past, that stretched out its hand to the weak and the helpless, and saw her name honoured as the champion of freedom and justice in many lands. For love of country and duty towards a fellow-sufferer, Sir Philip Sidney refused to drink from the glass that was proffered to his dying lips on the field of Zutphen. It was for the sake of duty to other peoples and distant races that the Chambers of Westminster have resounded with the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan, of Bright and Gladstone. It was the thought of duty, doing and to be done, that was the famous signal that came from the hero of Trafalgar in the moment of his agony and his country's victory. And lastly, to give but a few illustrations, who can forget the heroic efforts of Elizabeth Fry and Howard for prison reform, and of Clarkson and Wilberforce against "the odious traffic in human flesh" which ultimately emancipated the Negro-slave? The abolition of slavery will always be regarded as the greatest triumph of civilisation, and when at last the Bill passed the Houses of Parliament, Sir Samuel Romilly concluded his speech by "contrasting the feelings of Napoleon in all his greatness with those of that honoured individual who would

this day lay his head upon the pillow, and remember that the slave-trade was no more." This is certainly not the England of Mr. Kipling's hot passion, as he sings of its might, the thunder of its battle-ships, and the tread of its armies across the plains. Let the mind rather dwell on the history and patriotism of a people proud of its splendid services to humanity, proud of its sea-girt home of freedom, and proud of having been ever "foremost in the files of time."

These are some of the great empires in the world's history which have held forth certain distinct ideals of national life, certain phases of thought, principles, watchwords, call it whatsoever we may, and have endeavoured to follow them with consistency midst the ebb and flow of varying circumstances. Their collective influence has stamped the character of our present civilisation and affected the modern conditions of society in many ways. Considered thus, the history of empires becomes a study of the first rank. It is not only a means of culture to the imagination and the memory, but it opens out a broad field for inquiry and judgment, for as Motley has observed, it is possible "to discover a *law* out of all this chaotic whirl and bustle, this tangled skein of human affairs." It is within the sphere of the poet to depict in soul-stirring language the rise or the fall of a great nation, or to weep over the loss of an antique mythology which may have gladdened scores of human beings in their joy and comforted them in their sorrow. But it is for the historian to take a calm and impartial review of the past and to point the moral for the future. He must gaze below the surface of events, down into the depths of national thought and action, and teach mankind that the individual is a factor in a nation, the living exponent of a great principle or a great ideal, and not merely "the instrument of forces viewless as the winds, a strenuous helmsman on a blind and driving tide," but the product of his age and also himself the force that "shapes, resists, controls, compels," and leads him on to his destiny. Our times call for the philosophy of history. Many a historian has responded to this call, each choosing his own period or his province; but the great history of the world, tracing the hand of Providence in the course of human progress, and tracing midst all the change of manners and customs

and the rise and fall of creeds, the moral law, which is inscribed on the tablets of eternity, has still to be written in the future.

Bombay.

B. J. WADIA.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year is past,
Of sweet and sorrow,
Sunshine overcast with cloud,
Drifting into memory's shadow.
Heads are bowed, and hearts are musing.
Lo ! to-morrow comes the New Year
In a shroud.

How we stretch our hands to meet it!
Glad we greet it, hearts athrill.
New Year, born of countless ages ?
What hast thou beneath thy mantle,
Written in the folded pages ?
All our hopes, and all our treasures,
Hidden are in thy embrace.

As we watch thy face unfolding,
Yearning for some gift of clay.
Who believes that day by day,
Like this old year, just departing,
Just as laden, just as grey,
Just as burdened with the sorrows
That have hallowed yesterday,
On another threshold standing,
We shall see thee, like this last one,
Pass as thankfully away.

But oh ! New Year, for our loved ones,
Grant us happiness, we pray.

MARY L. FORBES.

Azamgarh, (U.P.)

WOMAN AS CITIZEN. 2

BEFORE considering women as potential citizens, it becomes essential to enquire, first, what is to be understood by the term citizen, what that word in its ideal or complete sense implies concerning the relations of the private person with the State of which he forms a unit, and also whether these ideal relations have ever, in any measure, been realized in place or time through the ages of human history.

To the former question, the ethical ideal involved in the attitude of the individual towards the society of which he forms a part, Mr. Chesterton suggests a satisfactory answer in a passage occurring in the course of an essay in which he has been engaged in demonstrating the fact that devotion is the great creative energy, the fundamental spring of all the virtues, the inspiring source of all beautiful things. Men, he says, have never cultivated courage, or morality, or self-control, primarily because they were good things in themselves, nor because of an enlightened self-interest, but rather from what he calls a fundamental loyalty, a wrapped devotion to some ideal outside of themselves to which they earnestly desired to give the best that was in them, in whose service they grew pure and brave and unselfish, as it were, in spite of themselves. The transforming power of devotion in the civic life Chesterton illustrates as follows:—“Let us suppose that we are confronted with a desperate thing—say Pimlico. If we think what is really best for Pimlico, we shall find the thread of thought leads to the throne, or to the mystic and arbitrary. It is not enough for a man to cut his throat, or move to Chelsea. Nor, certainly, is it enough for a man to approve of Pimlico; for then it will remain Pimlico—which would be awful. The only way out of it would be for some one to love

Pimlico : to love it with a transcendental tie and without any earthly reason. If there arose a man who loved Pimlico, then Pimlico would arise into ivory towers and golden pinnacles ; Pimlico would attire herself as a woman does when she is loved. For decoration is not given to hide horrible things, but to decorate things already adorable. A mother does not give her child a blue bow because he is so ugly without it. A lover does not give a girl a necklace to hide her neck. If men loved Pimlico as mothers love children, arbitrarily because it is *theirs*, Pimlico in a year or two might be fairer than Florence. Some readers will say that this is a mere fantasy. I answer that this is the actual history of mankind. This, as a fact, is how cities did grow great. Go back to the darkest roots of civilization, and you will find them knotted round some sacred stone, or encircling some sacred well. People first paid honour to a spot, and afterwards gained glory for it. Men did not love Rome because she was great. She was great because they had loved her."

Now, because the sentiment with which the noblest nations of antiquity regarded their native cities is to-day a submerged ideal, and because, limited though it was, egotistical though it may well appear when we remember that Aristotle, for instance, saw nothing which outraged the moral sense in the idea that all alien nations were aggregations of possible Athenian slaves, yet, because it held many elements which are of imperishable value for the spirit of man, it seems worth while to consider, in this season of the dawning of new civic ideals, what it was that Rome meant to an ancient Roman, and, still more, what Athens meant to an Athenian, or Sparta to a Spartan, in the days when City and State were indistinguishable entities in the cognition of the most single-minded citizens the world has ever produced.

In the first place, we know that this ideal, about which the life of the free men of old time centered, was primarily a religious ideal most familiar to us through Semitic expression, through the conviction of the Hebrew poet that Jehovah might be successfully sought only in his own city, through the impulse of the artistic soul, willing to forego even the supreme joy of creative expression rather than to lose his dream of his idealized Jerusalem, the sense of religious devotion, differing in racial expression, is yet

not less strong in the Roman, dating his era, "from the foundation of the city," and supremely so in his Hellenic* models, to whom their native towns were divine creations, born of the direct choice of the gods, and owing their prosperity to perpetual immortal protection.

Athena belonged to Athens, Athens to Athena, as mother to child, and child to mother: nothing less than the impious profanation and denial of her sons, no catastrophe other than a criminal impiety too terrible to contemplate, could avail to sever that tender and benign relation, the apotheosis of motherhood. The site of a city was sacred because chosen by some tutelary deity, so that the possibility from motives of convenience, of transference to another locality, was a real impiety, inasmuch as it gave to material interests the preference over religious loyalty. Driven from their plundered city by the victorious Persians, the Athenian citizens, homeless refugees on the island of Salamis, never doubted that the fires on the sacred altars were cared for by divine guardians, or that the future of their city was still secure under the providence of a goddess who might be baffled but never subdued.

No one surely can read Greek history, or mythology, without some return of the feeling of warmth, the happy thrill of vital imagination, which belief in the personal immanency of the immortals must have imparted to the daily life of the Grecian citizen, a life dulled by no impassable gulf of death and oblivion whereby mortal was separated from immortal, but where in the background of thought existed always a delicious possibility, a romantic chance that any twilight breeze ruffling the light foliage of oak or olive might be the betrayal of the flight of some careless dryad or nymph; where the sudden turn of a street-corner might discover keen-eyed Mercury, swift upon some divine errand to guardians of the city; or the pearly wreaths of morning mist, slow to fade from the heights of the Acropolis, might half reveal the floating veil of blue-eyed Athena, hovering above her beloved city wrapped in the saffron robe of the morning light.

Though we, sophisticated, may smile at such fairy tales of racial childhood, can we but regret that with the dream has passed the glory, can we help but feel that humanity is the poorer since

"the heaven that lay about us in our infancy" has turned into the "common light of day," that our abiding-places are not lovelier now, that Mercury has a position on an evening paper, and Athena, if she ever comes to town at all, whisks past in a limousine on her way to the stockbroker's?

But there are other ideals of the old Greek city more practical than these, ideals which might well have a renaissance in an age when the problem of civic life is ever more urgently, and as many seem to think, more menacingly, with us.

Modern scholars have pointed out that the Greek of the best age included in his word for city, *polis*, and its derivatives—an idea inclusive of the whole life and the whole duty of man; to him it meant a "union of human beings for a common end which could alone produce and exercise all the best interests and abilities of every free individual." And Aristotle expresses most clearly this basic national idea that it is the life of the city which offers to mankind its fullest development, offers to him, "the life which best realises the best instincts of man." For while in a small community existence must necessarily be occupied chiefly with the provision of material needs, the life of the city is able to be "the good life," a fellowship in which men, moulded by the surrounding influences of philosophy, art, intelligence, education, law, and order, are enabled to develop their natural gifts, and should be able to realise that "perfect and self-sufficing existence" which is the ideal "end," in its Aristotelian sense, that is, the perfect form which nature intended, and strives to actualise.

The perfecting of the State which, though it might never be realised in fullness, was yet the natural interest and duty of every self-respecting individual, meant also the raising of human nature to the highest possible degree of perfection, the individual who excluded himself deliberately from interest in public affairs, had a name coined for him which soon came to imply the lowest degree of intelligence, and which has become in modern times the third of that strange trinity of exclusion from qualification for citizenship, of which the other two are women and children.

Nor, should we remember, did the ancient Greeks content themselves with entertaining their ideal of citizenship as an idle philosophic dream. On the contrary, they planned and worked

for its accomplishment in very practical ways. It seems indeed extraordinary to us moderns with our modern conception of a city as a huge market-place, wherein each man plays his part by extracting from the public need as much wealth as possible for his sole use and enjoyment, to conceive of a city where the surplus public wealth was spent, as a matter of course, on the intellectual and artistic education of the whole body of citizens. Nevertheless, this was the custom of Athens, which spent her income, not only on her navy, and her splendid religious festivals, themselves the pre-occupation and the happiness of the whole body of inhabitants, not only in the erection of her magnificent public buildings, but also on the gymnasia and games, which perfected the bodies of her citizens, on the dramatic representations which were at once moral and intellectual education for their minds, and on the support of the schools of philosophy. Athens spent the wealth of Athens for the benefit and uplift of the people of Athens. So we come back to Chesterton's thesis. Not by accident did Athens become the mother of sons who have crowned her with an immortal glory—Themistocles, Euripides, Eschylus, Pheidias, Sophocles, Pericles, Socrates, Plato, responded to the stimulus of a civic life which was also in their case a national ideal ; they came to a city which believed in genius and called for it . . . just as to a later age Giotto and Raphael and Angelo and Leonardo came to a city which loved art, and those who made art . . . just as to-day money comes to a city which loves and believes in money above all else, which sets the promotion of industry, and the honours, and the gains of commerce, above art and intellect, and happiness and beauty, and the blood and lives of the people. Such a city cannot conceive of that deep religious sentiment, which united the communal life, on the one hand, with the care and solicitude of the gods, and on the other, dreamed of realising itself, as Aristotle said, as a social union of friends, striving for equality in the distribution of wealth and opportunity, believing that happiness and safety may be realised only through all citizens being free men as well in fact as in theory, that destruction inheres in a population composed of the privileged and the unprivileged.

The Greek city-state passed away, defective in actuality, yet with an ideal immortalised to future ages by the genius of Plato. So

long as men live who love the magic of a superb idea, the Republic will keep alive the truth that the mind of man has conceived of a perfect communal existence. To-day, after long eclipse and decay, that ideal seems to be once more coming to life in the minds and hearts of men. Turning to the modern prophet of democracy we read that which seems like an echo of Aristotle's civic philosophy . . . the invincible city *that* will be the new city of friends, the city of the greatest men and women, "where the slave ceases, and the master of the slave ceases Not the largest city, nor the busiest city, nor the richest, nor the handsomest," *but* the city which is beloved by the best men, and the best women, and loves and understands them in turn.

The best men and the best women. There is the thought embodied in modern idealism which Greek philosophy failed to envisage and which the evolution of Greek civilisation apparently lost by the way. To go back to the time of Homer is to see two ideas of womanhood instinct in the national life, mutually unselfconscious, the idea of woman as the companion—or very near to that—of the chief or warrior, and of woman as the chattel slave and victim. Penelope and Cassandra tread the stage of life beside Briseis and Iphigenia. And it would seem that just as the simplicity and naturalness of these pastoral days, when a king's daughter could be represented without absurdity making a sort of summer picnic of the washing of the family linen where the brook joins the blue Mediterranean on the coast of little Scheria, and the king's sons thought it no derogation of their dignity to tend the family herds of sheep or swine, and still might be appropriately addressed as "godlike," and "chief of men," have no parallel in later time, so the bondage and corruption of the women of the Greek and Roman ages of degeneracy is without historical parallel. Barbarism there has been in plenty, ignorance, cruelty and luxury, vice and profligacy, in the ages which have succeeded the fall of Rome, but they have been the bitter portion of both sexes, just as toil has been, and persecution, and even in some degree freedom and education. Western civilisation shows no other example of a whole sex shut up to degradation alone, a phenomenon which is mainly responsible for the swift and complete downfall of the old civilisations from extraordinary grandeur to catastrophic collapse, more responsible even than was

that fundamental injustice upon which this was reared, the existence of hordes of chattel slaves, creating the possibility of unlimited leisure and luxury for the propertied classes, together with a perpetual groundswell of misery, and fear and hatred, beneath their feet.

From their so dearly bought leisure the men gained much that was good and profitable for the life of the nation, time for the cultivation of philosophy and art, and for the claims of citizenship. But the women, deprived of education, and denied participation in the interests and responsibilities which occupied their husbands, forbidden even the luxury of exercise in the open air, had no possibility open to them but that of declining into the type of the harem women, when they quickly infected and destroyed the *morale* of the whole nation. That they did not submit to the process of degradation without protest we know from that bitter cry out of the depths of wronged and suffering womanhood which was voiced by Euripides, "the human."

Without fault of their own, so far as history records, the women of the ancient world fell under a destroying curse, the curse of parasitism which hovers with its deadly threat around, the whole course of evolving life, from its lowest to its highest forms.

During the ages when the modern world was evolving men and women worked pretty evenly side by side in obedience to the ancient Teutonic ideal. If the women were ignorant and barbarous, so were the men, and where the men met hardship, and were tortured and slain in the continual wars, the women were as brutally used by hard labour, and by producing soldiers and citizens to supply the constant drain by sword and pestilence. Women's help in the communal life was too badly needed for there to be any distinctive "woman problem," her native intelligence was fully utilized in making provision out of the scanty resources at her disposal for the needs of her household, even as her physical strength was exhausted in keeping up with her daily tasks. Yet even then there would be an occasional voice raised in protest against the perpetual subjection of women to the material, the assumption that her wits were of value only in the physical environment of living. The accusation of Grecian woman-

hood against the scheme of things is echoed by the Elizabethan dramatist who wrote that,

"All things have their ends, and good ones,

all but good women :

Like tales ill-told and unbeliev'd, they pass away."

"She was possessed of every good quality which usually adorns the ablest princes," had written some three centuries earlier the Indian historian of the girl who, because she so excelled all the male heirs, had been raised by her father's command to the throne of India, an unheard-of position for a woman, "and those who scrutinise her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman."

May there not be a lesson to be read out of the phenomena of things in the history of countries nearer akin to us than ancient Greece or mediæval India, a lesson warning of the sickness and decay of the most vital national forces which besets a nation whose women are sacrificed to the development of purely masculine ideals ?

The question has the gravest import for a time when the cycle of development through which the world moves has returned to bring again a new emancipation of woman from the physical labours which filled to overflowing the hands of our grandmothers and their grandmothers. Once more a great population has arisen, a great population of bondage, slaves of the machine and the industrial world, slaves, too often, also of the mammon-worship of the age, workers, not like those of old-time captives of war, aliens and outcasts, but chiefly women and girls of like race and similar mould to the home-makers whose tasks of manufacture and repair they, without conscious volition on either side, have taken up, and fulfil in crowds amid congested centres of population. The course of parasitism threatens once more the sources of the lives of nations, and to a degree more wide-spread in proportion as communication and civilisation have become universalised.

What has been its effect in partial operation during a past more accessible to our view than that of antiquity ?

Historical remains of three centuries or so ago suggest the existence of an Englishman of a different type from that most familiar to us to-day. The Englishman who flourished under the reigns of the Tudor kings would seem to have been, so far as we can reconstruct

him, in spite of his occasional outbreaks of savagery and cruelty, of a more interesting, because of a more wholly vitalized type, than that displayed by his descendants. To say that he was adventurous, romantic, imaginative, is inadequate unless it be understood that he displayed these qualities in a region where they are signally lacking in the race to-day—in the realm of the intellect. He seems to have had a natural gift for musical expression, at least he had that reputation on the continent of Europe, and as natural a gift for pleasure-making, which is explicitly denied him in popular continental estimation in later times. He was quite generally a poet, and he was a great game player, not in the sense in which modern Englishmen throng to see, or read about, a cricket match, and bet on the result, but in the sense of organising, and taking part in all kinds of simple sports, both indoor and outdoor. That he was possessed of the heroic spirit to a very high degree, and was ready at all and any time to give up all that makes life worth living, and life itself, for the sake of what he conceived of as truth, can never be denied so long as the fires of Smithfield, and of a hundred other martyr sites, linger in men's memories.

That his kind passed away, to be succeeded by one much less alive to great issues, more stolid, more conventional, less naturally gifted, is also a matter of history, and the explanation has been sought in the "frozen fog" which settled down on the country after the triumph of Puritanism. Possibly it lies deeper. Not inconceivably it may be sought in the degradation of womanhood which ensued, on the one hand, from the acceptance of the Miltonic theory of woman's position and function in the universe, and on the other, from the license and immorality of the later Stuart times. By the times of the Georges, Englishmen had been born for ages of mothers whose intellects were undeveloped, and whose ideal of their own place and purpose in the scheme of things was of the lowest.

The estimate which women of the 18th century were taught to put upon themselves and their sex is very artlessly described by one of them, a Mrs. Sherwood, who was born in 1775, and who achieved some reputation, at a time when reputation seems to have been very easily earned, as the authoress (she would have died for the last syllable) of books for children. Though literary to this degree, Mrs. Sherwood is emphatic in her denunciations of the perversion which

could make women dream of being in any, to the remotest extent independent entities. In everything, she asserts, the true woman will realize that she is a second-rate being, never for a moment will she offend the proprieties by appearing to think herself the equal of the other sex, "conscious of inferiority she is grateful for support."

There is no question but that Mrs. Sherwood voiced the opinion of the very large majority of her countrymen and countrywomen of the period, and it is not difficult, with the literary output of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries at hand, to form an accurate idea of the type of womanhood produced by contemporary standards. The heroines of Richardson and Fanny Burney, for instance, appear to us to-day not far removed from the inmates of a home for the feeble-minded, whilst Miss Austen's miniature paintings fascinate by the art with which they exhibit the infinitely petty, the lives which were symphonies played on one string, on the art of getting a husband, rich, well-born, if possible, amiable, if the fates permitted, but in any case a masculine who could bestow on a girl the right to prefix Mrs. to her name, and to dawdle and gossip through life on the strength of that achievement for ever after.

The daughters and grand-daughters of these very uninteresting ladies are our intimate acquaintance. We have all met them in Thackeray's drawing-rooms, and been introduced to them in the pages of Charles Dickens and Charles Reade. Their follies, and ignorances, and perversities make entertaining reading, but they would be deadly companions. Even Cranford is only a desirable habitation on the certainty of being able to quit it at the closing of a page. Life with Becky Sharp or Amelia Sedley, or Mrs. Nickleby, with Dora and Flora and "Mr. Finch's aunt," with Rosa Dartle or Rosie Newcome is an unthinkable proposition to the twentieth century.

These women were not caricatures, or sporadic developments, but were true to types, faint survivals of which persist among the elder generation to the present day. They form the background, out of which modern women have had to evolve, and they cultivated the virtues which, broadly speaking, were the only possible ones to human beings formed according to the standard of their times, the secondary virtues. Of the great intellectual virtues which give strength and moral fibre to life they could know but little, since

to know them implies the exercise of self-direction, freedom of choice, of even-handed justice, impartiality, fair-mindedness, concentration of purpose for altruistic ends, non-partisanship, the passion for truth and justice, temperance, in the old Greek sense, all of which would have been considered as evil in a woman. The obligation of having and being sound minds, of using the intellect as a matter of duty, and morally, the perception of truth, and the application of truth to life, all these integrally human qualities have been through long periods of time systematically denied to womanhood as a whole class, with the result that the active, productive qualities of the woman mind and soul, denied their proper exercise and development, have done what all repressed life does, turned to distortions, abnormalities, perversions, excesses, absurdities. Then arrive the kinds of women which made Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's sharp tongue say that the only thing which consoled her for being a woman was that she could never be expected to marry one. To speak of the women of the ages antecedent to our own as a slave class may be called exaggeration, yet, after all, what is it that constitutes a slave, save incapacity for the act of possession, either of liberty of action, of goods, or of his own person? And married women did not, and still only partly, enjoy legal claim to any of these things; in the eyes of law and custom she did not own herself, her property, if she had any, her children, if she had them. The initial and final question with her in any possible contingency had to be, Will my husband allow this? If she rebelled, she was miserable and deplacée, without any standard of rights, or public opinion to which to appeal; if she acquiesced, and were satisfied with her lot who is there who does not at heart despise the contentment of a slave? Could a spirit so abject as that revealed in Mrs. Sherwood's dictum be imagined as accomplishing anything worth while for the race, or for herself? Could such a woman be either a hero, or the mother of heroes?

Through this order of things, the systematic denial to women of education and human freedom, of all sane interests and all productive labour, the weak were reduced to semi-idiotcy, and the strong were driven into all sorts of perversions and distortions. When Self takes the place of State as the pivot on which all social life works, that life ceases to be natural, loses its sap and its

principle of growth, develops abnormal tendencies and strange monstrosities of character." And this will be the case whether the "Self" be, as in the case of a man, mostly the individual, or, as in the case of a woman, mostly another individual, or a family of them.

Along with their touching belief as a fundamental natural law in the fact that a woman's whole duty was to be absorbed in the welfare and life of some man, men have always assumed as a matter of principle that, in sacrificing her life for his, women would acquire all the virtues and graces of character which he attains through loyalty to principle, devotion to a life-work, and the cultivation of a reasonable intelligence, that in his service, and in that alone, is it open to a woman to grow "pure and brave and unselfish." Sometimes he has expressed this belief as an article of a creed as in the ancient Hindu Scriptures, and as in *Paradise Lost*, yet it has to be owned that the results do not bear out the theory. A woman whose life is wrapped and absorbed in that of husband or son or family to the abnegation not only of herself but of all other duties and mental concepts does not really grow unselfish, but merely widens her egotism to include the objects of an adoration which dwarfs her, and injures them. If men insist on the clinging vine ideal, they must not be surprised, they have no right to feel aggrieved, though their vine turn occasionally to a poison ivy.

To reflect for a moment on the forces which have been lost to humanity through the impoverishment of half the race, the forces of serviceableness, of mental and moral growth, of transmitted capabilities and training, of the beauty of life, and of simple plain human happiness, wasted and lost through the imposition of weakness, foolishness and ignorance as the normal condition of feminine life, is to feel the mind shaken with a passion of regret.

The strange thing is that, while everyone condemns the results of the system which denied education and healthy development to women, most stop short at blame of that result, viz., the woman herself, whilst they ignore or applaud the causes which have made the thing they deplore. Others claim that the system is vindicated by the existence of the many good women, and of a certain percentage of intellectual women who have existed under all conditions. Even of public-spirited women, they say, where will you find finer examples than Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale,

born out of the very times of women's greatest suppression and subserviency ? . . . This is as logical as would be the argument that society should revive the institution of slavery because Epictetus was a slave, or require of young poets that they put out their eyes, since Homer and Milton happened to be blind !

The demand that women be given their due place as citizens, an acknowledged part in the public interest, has arisen inevitably out of the growth of the social conscience, out of the intuition of the race that the safety of society demands it.

An enlarging civilisation demands more self-control, more self-direction in the body politic, and the great hope of the great New Age lies in this precisely. That to-day women as never before are meeting great social revolutions, intelligently, with awakened self-consciousness ; that they are even becoming conscious as a class, are beginning to suspect that not divine law but human selfishness has been the real author of the theory that every woman's hand must be against every other woman's in the battle of life. The old masculine motto, Divide and Rule, is insensibly breaking down before the advent of this new spirit and before the ideal which sees the family not as an autocracy, still less as a tyranny, but as a republic and a mutual trust.

"Give us labour," cries a modern woman prophet, "and the training which fits for labour. We demand this, not for ourselves alone, but for the race."

For the race. There is the crucial point, the line which divides those who believe, as almost everyone in the world believes to-day without cavil, that women's work in public and semi-public affairs is valuable and even indispensable, so long as it is accomplished on sufferance, and amid the infinite difficulties and perplexities of the volunteer, unauthorized laborer, but that it spells moral and physical ruin to her, and to her nation, so soon as she is given the same right and responsibility to do it, the same recognition of her status as a citizen, which her brother has by mere condition of sex.

No bounds have been set to the development of the masculine intellect except such as are inherent in itself ; is it tenable that Nature has set limits to the feminine brain to the end that it shall work well and usefully within the four walls of home, and destructively outside of them ? Is it credible that when the time

has arrived for which both men and women long, that every child born into the world shall have a chance of decent life, at least ; that every talented child shall have an opportunity to develop his gift for his own joy, and the good of the race, that *then*, when sons are no more born to be flesh for cannon, nor daughters to be fed into the mills of lust and greed, *then* women will forswear their function as life-giver, and refuse to bring children into the world ? Women have never shown themselves deficient in patriotism, lacking in the sacrificial fire in old time—who can tell of the women who have died the death of the wife of Garibaldi ?—why not give them a chance to work for their country in other ways than in the writing of odes to liberty by Casa Guidi windows—and the futility of helpless tears ?

But does the modern city need the woman as a citizen, or is it functioning perfectly without her ?

The modern city is the business man's city, the expression of the business brain of the community. And this is very well, so far as it goes, but, expressive only of one aspect of municipal life, it ignores the fact that a city is also a huge household, in which abide for labour, for play, and for rest, all the component parts of the family, the father, the mother, the child, the children of all ages and both sexes. And yet the modern city continues to be run by the old patriarchal standard which made man the measure of humanity—so many men, says the Old Testament, to a city, “besides women and children.” And this same standard, and even this phrasing, has worked untold harm to the healthy development of the race, by imposing on women, half the number of humanity, the same code of duty, and the same position of dependence, which answers the needs, and meet the claims of the child, but are totally inapplicable to the adult.

In the mediæval city the imperative need was for defence, and to that need was sacrificed all other demands, of cleanliness, comfort, and expansion ; in the modern city the chief concern is, the promotion of industry, the fostering of business, and these things are placed before the human values of health, happiness, and life itself.

An efficient fire-service is important for the safeguarding of business interests, and therefore most cities possess one, though all

other departments of civic service may be slack ; sanitary and airy and healthful dwellings are essential in the poorer parts of every town in the interests of health and morality, but business interests prosper on the existence of slums, so slums continue, and with them tuberculosis, a high infant death-rate, and moral evil and degradation untold.

A School Board consisting of men alone means that the curriculum is arranged in such a way as to turn out the largest number of boys qualified to be clerks and business men, and of girls equipped only for the poorest kinds of labour, recruits to the great army of unskilled and underpaid women labour from which employers are able to draw an endless supply. The average man has a vague idea that women possess a practical knowledge of the domestic arts by instinct, or if they do not, it is much to their discredit. Occasionally they are heard to rail bitterly in public against the incompetence of the wives of working-men, their failure as cooks and managers which they recognise as a responsible factor in the drunkenness and desertion of husbands and fathers, but it does not seem to occur to them to enquire where a girl who graduated at fourteen from a school where she learnt nothing at all of the complicated art of home-making on a small weekly wage into a factory where she learnt less, should become possessed of the housewifely arts merely through the act of taking a husband.

And there is the fact pointed out over and over again by women sociologists, asserted with an almost desperate earnestness by Florence Kelley that, " While leisure has been increasing in the class of prosperous home-keeping women, the need of their sympathy and protection has been as steadily increasing among the young workers of their own sex, those young wage-earners who in the food and garment trades, the textile industries and retail commerce, are doing the work which home-keeping women used to do." And that these young wage-earners, already placed at a cruel disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood, are doubly handicapped by the inability of the adult working-women to make their needs felt through the methods which have slowly but surely improved the position of working-men, by organization, and by the vote. " For any body of wage-earners to be disfranchised is to be placed at an intolerable disadvantage in all matters of legislation."

Not in a spirit of querulous dissatisfaction and unreasonable unrest, as shallow critics assume, do well-provided-for, comfortable women ask for public recognition of their existence as citizens, with a citizen's privileges and citizen's responsibilities, but for the multitude of their own sex whose cry resounds in their ears, "Come over and help us," for the multitude of those who must succeed to the world which to-day is making. Day by day the women are increasing in number and articulateness who hear that cry, increasing as their conviction grows that, after all, theirs are the vital concerns of life, the things of which the outward shows, of which the men of the world make so much, are but the shells and symbols. It needs men to build a house—which is the covering and case of a home, and just so the world needs men to create values, and gather money—which is the symbol and the agent of a thousand good attributes of life—of power and pleasure, and comfort, and happiness and health, in our times of daily bread—but never is life itself.

And so, because all the cities have been wholly men's cities, the important things, the things which got themselves attended to, have been the symbols, the businesses, the competitive industries; growth in population has been sought not for the happiness of the units which compose that population, but for the value of their labour or their purchasing power. The enforcement of law and order, the prevention of offences against property have not been so much for the enhancement of life as for the safeguarding of commercial values. In commercial England to-day property is held so sacred—and womanhood so lightly—that a dignitary of the Established Church has been forced to administer a severe rebuke to one of the leading organs of that Church for the tone which it has adopted towards those women who have destroyed property with a political end in view. Not that Canon Scott Holland is in sympathy with the militant suffragists, but finds himself even less so with an attitude which in dealing with girls and fellow Christians can speak as though, "it were a matter of knocking rats on the head in a backyard."

In the days when the influence of women touched its lowest ebb, in England, a hundred years or so ago, it is to be noticed that the laws attained the maximum of cruelty, the death penalty was

inflicted for even the most petty offences against property, even children being executed for trifling thefts, the gallows being the sentence for over one hundred offences.

Women are a little too near the fundamental facts of life, too well aware of its cost to be able to do away with it so recklessly, and they are coming to perceive that the world needs the reaction of the woman soul upon its plastic forces, as it needs the reaction of the man's soul, and this chiefly for two reasons, first, because of the fact already stated, woman's closer connection with the vital facts of existence, and second, because she is different from man, and different essentially.

Wherever in this weltering chaos of a world God acts directly upon human lives, at every vital crisis from cradle to deathbed, there stands a woman, called to be the handmaid of the Lord. Not without reason, though, it may be, without understanding, do Catholics write above their Lay Chapels, the affirmation, "To THEE, we cry, exiled children of Eve."

And women who have gained the sense of woman's real function and value to the world will not be much disturbed, though all the philosophers decide that intellectually she is inferior to man ; no, not even though one of them should prove it. They will remember that the latest of the philosophers has affirmed that, "The intellect is characterised by a natural inability to comprehend life." It is life that women are appointed to conserve in this world, and it is to this end that her natural gifts and qualities are adapted, her intuition and resource, her warmth of sympathy and quickness of perception, her patience and devotion in the face of disappointment, trouble and suffering, all born out of her more passionate touch with reality. Are not all these qualities sorely needed in the communal life, as well as those masculine ones which all value but of which it is now too exclusively composed ?

At a time when English educationalists were fiercely battling for and against the eligibility of women for higher education, an eminent English doctor, Sir James Creighton Browne, entered the lists with enthusiasm in favour of a training for women based upon and limited by the domestic arts. He claimed explicitly that a woman, no matter what her qualities or qualifications might be, must be considered a complete failure unless she were able to boil

a potato successfully. And, having explained that woman's whole physical structure differs from man's down to the composition of the minutest cell, he modestly took a seat, evidently considering it a work of superfluity to explain that that which is different from man must of necessity be inferior to man.

The modern educated woman, cheerfully accepting Sir James's hypothesis, draws from it the exact opposite of his conclusions; believing that women's constitution⁷ and temperament are fundamentally different from man's, she asserts that herein lies the precise value of woman's contribution to society, and herein is to be found the ground of society's need of her. If woman were but another man, a lesser man, her claim to equal rights would indeed be unfounded; in some world where chivalry was the rule it might be granted as a concession to weakness, and a social make-weight, but it never could be seen as inherent in the scheme of things. Now it is beginning to seem like a truism to say that when life first differentiated, woman became neither superior, nor inferior, to man, but *otherwise*, and that this difference is a power complementary not supplementary to man's, a power which is just beginning to be recognised as a force in public life, and whose distinctive note you realise when you read such a book as Jane Addams's *Twenty Years at Hull House* or Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labour*. The entrance of this force into public affairs at a time synchronous with the awakening of the social conscience is an omen of the happiest kind, and unprecedented in the history of the world. Looking back up the stream of evolution, the future historian of the race will see the point where women entered with conscious responsibility and freedom into public affairs, not as men see the current of the Mississippi River swollen in volume by the confluence of the Arkansas or the Ohio, whilst unchanged in character, but rather as the joint streams of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, perfectly distinguishable, yet absolutely inseparable.

Then it may be that that future historian will note a universal difference in public ideals, and in the consequent expenditure of public money, will find that no city of free men and free women needed to spend, as the city of London spent last year, four million pounds sterling as the cost of pauperism, that no city of the United States needed to spend, or did spend, untold millions in penological

institutions, police, and courts of justice, but that instead the wealth of the nation began to go where the wealth of the families has always gone, for the benefit of the children of the nation. The old Greek ideal would be reborn in an infinitely higher form. Women and men would be able to love their cities, the cities that nurtured and cherished them, to love them into greatness.

It is a significant fact that no woman has been able to go out into the need of world and work for its alleviation—not to sit at home and write theories about it, nor to go to church and pray about it, *but*—to get down among facts, and come into intimate touch with conditions, without coming to the one conclusion.

Jane Addams says that the need for the enfranchisement of women would be imperative even if there were but one evil for whose amendment its influence is required, the White Slave Traffic.

Florence Kelley and Rheta Dorr remind us of the plight of the eight million wage-earners of this country, their helplessness before laws framed by men, for men, and administered through men.

Olive Schreiner says that women must be enfranchised for her own sake, and for the sake of civilisation, that she may not be forced to become a drone and a parasite in a world where the law of life is activity, the law of health, industry.

And millions of hearts all over the world, east and west, north and south, in a wonderful new sympathy, echo the appeal for justice which these women are voicing for them, thrill responsive to the dream of a new world for a new race, to the petition which Professor Rauschenbusch has framed for "those who come after us" . . . "for our children and the children of our friends, and for all the young lives that are marching up from the gates of birth, pure and eager, with the morning sunshine on their faces . . . who must live in the world we are making for them . . . We are wasting the resources of the earth in our headlong greed, and they will suffer want. We are building sunless houses and joyless cities for their profit, and they must dwell therein. We are making the burden heavy and the pace of work pitiless, and they will fall wan and sobbing by the wayside . . . Grant us to break the ancient force of evil by a holy and steadfast will. Grant us grace to leave the earth fairer than we found it; to build upon it cities of God in

which the cry of needless pain shall cease, and to put the yoke of Christ upon our business life that it may serve and not destroy . . . Grant us a vision of the far-off years as they may be if redeemed by the sons of God . . . and the mother-touch on the sickness of the world."

KATHERINE WELLER.

Canada.

THE TRUE VOCATION OF WOMEN.

IN order to judge of this question it is necessary to compare the domestic life of the East with that of the West so as to see which affords the best example of a model woman. We should also note the defects, if any, in both the systems and suggest remedies for their removal. To know a people thoroughly and accurately we must have a clear insight into their inner as well as outward life. In the former their character and disposition manifest themselves in their natural and unaffected light, as they are then off their guard and under less restraint. In the latter a certain degree of caution and formality is observed, presenting rather the apparent than the real side of character. To judge people, therefore, by observing how they conduct themselves in their social and public relations only, or in their domestic and private relations only, can lead merely to an imperfect and one-sided estimate. Conduct in the one relation, which may appear odd and unaccountable, can be understood only by referring it to, and tracing its origin in, conduct in the other relation. In order to obtain a complete view of life, its ins and outs should be observed. To a people like the Bengalees among whom the *purdah* custom obtains, the foregoing observations are strictly applicable. Europeans who have no opportunities of looking through the *purdah* and studying their inner life, can form but a partial opinion as to the real character of the Bengalees. If to this disadvantage is added an unhappy frame of mind looking down upon a conquered nation, it utterly disqualifies them from doing the latter justice by portraying them faithfully. This accounts for the serious blunders into which even some eminent English writers have fallen. In order to arrive at a just conception of the true position of women in the Hindu society which is typical of the East, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the nature of Hindu Marriage Laws. With the Hindus the marriage tie is indissoluble. Marriage, according to Hindu Law, is not merely a contract but also a sacrament; and the rights and

duties of the married parties are determined solely by that law, and are incapable of being varied by any agreement between them. With the exception of the cases provided for by legislative enactments and case-law, the Hindu marriage creates an indissoluble bond which is a sound basis of abiding interest, strong affection and religious culture of the married parties. The Hindu wife is called *sahadharmini*, i.e., a partner with her husband in religious observances. Marriage, according to the Hindu Shastras, is regarded as a sacred institution, conferring an equality of status on the wife with the husband, considering her necessary for the attainment of the noblest objects of life, and not for the purpose of mere enjoyment and enjoining upon the son a holy mission of attending to the spiritual welfare of his parents and perpetuating and honouring their names. A tie, which is considered so sacred and is strengthened by so many chords of domestic felicity, religious sanctity and agreeable prospects, is seldom allowed to be sundered by caprices and whims, temporary inconveniences or untoward circumstances difficult to avoid even in the most respectable families. No doubt an Indian woman is kept under constant tutelage, first of her father, then of her husband, and lastly of her son. But is she treated as a slave or menial drudge? Certainly not. Her labour is a labour of love; she prefers the comfort and happiness of her parents, husband and children to her own. Self-denial, patient endurance, economy, simplicity, modesty, tenderness and sincere affection are the prominent features of her character. A European woman generally presents a reverse picture to this. She is more mindful of her own comfort and convenience than that of her husband, parents or children. She does not scruple to desert them if she takes to a second husband on divorce. She is more conventional and formal than sincere and frank in her affection as compared with her Eastern sister. She is also less sympathetic, simple and economical. "The domestic life of the Hindu," says Sir Henry Cotton, "is, indeed, in itself, not more immoral than that of a European home. Far from it; there is so much misconception on this point that it is desirable to state what the facts actually are. The affection of the Hindus for the various members of the family group is a praiseworthy and distinctive feature of national character, evinced not in sentiment only but in practical manifestations of enduring charity; the devotion of a parent to a child and of children to parents, is most touching. The normal social relations of a Hindu family, knitted together by ties of affection, rigid in chastity, and controlled by the public opinion of neighbouring elders and caste, command

our admiration, and in many respects, afford an example we should do well to follow." Mrs. Carmen Sylva dealt with the subject in question, some time ago, in the *National Review*. Alike in the natural and the spiritual world, the true vocation of women is simply motherhood. This, she is convinced, is their high calling with which they may remain content. But it has come to pass of late that women strive to manifest their mental powers in other kinds of work. This appears to be an extreme view. It cannot be said consistently with the rational happiness of women that their vocation is simply motherhood. Their principal duty is, no doubt, to bring up their children properly so as to sow in their minds seeds of morality, becoming manners and a strong sense of duty in the various relations of life, which will germinate and bear good fruits. But in order to enable them to do this efficiently they ought to cultivate their own minds and be grounded in sound principles. They should teach not merely by precepts but by example. Then they should bestow some care on their neighbours and do kind offices of charity which serve the purposes of benevolence as well as of self-culture—blessing the helper and the helped alike.

But women would be trenching upon forbidden ground if they enter into keen rivalry with men in matters political, social, and others and put forward claims of uncontrolled license which militate against womanly sobriety and meekness. The conduct of the women suffragists in England, and that of the women's society at Moscow formed some time ago, advocating temporary wifehood, are instances in point.

Mrs. Sylva's picture of pastoral life is interesting and instructive. Country life would always be the true ideal, to pass one's days peacefully on one's own land, whose produce should suffice for simple, wholesome food, to allow the style of one's dress to be regulated rather by one's own artistic taste and regard for health and comfort than by the dictates of fashion, and undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the crowd. What a contrast to this idyllic picture does the world at this moment present, with people herded together in great cities, and cooped up in monstrously overcrowded houses within narrow streets, where they can hardly drink in a breath of fresh air nor see a leaf growing, but where each one, instead of giving his thoughts to higher things, is generally busied with his neighbour's affairs. How fair this world might yet become under the beneficent sway of women of high breeding and noble culture, did they but earnestly devote their lives to the task of making their influence felt to the remotest circles. But the women of the present day seem disposed to descend from their lofty

pedestal. Women should never forget that they stand on a higher level, and when they place themselves on an equality with men, they do but descend from those heights. It is not too much to say that in all times and places, and under all circumstances soever, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men. And if the latter sometimes assume too lordly an air towards the weaker sex, that is perhaps altogether unintentional. For men are in some respects just like children who are quite unconsciously the greatest tyrants to those they love best. Judged by the standard of simplicity and modesty, the female members of the educated and upper ranks of Bengali society can justly be said to pursue the true vocation of women. Their position is ladylike and respectable. The mother, and in her absence, the wife, is the mistress of the family, superintending the household affairs within the zenana, usually done by cooks and maid-servants. They prefer to live in privacy and seclusion, not liking to expose themselves to the rude gaze of the public. This is effectually prevented on occasions of travel by the usual veil, which is a beautiful emblem of modesty. From the time of marriage and attainment of puberty till she gives birth to a child, a female remains completely covered with a veil. Then it becomes shorter, and shorter, and is taken off the face when she becomes an elderly matron, but is not entirely withdrawn. She wears a veil, not only outside the zenana but inside it also. In the presence of her husband's elder brother she is not to appear unveiled or to speak to him except through a medium. A female sometimes resides in her father-in-law's and sometimes in her father's house. While with her parents she is not required to put on a veil within the zenana except when her husband visits the house, whom, in her prime of youth she is not to meet unveiled or speak to in the presence of elderly relations. The Hindu family being generally joint, the wife is seldom left always in the solitary and free company of her husband but lives surrounded by a good many relatives. She is to observe minutely the customary rules prescribing her behaviour towards them. Even a slight violation of such rules is sure to be noticed, especially by her mother-in-law and her husband's sisters with whom she is often at variance. But the chief troubles of a Hindu lady commences with her widowhood. Then she is compelled to lead a life of austerity and self-denial. She is not generally permitted to marry again even though her husband dies before she attains puberty. She is allowed only one full meal a day, which, again, is of the plainest sort, fish and stimulants being prohibited. Her widowhood disqualifies her from

taking any active part in such auspicious ceremonies as 'Annaprashana, Upanayana, Marriage, etc. This is adding insult to injury. It is time that this cruel and inhuman custom should be discontinued.

As *pardahnishins* they enjoy a not inconsiderable amount of liberty which they have good sense and intelligence enough not to convert into license. The high moral lessons of the Mahabharata Bhagavat Gita and other didactic national legends, the lives of Sita, Savitri, Damanti, and others, which are models of purity and chastity, the frequent religious ceremonies and observances in the family, their high patrician spirit in upholding the time-honoured reputation and honour of the family they are born or married in, and the virtuous principles resulting from these wholesome influences, guard their morals more effectively than the walls which confine them. Nor is the beauty of their persons less conspicuous than the excellence of their souls. It is highly desirable that, like their persons, their minds should be beautified with the rich treasures of knowledge, for no beauty is comparable to the beauty of the mind. No doubt some of them have acquired a fair knowledge of Bengali such as to enable them to compose books and contribute to periodicals, but we cannot conceal the fact that female education in Bengal is sadly neglected. The number of ladies, mostly native Christians and Brahmos, who have received high education and become graduates serving as doctors, teachers, inspectresses of schools, etc., is very small. These have thrown off the *pardah* and adopted habits partly Native and partly European, but they are not any the worse for that. Their superior education and consequent strength of mind serve to make amends for the loss of the advantages enjoyed by *pardahnishin* ladies. But the example of the former is not likely to be followed by the latter for some time to come, until the advantages of female education, and the necessity of finding suitable employments for them, are thoroughly appreciated by the generality of our countrymen.

The zenana system has been the outcome of Mohammedan rule in India, and is still prevalent, although Indian society has much improved under the civilising influence of English Government. If it is thought desirable to allow Hindu ladies the liberty which their ancestors unquestionably enjoyed in ancient times, we must decide the question having regard to two important points: first, whether Hindu society, as at present constituted, is ripe for such a change; secondly, whether Hindu ladies have received such a degree of education and culture as to be likely to make good use of their liberty. The general improvement of Hindu society is a necessary condition of safe female emancipa-

tion. In fact, female education must precede, or synchronise with, female emancipation or else there is danger of liberty degenerating into license.

One more question in relation to the subject under enquiry remains to be settled, viz., whether the absence of the custom of courtship in the Indian system of marriage is an impediment in the way of our women for properly discharging their conjugal duties even when they do not find their husbands to their liking. Experience has proved that the Hindu wife loves her husband because she thinks it her duty to do so and not merely in consideration of his merits. If the husband happens to be intemperate or irascible, he is seldom hated or shunned by his wife but is tenderly treated by her so as to enable him to reform his character. Again, if a wife turns out to be a termagant or troublesome, now a lenient and then a stern behaviour on the part of her husband often succeeds in making her docile and well-behaved. It scarcely happens that both the husband and the wife are bad. Fortunately, now-a-days, educated parents or other guardians among us are prudent enough to allow their children and wards a certain degree of freedom in the matter of choice of their partners in life sufficient to secure their connubial felicity. And in cases where they take upon themselves the task of such choice, the result is often satisfactory. The best remedy for improper or injudicious selection of parties to marriage would be the abolition of the pernicious custom of early marriage among the Hindus. Social reform is a potent factor to be reckoned with in the matter of pursuit of the true vocation of women.

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Calcutta.

SOME SOCIAL SHIBBOLETHS.

CONVENTIONS die hard, harder than any thing else in the world, and humanity suffers because of their longevity.

Through conventional ideas of right and wrong, wholly out of harmony with the Christian code of ethics which we profess to follow, many a noble sentiment has been crushed, many an act of mercy averted, and many a life turned to dust and ashes, which, given its proper expression, would have borne good fruit and become a glory to the nations.

Conventions may be considered as a species of moral parasite which, with astounding subtlety and still more astounding pertinacity, fasten themselves upon the human mind, destroying the health of body and soul alike, reducing humanity to the level of the unwashed cur whose days become an abomination of ceaseless writhing beneath the irritation of an unwearied foe.

It may be argued that without certain conventional rules, civilized social life would be impossible, and this may be true to a certain extent. But, admitting that the oil of convention is necessary to keep in order the cog-wheels of social living, may we not still question the wisdom and safety to things higher than social law, of converting into a pivot for all civilized existence that which at best is only a lubricator? Like the shoes of the sacrificial priest, conventions may be permitted—may even be useful in the outer courts of life—but before the Holy of Holies of the human soul, they should surely be dispensed with.

Do we not often hear a man of genius characterized as having “the heart of a child?” And in the world’s greatest book are we not warned that to inherit the kingdom of Heaven we must “become as little children”? Then does not all this seem to indicate

that only to the heart and mind as frankly unprejudiced, as free from the taint of social shibboleth, and as sincerely filled with the ardour of knowledge as those of a child, does Truth in all her pristine beauty reveal herself or can the Heaven of perfect happiness be achieved ?

But unhappily, through the degenerating influence of that which we call convention, the human mind has dared to question and judge the wisdom of God, usurping the office of the Eternal Law-giver, burying beneath a mountain of sophistry the Light which, had it been allowed to shine, might have guided the feet of men into the paths of peace.

The belief of the majority that physical life is the supreme good is, indeed, widespread and only to be equalled by its dread of physical death. We even go so far as to punish the would-be suicide for attempting to take his own life, thereby adding to the burden already too great to be borne : and in Christian charity we tend most carefully the sick criminal lest he escape the hangman's noose and the world lose a warning.

In some European countries, the death sentence of the physical body is never pronounced, which we account as righteousness to these nations, until we come to know that it has only been repealed in favour of an outrage still more horrible, the taking of vengeance on the immortal mind instead.

The disposition of murderers is a question which we can only hope that the future will solve ; it is surely far from a solution in these days when the choice lies only between physical death and the mental ruin of imprisonment for life—imprisonment shorn of all hope and worse still, of all occupation.

According to our present code of morality, a gambler's debt is called a debt of honour, and must be paid if the debtor does not wish to be branded as dishonourable or to lose the respect of his fellow-men— even though the one who loses by his failure to pay be a millionaire who, under other circumstances, would scarce notice the loss of so paltry a sum. But the poor tradesman, " the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," for him there is no code of honour, and he may be " done " with impunity while the same world looks on smiling, leaving its doors wide open to the spoiler of the poor, and chuckling with admiration at his cleverness. Perhaps those who

formulated this convention were among the literal interpreters of the Bible, for it is said in that book that "unto him who hath shall be given, and unto him who hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Is it any wonder then, that to-day women are clamouring for rights and justice rather than privileges, since these privileges have come to mean, for the most part, the impositions brought over from the days of the cave-dwellers when women were a precious commodity, and marketable, for which men struggled and killed each other? And in this twentieth century when the cities of the world are overstocked with this once precious and rare commodity, does it not seem absurd conservatism and a purely conventional idea of chivalry that in times of danger and disaster the lives of women must be saved before those of men—often in spite of the women themselves?

It has been argued that this rule is not a relic of primitive ages, but rather an outcome of modern morality, being offered to woman as a compensation for the dangers and risks she incurs with the birth of every child. But, if the ordinary masculine attitude towards this question of propagation be considered, it hardly seems likely that in the male mind there exists with it any idea of sacrifice calling for compensation.

However, be its origin what it may, there can be no doubt to the thinking mind, that the coercion which insists upon saving the life of a woman against her will, and at the same time condemning to death the father, husband or brother to whom she clung, is immoral and unjust.

In the sinking of the "Titanic" we find a heart-breaking example of the extent to which this coercion often condemns women. We read in the harrowing details of that most awful catastrophe of modern times, that unwilling women were torn from the arms of their loved ones with whom they would have preferred to die, and driven like sheep into the life-saving boats to watch from afar, in helpless agony the slowly sinking ship—stretching, it may be, despairing arms, towards the dim figures on the deck until the last awful moment when the stricken leviathan reared herself on end and plunged beneath the waves, carrying with her a cargo more precious than rubies.

Is there any woman worthy the name who would not have wished herself back on the ill-fated ship sooner than face the inevitable years of desolating loneliness, years made doubly terrible by the torturing memories of that awful night? Surely not.

That there were some, perhaps many, in that vast crowd who cared for nought save personal safety, we do not doubt; and these were they in whose veins ran the debilitated blood engendered by conventional living, the bone and muscle of whose mentality had wasted away beneath a pie-crust diet of unmitigated sophistry. That to these poor creatures strong men in pity gave way, we know, and our hearts do homage to the gallant dead, for theirs was true chivalry wherein no coercion entered save that of natural nobility. Their part was indeed the hardest of all, since many of them must have realized that they were giving value for that which was worthless and bidding a last farewell to wife and child that they might fulfil the law and bear the burden of others.

For many long years, the only honourable path to a livelihood open to gentlewomen was that most dreary of all callings—nursery governess. Naturally the market became overstocked and naturally also, the commodity dropped to a nominal value with the result that the unfortunate gentlewoman who literally worked from sun to sun, was at best treated only with toleration, and for the most part suffered humiliation and contempt at the hands of all: receiving, not wages—was she not a gentlewoman?—but a salary equivalent to that paid to the scullery maid.

But it was an honourable calling, befitting a gentlewoman!

However, the worm turned at last and women, through their sufferings, came to realize that honest work brought no belittlement, save to minds already microscopic, and that the only way to override prejudice was by mounting the winged steed of independence. This they did, and flying in the face of convention, tore from it the mask of prejudice and laid bare the gleaming skeleton of social shibboleth.

Says Havelock Ellis:—“We are not at liberty to introduce any artificial sexual barrier into social concerns. The respective fitness of men and women for any kind of work or any kind of privilege can only be ascertained by actual open experiment; and as the conditions for such experiment are never twice the same, it can

never be positively affirmed that anything has been settled once for all. When such experiment is successful, so much the better for the race ; when it is unsuccessful, the minority who have broken natural law alone suffer. An exaggerated anxiety lest natural law be overthrown is misplaced. The world is not so insecurely poised. We may preserve an attitude of entire equanimity in the face of social readjustment. Such readjustment is either the outcome of wholesome natural instinct, in which case our social structure will be strengthened and broadened, or it is not ; and if not, it is unlikely to become organically ingrained in the species."

It is quite possible that the ancient ideals, which limited the sphere of women's activities to her own home and fireside, would have persisted even unto this day had there been homes and firesides enough to go round ; for the resemblance of women to cats is of world-wide renown and the love of these felines for ease, warmth and comfort is beyond dispute !

Consider the peace of Salt Lake City into which charmed spot comes no sex strife, neither any clamour for the vote : for here a man may create as many firesides as seem good to him and still remain respectable, and women have their hands full, and their time occupied in competing one with another for the coveted position of favourite. Thus rivalry and contention go on peacefully within the home, giving that zest and variety to life which is so often lacking where only one queen reigns.

But peace at any price is a poor motto for those who would progress, and in the light of existing ideals, even the most prejudiced of us are obliged to admit that the woman who goes bravely forth to work and earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, be her means to a livelihood classified as masculine or feminine, is higher in the scale of morality than she who would be content to purr in enervating luxury by the side of a polygamist hearth.

In the matter of women's clothing, too, the Western world is wholly given over to prejudice.

How absurd, for example, is the conservatism which cries out against the harem skirt, and how barbaric the mobbing of women venturesome enough to wear them ! Few prettier costumes have been devised, few more comfortable, or convenient, or even

hygienic; yet, because the skirt is divided into two pieces so as to resemble the male garment, it is tabooed as indecent—though a skirt not much wider—if any—than one leg of the harem variety, is tolerated and worn by old and young alike.

Girls riding astride—as so many of them do to-day—wear knickerbockers of an entirely masculine cut which the redingote only partially conceals, and the bathing costume of the belle of to-day is an unblushing reproduction of her brother's swimming suit.

Neither do we show consistency or overmuch logic in our mourning customs.

The Hebrew sackcloth and ashes from which our black mourning garments have evolved (if, indeed, the word be admissible,) claims our respect, for they were at least consistent—the ashes were real and the sackcloth devoid of fit or fashion—proclaiming the mourner's indifference to appearances. But to-day, even into our griefs the prevailing styles must enter, and the more fashionable and becoming the cut of our black draperies, the better. The widow of the West may spend as many hours as seem good to her in consulting with her modiste, but if her widowhood be less than a year old and the poor desolate creature see fit to beguile an hour or two of her dreary existence at the theatre, or even in a concert-hall—then—God help her! For her a compassionate and sympathising social world will find, or failing to find, invent a thousand incidents from which, capped with this last heinous offence, they will prove quite conclusively that the widow in question never loved her husband and is rejoicing in her freedom.

And yet we of the Western world, vainglorious and self-confident, shudder at some of the dreadful funeral customs of the East; never dreaming that, dominated by our shallow conventions, we are committing a far worse crime in cremating the hearts and souls of our widows while we pamper their physical bodies.

It has been said that “when the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes,” and perhaps when we have run the gamut of our conventional follies and sufferings, modern Moses will arise and lead us through the Red Sea of our misery into a land of Promise where

in Truth and Sincerity reign—but as yet there is no sign of the Prophet's coming.

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause,

"He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

"All other life is living death, a world where none but phantoms dwell.

"A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkle of the camel bell."

MAY HARVEY DRUMMOND.

Switzerland.

IS BUDDHA LEGENDARY ?

THE sacred memory of Lord Buddha, his exemplary life and character, his unparalleled self-abnegation for the welfare of the suffering humanity, above all, the propagation of his faith amongst no inconsiderable number of human beings still boasting of unshaken devotion, loom so large in the minds of educated men all the world over as not to admit of a moment's doubt regarding the historicity of this inspired teacher, who took up the career of a mendicant in the East about two thousand years before the thunders of John Wycliffe were rolled against the mendicant orders of the West, and who founded a system of religion that has thrown a mightier lustre and influence upon this world than the doctrines of other systems in any age or country. But, in spite of all these, there are historians who have found it difficult to give Buddha the historical colouring which he deserves, and here again the lamentable fact that India has no history of her past, stands supreme to the utter bewilderment of persevering students trying to have a thorough knowledge of the past history of this country. This very spirit of dark pessimism runs through every line of Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra's "Memoirs of the Early Life of Sakya Buddha," a treatise which forms an important introduction to the "Lalita Vistara," when he exclaims sorrowfully :—" India never had her Xenophon or Thucydides, and her heroes and reformers, like her other great men, have to look for immortality in the ballads of her bards and the legends of romances."

Consequently, Buddha's life is shrouded in mystery which the light of modern research has yet scarcely dispelled. There are numerous discoveries of legends by Hodgson in Nepal, Upham and Turnour in Ceylon, Burnout, C'Soma de Kōrōsi in Tibet and by Kalaporth, Remusat, Beal and others in China—large mass of legends in Sanskrit, Pali, Tibetan, Chinese and Sinhalese recording with Boswellian zeal and assiduity every trifling circumstance connected with the life of the great reformer. And these legends

however much may be their value in the eye of a research scholar—are not themselves homogeneous in their nature; they teem with fearful contradictions here and there, and most of them seem to the naked eye to be fables which have been even styled by some as “fictitious.” It requires robust endurance and a keen eye for one to distinguish the grain from the chaff. Nay, one writer boldly puts it that “arduous it is to put skin and living flesh upon the dry bones of old legends written under dissimilar circumstances by various men, in different climes, etc.’”

Thus, as a result of this state of affairs, there have arisen two classes of historians holding divergent views. The one class whom we may style as “Extremists,” in the domain of historical knowledge, and who ride roughshod over some facts and figures, have made it known to their readers that there is nothing historical, in the strict sense of the term, regarding the life of Buddha whom they have unanimously depicted as a legendary being, rather than a historical personality. Surely, India, ignorant as she is of her own past history, is paying heavy penalties for her remissness. The second class, or the “Moderates,” if we may be permitted to style them as such, are men of great powers of reasoning and deep penetration, who know very well that there cannot be any fire without smoke and they, therefore, dare not totally disregard the legends, however absurd they might be in some cases. They have happily taken the matter from the point of view of a philosopher-historian, rather than from the point of view of a historian *pure and simple*. They have weighed all the pros and cons of the question and after mature deliberation, have concluded that to study Buddha without taking into account the legends, the only medium of information available to the Indian student regarding this great man's life and teachings, is something like playing “Hamlet” without Hamlet himself. Even Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra holds that “as all the legends are based upon a common substratum of truth, and as admittedly are the Tibetan and Chinese treatises translations from Sanskrit, they have certain points of correspondence and unity which will not fail to interest the inquisitive reader and the ardent antiquarian.” Emil Seblagint Wett, LL.D., in his “Buddhism in Tibet” maintains with some emphasis that most of the incidents when deprived of the marvellous garb with which early historians

invariably used to embellish their fables, seem to be based upon matters of fact. This grateful class of writers pay due respect and eloquent tribute to those laborious scholars who took insurmountable pains and subjected themselves to physical discomforts in bringing out new facts hitherto unknown, and they, therefore, do not reject their life's work *in toto* as ridiculous or absurd. They, on the other hand, own it with thankfulness that howsoever insignificant may have been the progress in the study of Buddha's life, that progress could not have been made, had they not at their disposal the legends which the other party minimizes the value of. Some fifty years ago, Buddha had not even the advantage of being known through "the ballads of her bards or the legends of romances," because these had not yet been discovered. But we should not now complain of paucity of information, and we should not allow Buddha to be known through the misrepresentations of his enemies. And we do not hope against hope in cherishing the idea that in the long run, the assiduity and zeal of scholars in the field of Buddhistic researches at present and in the future, will shed further light upon one who requires no illumination save and except the satisfaction afforded to fastidious historians whose "ideal" is realistic.

But strange it is that while India, the birthplace of Buddha—the most illustrious of her sons born in a memorable epoch of her history—India which even now attracts the admiration of the Buddhist world, a fact vividly maintained by the visits of ardent pilgrims to Buddha Gaya—has not any authentic record regarding Buddha in Ceylon, the land of demons, to the average superstitious Indian, there is a commentary written by Budhagōsha in A.D. 420 at the ancient city of Anuradhapura, and this treatise, "Atthakatha," as it is called, is of equal authority with the text in Pali, "Tripitakan." This fact was recently commented upon by Rev. R. Spence Hardy, Member of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. But Mr. Spence had also to admit that later on, absurd legends have been invented and inserted in the book relative to Buddha and his immediate disciples, similar to those stories that were invented relative to Western saints.

THE VAST MIND-FORCE IN NATURE.*

YES, there is in Nature this one incomparable Power, passing imagination, baffling calculation. It hardly approaches in its mystery and grandeur our ideas of the Unlimited Superpersonal Himself, but, if personal, it would indeed almost seem to identify itself with our old nature-God, the merely personal, not-almighty, if all-loving. And just in so far as we can make this unspeakable object clear and vivid to ourselves, and show it to be separate from Him while yet included within His omnipresence and omnipotence, just in so far, as said above, do we add to our adoring concept of Himself. †

This Reason-Mind-Force in all Nature, pervading as it is under the unlimited, all-energising, all-guiding, comes ever clearest to its repeated focus in the marvellous Intent,‡ the plan, the design. Of all things under Him it also seems the very one toward which we evermore feel naturally constrained to draw near. So vast it is and yet so closely intricate that neither our measuring reach nor our counting iterations, neither our analyses nor yet our syntheses, seem ever able even to approach its nearest bounds ; we seem to merely feel it, though with rapture; ever beginning as it is with all other nature, and also, save for Him, a something unbegun, self-moving like the rest. We can hardly even say that it comes most to consciousness in man ; for how many grades of intellect may there not be beyond us and above us, as there are so many, as we think, beneath us ? It moves about us everywhere, steadily, impressively, in the pencillings of leaves, in the growths of embryos

* A fragment of an Oxford Instructional Lecture.

† By one more beatific thing beneath Him.

‡ Aristotle.

as in the sidereal mathematics, for each "half-vivified" orb of whatsoever grade seems actuated by this universal thing. Half-vivified indeed! We might once well have reserved the fraction, for the greater Greeks, some of them, thought them to be indeed literally alive—soft splendours with their mighty centres, each seems to know and keep so exactly its reasoned course, with waste, shed slowly off, at last regathered. So in their last so-called "originating fusion, all followed the inspiring All-Thought, finding each his place; one must be a sun, others planets in its system; the elements in each must be of exactest measure, weight, and even climate. So the plutonic rocks in each as truly as the atmospheres follow the same great Thought, hardening duly from their molten semi-fluid state, diamonds centring as the bubbles fall and dance; every object, from the most enormous to the most minute, seems inter-adjusted to others. Reason, as the mind-soul, inspires most of all, we think, the physically living, even the lower forms of them, they know from instinctive miracle things hid from man, though he too has his innings. Wild herds forestall the floods; the albatross knows just where to strike her path for remotest home, when man does not even know his own interest; how does the butterfly find his mate, or the calf his mother's teats? The crocodile knows just where to lay her eggs beyond the reach of Nilus; the young elephant shelters himself in his mother's lee, how does he know that he is safe there? The very chick from the shell flies to a leaf when the cock-bird sounds for the hawk. All being seems to throb with the thought-force intercommunicated, while man, seemingly least instinctive of them all, can measure the heavens and the seas, even soul. All is stored experience, centring and then pushing on throughout ages; but how did it all originate, if ever? Not only mind but moral mind is everywhere; recall that miracle of sweetness, the mother-love; see too the hate and the revenge, incomprehensible, all of it. Attractions of gravitation have reason in them, within all, above all, through all. The Universe is one vast breathing mass of sympathy and power, a very cosmos unfolding itself in myriad forms, infolding itself again; the microscope reveals systems as intricate as the telescope. Such is the mind-force, under Him, throughout all nature. We cannot very well adore it in the lesser sense, for it

is *not a person*, nor a sub-person, nor yet a super-person. We cannot supplicate it, for it is *part of our very selves*; supplication here would be mere fixed self-resolve, nor can we hope much from it, for it is *immovable*. Never has it varied, not even to entreaty, from all a past eternity save through Him, so with the rest; nor shall it ever vary to the endless coming ages. I call it freely with some speech-figure, "Great Nature's Soul"; so with the Greeks, the great soul of all reasoned life and all life's reasoning, involving all it has of strength, joy, sorrows; and with justice*; Sovereign Rule† is there in it, and above all there is æsthetic, for we are parts of a world all calm with beauty, throbbing with bright wishes based on truth and love. ‡ What else in all Nature can approach it; it seems all Nature's better self in one. Do we then think it well to turn our backs upon it, this so ill-called "poor" human and "poor" angelic reason, so limited? Do we think it decent so to do? Does He, the Unlimited, turn His back upon it—our Faith-God Ideal turn His back on Reason—the Holy One 'of All-Holies turn His back on all that holds the world in sanity, non-maniac, indifferent to all that love is nourishing, to all that truth is defending, to all that mercy is redeeming? Ah no! Our Faith-God Ideal, our One ever supremely to be adored, is not indifferent to this; much less is He adverse to it—atrocious thought! He in fact stands ideally related to it; in shutting out all Nature's realm from His, I only mean to shut out profanely pushed identities."

His whole Supreme Heart, although ideally beyond our ken or intellect, still yearns to it (as, with devout speech-figure, we may say), still yearns in a sub-sense over it. He adores it too, if so we can imagine, just as Ahura burned sacrifice to Mithra, as kings call nobles "Lords." It is the all-in-all in our rich world of power and truth, and as our Ideal Faith Supreme One reveres it, so should we!

THE WORD IS NIGH THREE.

It does not hold itself aloof in awful distance far off, away from us, aloft; it is close around us as a sweeping sea, yet touching each of us with lightest finger, while it stares us in the very face.

* Asha. † Kshatbra. ‡ Vohumanah.

Why should we not in one fond blind sense pour out our loving-wonder toward it, though it be not "personal" in any sense? He, our Supreme Ideal One delights in it, as we may devoutly say, and so may we; but to do so we must define it from other Nature, and most of all from Him.

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TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM" IN THE LIGHT OF INDIAN THOUGHT.

TENNYSON marks a special epoch in the growth of the philosophic spirit in English poetry. The most noteworthy developments in the higher elements of English song are its slowly increasing introspection and perception of the spiritual foundations of life, and the blossoming of the underlying spirit of Aryan culture which is, however, overlaid by Hebraism, on the one hand, and materialism on the other, slowly making itself felt in the higher branches of mental activity in Europe. The most attractive element in higher English poetry is that persistent questioning

"of sense and outward things"

which has always been the most dominant mental characteristic of the Aryan race. From this point of view no English poem is so full of profound interest to the Hindu mind as that great monument of friendship and passionate study of the mystery of life and death—Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

A peculiar interest attaches to the poem as a passionate attempt to harmonise the inborn aspirations of the soul with the ultimate conclusions of science. Democracy and science are the two great modern forces which have overturned many a pet mental theory and moral rule, and they have been always reckoned as fundamentally anti-religious forces. Democracy has the inevitable effect of making man and his social and political improvement objects of paramount interest for the entire community and leads to man becoming so preoccupied with himself as to find no room in his heart for love of God and a passionate striving to kiss His lotus feet. Science with its cold methods of observation and experiment has been sapping solemn creeds with solemn sneer. Hence it is that Tennyson's poem is of the greatest value. It

was written by one who has been called the poet of science, and in a pre-eminently scientific and democratic age. To us who, in spite of our inherited love of the things of the spirit, are beginning to come under the spell of the democratic and scientific elements in Western civilisation, the poem contains elements of help and guidance which make it a precious possession and an inspired guide through the tangled labyrinth of modern views on life here and hereafter.

In Memoriam is superior to *Lycidas* and *Adonais*, in that it is full of deep personal feeling and tries to go to the heart of things for consolation and for hope. The artistic element preponderates in the two earlier elegies, but Tennyson's poem is a faithful record of the soul's doubts, aspirations, and certainties, though it is at the same time full of poetic beauty and melody.

The fundamental idea of the poem is love's immortality. Even in the prologue this is foreshadowed :

" Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him ; thou art just.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair ;
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

It will not be out of place if we consider here briefly the evolution of thought in this great poem. The first and all-absorbing thought is one of passionate grief and of that desolate heartbreak which is so touchingly expressed in the lines :

" But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

" But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

But as time brings its balm of healing, the poet gradually rises to the belief that :

“ 'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,”

and that love ought to survive the loss of the beloved. The natural question that now arises is, whether life is life for evermore, and whether the dead do live after death and love their dear ones on the earth. The poet arrives by a flash of intuition at the sublime truth that the dead do live and that their love is undying. This is not only a truth revealed but is also a fact implied in the very constitution of human nature. The poet, being thus assured of the continued existence of the dead, longs for some bond between himself and his friend. In a unique mental mood he holds communion with the dead :

“ The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flashed on mine,
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsation of the world.”

The poet then feels that his duty is to follow his friend's example in this life and that the opening of the heart to the unseen is by opening it to the world in a passion of selfless love. His friend becomes a type of the higher humanity of the future and is regarded as mingled with the love which is the soul of the universe. Thus finally “the anguish of wounded love passes into the triumph of love over sorrow, time, and death,” and the poem which began with a wild burst of sorrow closes with a deep and abiding faith in

“ That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

We shall now consider briefly the views of Tennyson in regard to the immortality of the soul before we point out how the deficiencies in his teachings can be supplied only by Indian thought, how the puzzles that he felt and has embodied in deathless verse can be best solved only by the intuitions of our holy sages, and in what manner the harmonising

of his intuitions with our sublime. . . . philosophy and religion can best be achieved. Tennyson, after the most subtle searchings of Nature and of the soul arrives at the conclusion that Nature affords no help in deducing the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. "Nature red in tooth and claw," Nature that cares not for the single life or for the type, Nature the stage where fleeting lives play out their petty parts for a while and vanish for ever—what hints can Nature give as to the persistence of the spiritual energy, the continued aspiration of the soul towards perfection, the dynamic upwardness of the soul's endeavour towards self-realisation, and the raptures of Divine Love? The real evidence as to the immortality of the soul comes from what he calls in apt phrase "the heat of inward evidence," "the highest within us."

" But felt through what we feel
Within ourselves is highest."—(*The Ancient Sage.*)

Again, the poet points out how the doctrine of immortality follows necessarily from the existence of the God of Love:

" That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

This is not a matter which can be demonstrated but is a matter of faith.

" We have but faith : we cannot know :
For knowledge is of things we see."

Again, the highest thing is man's love, and love has an undying passion for completeness and for immortality. If man is to have this craving for love's immortality and completeness and is at the same time destined to annihilation at death, he would be a monster cursed with contradictory nature.

" No more ! A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime
That tear each other in the slime
Were mellow music match'd with him
Oh life as futile then, as frail !
Oh for thy voice to soothe and bless
What hope of answer or redress ?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

Tennyson lays stress also on the value and consolation of unique psychic experiences. We get mystic hints of the soul's immortality.

"The days have vanish'd tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint."—(*In Memoriam*.)

"Star to star vibrates light ; may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own."—(*Aylmer's Field*.)

But in this respect we see a considerable difference between the tentative and halting character of Tennyson's suggestions and the assured conviction that shines in deathless verse in Kalidasa's *Shakuntala*, Act V :—

रम्याणि वीक्ष्य मधुरांश्च निशम्य शब्दान्
पर्युत्सुकी भवति यत्सुखितोऽपि जन्तुः ।
तच्चेतसा स्मरति नूनमबोधपूर्वं
भावस्थिराणि जननान्तरसौहृदानि ॥

"The reason why even a happy man is filled with a vague longing and melancholy when he sees lovely things and hears harmonious sounds is that he remembers, without clearly realising, antenatal love and passion which remain fixed in the soul without rising to the surface of consciousness."

Tennyson himself rose to a more assured conviction in that wonderful description of the soul's communion with the universal soul in ecstatic trance in the *Ancient Sage*.

"For more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touched my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as matched with ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world."

Tennyson further asks how there are in the soul ideas of eternity and perfection which cannot be derived from mere Nature or realised in this life. These ideas show that the soul is really immortal. At the same time, we should remember that though Tennyson brings up before us all these considerations he relies mostly on the fact that the soul can never be satisfied without a belief in God and immortality, that love implies the immortality of itself and its object, and that the truth of immortality is a matter of faith.

" A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, " I have felt."

Tennyson felt the puzzle of human life and the mystery of man's destiny because he had not access to those supreme golden truths revealed in our holy scriptures. He has only vague notions about the pre-existence of the soul. He sometimes imagines a previous existence or more than one, and regards the strange longings and dim visions which haunt the earthly life of the soul as faint recollections of such previous existence. He says in *The Two Voices* :

" Moreover something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams
Of something felt, like something here ;
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare."

We also find in his "Far-Far-Away" the following passage :

" A whisper from his dawn of life ? A breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death,
Far—Far—Away."

But in *In Memoriam* he regards the earthly life as the first state of the soul and figures the soul as coming from the "deep" of an infinite spiritual being. He says that the soul gains experience in this body and develops into self-consciousness or personality.

" So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin
As thro' the frame it binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

Tennyson had not the privilege of knowing the wonderful law of Karma which was laid down in immortal words in the *Bhagawad Gita*. The Doctrine of *Karma* shows that the soul has had innumerable pre-existences and has in itself the sum-total of the tendencies acquired in the previous births. Regarding existence after death Tennyson, does not accept the idea that the soul passes at once to a final state of bliss or love. He is not prepared to accept the idea that after the end of earthly life the soul reemerges into the universal soul.

“ That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul

Is faith as vague as all unsweet.”—(*In Memoriam*.)

In *The Life of Tennyson* by his son he is reported to have said : “ If the absorption into the divine in the after-life be the creed of some, let them at all events allow us many existences of individuality before this absorption, since this short-lived individuality seems to be but too short a preparation for so mighty a union.” The Christian idea that the soul goes into a long sleep at death to awake on the last day is not habitual with him. He habitually imagines the soul as entering on a second individual life and then having other embodiments on earth or in stars, the soul in each embodiment reaching a higher stage of being and approaching more and more nearly to God. He held the gracious doctrine that no soul can be permanently excluded from a God of love. But here also we find a speculative uncertainty due to the fact that the heaven of Eastern thought was no. known to the poet.

The Lord says in the *Gita*, Chapter II, Verses 13 and 22 :

खासांसि जीर्णानि यथाविहाय
नवानि गृह्णाति नरोऽपराणि ।
तथा शरीराणि विहाय जीर्णान्य-
न्यानि संयाति नवानि देही ॥

“ As in the body the man undergoes youth, manhood, and old age, so he undergoes death also. The wise never mourn for this. As a man casts off worn-out garments and wears new garments, so the soul casts off the used-up body and procures for itself a fresh embodiment.”

This cycle of births and deaths goes on till the soul yearns for the higher Melody which it has lost amidst the noises of the earth and rises

to the raptures of Divine communion through the disciplining of the mind by unselfish work, measureless love and self-surrender, and luminous wisdom. The soul which is once touched by this breath of Divine love loathes the hunger for worldly possessions (*thrishna*) . . . which is the sole and all-sufficing cause of sorrow and *Samsara*. The infinite Lord who is by Nature *Sachidananda* (Existence, Knowledge, and Bliss) shines in the heart of such a devotee and dowers him with the "peace which passeth all understanding." Tennyson had not this gracious revelation, and hence the faltering tone of his speculations and their insufficient appeal to our minds in spite of his glorious sincerity and melody.

Before I conclude, I wish to draw attention to the fact that Tennyson had a glimpse of God-vision which has been ecstatically described in our country. This is shown not only by the passage already quoted from *The Ancient Sage*, but also by the following passage from his *Life*: "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me through repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

K. S. RAMASWAMY SASTRI.

Madras.

UPLIFT OF WOMEN OF THE FAR EAST.

IT is a matter of extreme importance that from Egypt, India, China and other countries there is welcome news of the uplift of women. My experience is especially of China, extending over forty years, but many facts concerning the Chinese are applicable to the whole of Asia. If influential men and women at home and abroad can more and more wake up to a sense of their opportunities, amazing service may be rendered. Oriental affairs are not so easily understood by Westerners as matters of their own civilisation, and those near at hand, yet there are many reasons to believe that Western reformers, educationists and humanitarian persons are moved by the spirit of sympathy encouraged by their divine leader, and are prepared to learn and pray and work to help those who are in need. Every little that can be done to create public opinion on behalf of Oriental women may be of use to further the cause of many hundreds of millions who may be unable to speak for themselves.

The question as to *the Women of China* has been impressed on me from various quarters. A certain leader in society spoke earnestly about the reform of the women as being of more importance than other reforms. A prominent Chinese pastor has pleaded that I should represent the cause of the women as a matter of extreme importance and hopefulness. The Christian Scriptures are full of facts and teaching as to the importance of women. History affords endless examples of the power of Christianity in helping forward the progress of women in many directions. The life of the late Empress Dowager of China gives surprising proof of the power and

Oriental woman can wield.* Dr. Sun Yat Sen has spoken enthusiastically as to how the waving of the Republican flag over Peking would mean that women should have a legal status, and the condition of native households be improved. Men worthy the name may well remember good mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, friends, and try to do what is possible to help women and girls to rise from uncivilised surroundings—we say “girls,” because the hope of the future is with the young.

It is cheering to note that in England the Ladies' Student Movement are trying to influence the heads of all girls' schools and colleges on behalf of the Oriental women. Under the care of Lady Florence Cecil efforts are being made to be of service to Chinese girl students coming to Britain.

Let us briefly note the progress made in regard to the cause of women in China. As to *Infanticide*, there has been no law against this evil. Poverty has been given as a reason for destroying the life of baby girls. But Christianity has brought a searchlight to bear on the question. No Christian commits the crime. Moreover, Christians go out of their way to rescue the perishing. The latest news is that *now* that so many openings occur for women to make a living, there is no “need” to destroy infant girls. As to *Foot Crushing*, it is well-known that great and successful efforts have been made against this evil custom. The *insanitation* of Chinese homes is also being faced. Dr. Lein Boon Keng was appointed by the Chinese Government to work widely for sanitation and hygiene. May we not hope that the masses may see the value of chimneys and of more airy and cleanly dwellings?

It would seem as though matters of betrothal may also be improved. Young people are coming to insist on their right of choice of partners for life. Perhaps the mothers-in-law will be more reasonable. Domestic slavery may be modified. The putting away of wives may be less heartlessly carried on. As for the evils of polygamy, which are legion, a public conscience must be first created on this point.

What of *education* for women? Information comes to hand from all parts of the country as to the anxiety of the Government and of the people as well as of missions concerning female education. May I take examples from one of the smaller parts, Amoy?

"Nothing but schools," is the remark of a visitor. Kindergarten, elementary girls' schools, high class girls' schools, women's schools, founding homes, etc., are springing up rapidly. It is to be observed that attention is directed to moral and spiritual training, as well as intellectual. Non-Christian as well as Christian religions set forth persons of exalted character. Confucianism has certainly had an uplifting effect, *e.g.*, as to ancient monotheism, moral ideals, and reverence for the Highest. The importance of educating young people in self-control is very great. To allow a child to refuse to go to school or to take medicine is to let her grow up lawless, a curse to herself and others, and banning the parents who are guilty of gross carelessness.

The mothers are the strength of heathenism. They need training for the sake of their children. They teach the worship of demons, they practise gambling, they allow the children to run wild in heathen processions and amongst the fascinations of idolatry, they encourage covetousness and quarrelling as to family property. Happily, lady missionaries of tact, sympathy and patience do wonders in the homes, and their teaching is listened to in secret, even by the men of the family. It is pitiful to read the statements coming from China as to the need of MEN to fill important positions and seize the grand opportunities in the change of Government. Happily, Christian mothers have already begun to raise up men of mark and public service.

It may be hoped that in time, when the finances of China are on a better footing, the Government will prove co-operative in starting schools and colleges for girls and women.

Let us close by referring to the many forms of general service rendered by good women, such as school-teachers, doctors, Bible women, deaconesses, matrons, etc. Surely, all such facts must lead us to thank God and be of courage to do all in our power for the uplift of Eastern women. A well-known public leader has said:—"The salvation of Eastern women must be worked out from within." It is possible to render them assistance, but they themselves must energize. They may study the example of their sisters in other countries and so be aroused to effort on their own account. Cannot there be raised up Chinese women who will ably state their own case, and plead their own cause? There are no princesses

now, but there are, surely, queenly souls who by experience can set forth the needs of their sisters as to heart, and brain, and home and country. A certain Englishman makes the inquiry, "What of the wife of Sun Yat Sen ; might she rise up and wield a powerful pen ?" In a few years, as education spreads, hope must increase as to female leaders.

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England.

RASILI :
THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Continued from page 1186.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

RASILI in the meanwhile continued her studies with Ratan Nath, studies not only in literature, but in love. They read together and talked together every day without fail and felt more than ever drawn to each other.

They met as usual one afternoon, and continued their studies till evening. She made a very pretty picture as she sat on an easy chair across the table facing him. She sat with a book in her hand and sparks of love in her eyes. The fugitive light of the setting sun lent a golden glow to her olive complexion, and rested for a moment on her face, and sunbeams played with her light *sari*, striped with crimson and gold, flung with careless grace over her hair, turning it into crimson and golden clouds. He left his chair and came and stood by her, bronzed, strong and handsome, his coal-black curly hair falling in wavelets over his smooth brown forehead and his youthful face alight with all the hope and ardour of spring, lost in admiration of the one who appeared to him a fairy.

There before them in the west the sun was melting his life in that of his beloved, turning battling clouds into liquid gold.

"I wish I could melt my life into thine like the sun," he said softly.

"Have you ever seen the dawn of the new morning as it bursts forth and turns the skies rosy? That is what you have done for me. If love has power, we must become one, if not here, then on the other side of the grave, in the "far beyond," where truth and love prevail."

"It must be here and now," he said, with impatience. "I can no longer live without you. You have robbed me of my heart and my life."

"Have I? Then we both belong to each other," she said simply. "I have no other wish but to serve you, but alas!" she added, heaving a deep sigh, "we cannot alter the course of the world. I cannot ask you to marry me; I am a mere barber girl and you, my love, are a high-caste Brahmin."

"That makes no difference," said he, with determination. "I don't care for the world. I would prefer to have a crust of bread with you than live in luxury and falsehood."

"Can I allow you to cut yourself adrift from those who love you? In the first flush of love, I did not think of it at all, but my love is not selfish. It is like the perfume of the rose in the crystal cup of my heart. I want nothing more from life but your happiness. I am sure you will not forget me."

"Forget you! How can you say so? I am not going to be beaten by you in love. It cannot end like this. You must give yourself to me. It is the only moral issue. I don't believe in caste and shall not allow it to stand in the way of our happiness."

"Have I not given myself to you?" she said sweetly. "I gave myself to you long long ago. My heart went to you on the first day we met to return no more, but I cannot permit you to bring pain to those who love you. No, no, it cannot be."

"You must become my wife," he said, taking her hand into his, and looking into her eyes full of deep, unutterable longing. "There is nothing more to be said . . . You don't wish to ruin my life, do you?"

The touch passed through her being like a flush of electric flood, and shook her whole body, then flushed her whole being with a wild flood of hope and longing.

"Oh! Oh! If only that could be," she could hardly articulate the words.

"It is the only thing that can be," he said, bending forward. "I know that we shall be judged harshly. People will cut us, but we cannot sacrifice our happiness for the sake of a carping society. We cannot ruin ourselves for a soul-less thing. We will go to some large town with a cosmopolitan population. I will take some work, and we will live in some quiet corner happily together, away from the world and its wife."

"You are my life, my happiness," said she, her ideas having been flung into a new channel, and she gave way before the rising flood.

"I am yours completely. I would die willingly, if I could add to your happiness."

He drew her in a warm embrace and tilting up her chin, he kissed her warmly.

Her eyes looked into his eloquent with unquenchable love, and received his kiss with such a joy as if it were the nectar of life, a drop of water to a thirsty traveller in the desert.

"My own, my sweet," he murmured in raptures. "I am the happiest man on this earth."

"Am I not the happiest woman? I wish such happiness were the lot of every man and woman."

"It is going to be a real Paradise," he said.

"I feel your presence always, waking or asleep; you are always with me. I see your face in everything, your eyes look at me from all sides and every flower smiles your smile."

"How sweet!" he said. "Tell me when it is going to be?"

"I must consult my benefactress," said Rasili. "I must ask her for her blessings. But for her, we could never have met, and but for her this could never have been possible."

"Have you not spoken to her as yet? I thought you had already talked it all over."

"No, I have not. Like a miser, I wanted to keep my treasure to myself. I did not wish to share it with any one. I could not breathe a word of it."

"I wish to share my joy with the whole world. I wish to talk about it to every one," he said.

"I will speak to her to-night, and ask her for her blessings and to-morrow, perhaps, we will fix a day."

"I am sure she will give her approval," said Ratan Nath, "and then you shall be mine to the end of the world."

"To the end of the world," she assented, her voice hardly rising above her breath.

The shadows of the evening had enveloped everything in their shroud but over the gloom of the night spread the light of a young moon, sweet and mellow and full of indescribable charm, touching everything with a strange serenity. It was like the touch of a mother putting its troubled child to sleep full of undefined softness.

They both rose, drawn by the irresistible loveliness of the moonlight, and slowly walked down the grass-grown track into the beautiful garden, which was the pride and glory of Miss Greenwood. They walked arm in

arm, wishing the whole world to share their joy, drawn by some undefined affinity to everlasting union.

"How beautiful, how lovely, how heavenly it would be," he said, "if life glided on like a mountain stream rippling under the soft light of the moon with nothing to darken or hinder its course."

She silently looked on—a silence more eloquent than words. He said nothing, but became a partner in her delicious silence which breathed the unity of their souls. He felt as if the mellow moonlight rocked harmoniously their hearts in its own cradle of peace.

Sweetly over the breeze came the tinkling of a silver bell, calling her to dinner.

"I must go," she said. "It is our dinner hour."

"I will come to-morrow, of course," he said lingering and holding her hand.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered.

"To-morrow!" he murmured.

"Farewell, my love," said she, gently taking her hand out of his.

"Farewell, darling. May your dreams be golden!"

She walked away briskly. He stood looking at her till she had disappeared beyond the field of his vision. Then he collected himself, and walked out of the Mission compound, feeling as if the whole creation rejoiced with him and was in tune with the longings of his soul. The road lay through an avenue of trees, and the breeze, playing upon dim-glimmering leaves, seemed instinct with the joy of nature.

Ratan Nath felt as if rudely awakened from a delicious dream, when the noise and smoke of the city succeeded the beautiful calm of the road outside. The smoke, the smell and parties of drunken men soon brought him back to the reality of things. With a handkerchief to his nose, he hastily walked through the streets and entered his house. He made straight for his room on the upper storey, a clean, well-ventilated room which looked over the whole city from its heights, when his mother stopped him.

"My son, you are very late, you should not be out so long. It is not good for you."

"Mother, I am just returning from the Mission House. There, out in the open, it was so nice and fresh. I wish we had a place outside the city."

"I don't like your associating with the Kiranis. I cannot understand you, my child, you are already lost to me. Your father thinks this

education is good for you. He hopes that you will become a pleader and a "Bahut Bara Admī," but I don't care for it. I want my own little loving boy. I don't want the perfidious Kiranis to steel you away from me with their insinuating ways."

"No fear of that mother, I can assure you. I will never become a Kirani. I admire Christianity for its humanising influence, but that is all."

"There is nothing in it, child, nothing. One's own Dharma is better than well-performed Dharma of another, so the Lord Krishna has said."

"When are you going to bring home my sister-in-law?" asked his sister, coming up.

"Your sister-in-law! What do you mean?" he said abruptly, turning round.

"You don't seem to have your senses about you," replied his sister. "When are you going to bring home your wife, the little girl whom you married? We cannot allow her to remain in her father's place for ever."

"Yes, child," added the mother, "you must bring her over. She must come and learn the household duties."

"I have never married," said Ratan Nath more to himself than to his mother and sister. "I have never married," he said audibly. "I don't call that doll's play a marriage."

"Whether doll's play or not," said his sister. "it is an accomplished fact, you cannot ignore the existence of your wife."

He did not say a word in reply, but rapidly ran over the stairs, and reaching his room flung himself down on his bed in a state of utter despair. He had never given a thought to the girl whom he had been married with. Now that he was going to marry the person he loved, she stood between them and declared it folly. He lay in his bed thinking, making and unmaking plans, at war with himself and the world, and wholly miserable.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

Kheri District, Oudh.

THE SHINSHOOT.*

THE smoking-room they call it still, but the taint of tobacco has had time to die away from curtains and carpet since the day when Paul Wyatt's pipe went finally out under the extinguisher of medical veto. This evening it is very silent : a shaded lamp casts a circle of light upon a table drawn close to the arm-chair beside the fire and kindles the bunch of roses beneath it into a strange intensity of crimson colour. Close by them lies an old, brown volume, half shut, upon a pale hand. All the rest is gloom.

An ember drops and a momentary flicker of red light is repeated by the tarnished gold of the books that line the room. The sick man stirs and draws a deep breath. Then the door opens noiselessly.

"Paul" (in a whisper).

She sees that he is awake and comes in, a tall figure indistinctly pale in the glowing dusk.

— "How do you think you are, dear?"

Suppression hardly disguises the clear vibration of her voice. His is all but extinct. But its tone is pleasantly unconcerned.

"You must go to old Thrale for that. He is in charge of the ship. I'm only a passenger. But we are in calm water now."

She cannot speak. He goes on.

"Hansom not come yet? Good. I want a look at you. Here are your roses."

He turns half over with an effort, without raising his head, and with the unoccupied hand lifts the shade. There is subtle pathos in the dominant attitude she assumes for inspection. A nod of amused appreciation and she sinks quietly on her knees and holds up her bosom for the roses.

* "Shinshoot" must be "Schein-schoss," as "widdershins," which in the north of England is used to denote circular movement in a direction contrary to that of the sun, is "wider-schein." But it seems strange to find the word in Devonshire.

Kneeling so under the light, her fulvous tintings glow with deeper warmth, like the flowers that burn upon her breast. As their hands meet upon them it is hard to believe that his are living flesh and blood.

"Suppose you let me stay to-night, Paul," she says coaxingly, looking into the wan face so near her own. "I can't endure these people."

"And have no gossip for me to-morrow? Come, be off with you. But you will find me up when you come in."

"I would be ever so amusing, Paul. And you are looking worn to-night."

"Do you know what I was thinking? *You* are not so thin as when we met at Bognor."

"I was all skin and bone. And wickedness, Paul. And what have you got to read? What a dingy old thing! Willet told me you made him stop at one of your book-stalls. What is it?"

"Willet is becoming a connoisseur. He picked out the very dirtiest on the stall on his own account, and brought it to me because it looked 'so ancient,'—1680. So I bought it to encourage him. But it is only topographical."

"Show it to me. I want to see. I want to know what you will be thinking of while I am away."

Her hand tries softly to remove his which languidly refuses to be detached. At last she manages to turn back the cover and reveals the title-page.

"'Worthiness of the Dart!' Paul! I can't bear the name. What are you reading in it?"

There is the ring of sudden distress in her tone.

"Show me, Paul. Won't you," stooping and pressing her lips to his hand as she draws the book from beneath it.

She reads the page at which he had held it open.

"'Nigh unto this Hill be Stones set in a Ring, which beareth name Tron Pen, the which though such be common in that part doth yet receive no small regard of the Vulgar. For on a certain day the rude people which dwell on the Moor do there assemble at the time of the Rising of the Sun and steadfastly watch whether they may see the Rays of the same strike upon a Stone in a Valley at no small distance thence. The which if the Fairness of the Morning cause them to behold, they depart home much rejoicing, as thereby made partakers of some Devilish Blessing. And this they call Shinshoot.'"

"How *very* odd!" in a tone of awestruck wonder. "And it came to you—like that? You didn't know it was there?"

"Willet was the agent of destiny. Here he comes to tell you to be off."

There was a tap at the door and a servant came in, a grave, soldierlike man.

"Hansom at the door, M'm," presenting a heavy furlined cloak.

She takes it without rising and draws it over her shoulders as he goes out.

"Paul. Help me with this."

As he puts out his hand she takes it between hers and presses it against her breast. Then in a whisper,

"Paul, do you think she has forgiven me?"

"Forgotten both of us long ago, I dare say," with a little weary laugh.

They stay so for a moment more, her deepset blue eyes fastened upon his bloodless face.

"And so you have been happy, child," he says at last. "That would please her, I fancy."

"So happy."

There is another silence.

"Run away now and bring me lots of gossip. Stay. There is a tear on my child's cheek. That won't do."

She rises and stoops her face to his. If there is no tear on the cheek when she turns to go, the blue eyes are overflowing. Another word would be a sob. She gently replaces the lampshade and goes away in silence. And now the room is stiller than ever. But Wyatt's thoughts have gone back to Dartmoor.

II.

Looking back, it is sometimes possible to fix the very moment at which a particular phase of life began.

He was staring out of a garret window in the early dawn of a summer morning.

All was very still, hushed in dewy twilight. The sky was pale and pure. His dream faded and was gone but the impression of horror it left seemed to live in the room behind him. He stayed at the window, seeking in the chaos of his memory for some solid recollection. Everything he saw was unfamiliar.

In front was a bare rocky combe half choked with white vapour. A single tree stood out from its flank and close beneath it a slab of rock

jutted forward, dark against the milky mist behind. It suggested a name he had heard, The Longstone, The Longstone Inn.

It all came back in a moment. His old doctor "If you don't want an attack which will leave you a wreck for life, you will just leave London at once. Go anywhere. Go to the Longstone on Dartmoor and walk about for a month." Then a mis-sent telegram and a servant turned out of a garret in the dead of the night to give him a room. Only, what was it that had sent him flying out of bed as if murder was at his throat?

A latch was lifted softly below. Then a lady crossed the grass plot below the window, pushed a little gate in the hedge and disappeared. As she did so, his eyes fell again on the stone.

Its colour had changed. The dark block was shining with pale light.

For the fraction of a second his nerves thrilled with startled recognition. Was it in his dream he had seen it, the great stone glowing with ghastly light and the grey figure passing away in the grey dawn?

The next instant he shrugged his shoulders. The light faded off the stone and rose on the hill side. The inn was still deep in the shadow of the spur of the moor under which it nestled, the combe had caught the first ray of the rising sun. Wyatt went back to his bed, moralizing upon his absurd experience.

"Old Thrale was about on the spot this time. My nerves must be in a devil of a state."

Paul Wyatt might have served as an illustration to a nineteenth century version of the Fourth Eclogue. The life of our gilded youth very fairly realizes the promised existence of the "gens aurea." They have everything without trouble. The curse of Adam has slipped off them. He was awlays dressed as if the force that materializes in fur or feather had charge of his appearance. And he had tastes, tastes that grew spontaneous, being indeed mere shadowy re-appearances of what in bygone Wyatts had been vigorous impulses. They gave him a faint satisfaction in rare books and choice bindings, a quiet propensity to afternoon whist and the Racing Calendar. The initiative of the race was exhausted and an admirably good temper was about the only contribution he could be said to have made to a character composed of family traits much enfeebled in transmission.

Such men are always content. There were, of course, drawbacks to his felicity, and one of these would have ruffled the calm of most people. It took the shape of an elderly doctor whose denunciations were uncompromising enough to have brought up a Cape diamond digger in

the first elysium of a biennial burst. But he had got into the habit of having sentence of death hanging over him and as indifferent as Barnardino himself. Indeed, for any disagreeable subject to remain upon his mind would almost have involved a change in its texture. It would have been like water lodging on a duck's back.

The discovery that we have "nerves" always comes as a surprise. Nothing is so unpleasant as to find out, casually, as it were, that one is no longer master of one's point of view. Paul Wyatt got his first glimpse of this uncomfortable knowledge as he sat at breakfast that morning at a table in the bow window of the great lath and plaster annexe which the old Longstone Inn had thrown out as a supplement to its own limited accommodation. The original building was a farm-house, a little more manorial than the usual Dartmoor type, with mullioned windows and a porch of grey granite that still bore initials and a date carved in the spandrels of its massive arch, J. N. 1650. A straw-yard fenced with boulders cumbrous enough to have taxed the resources of the builders of Stonehenge contained the appurtenances of a homestead, pigsties and cowhouses and a "muckheap" of genuine Devonian stamp. The hand of the improver was everywhere, and yet the place retained a strange flavour of ancient solitude. The coffee-room window looked away from all this, across a gravelled approach that opened into a deep lane half buried in ferns and fox gloves, and up the soft rise of the moor. The day was sunny and warm.

Wyatt did not feel energy enough to follow the example of the other guests of the house who were departing on their several ways, mostly after brisk colloquy with the landlady who stood before her door, ready to apply summary solutions to the extremely varied problems submitted to her for adjudication. A bad night had left him with a morbid feeling that things were going on before a black background. The rebellious insistence of such an impression was quite new to his experience. He tried to dismiss it by watching the bustling movement outside.

By and bye came a pause. A noontide stillness fell over the sunny space in front and delivered him up to depressing speculation. Was this sort of thing going on? He tried a sherry and bitters. But it merely involved another sense in gloom.

Presently, the sound of wheels coming from the direction of the farm-yard dispersed the silence. A resigned pony, harnessed to a village cart of primitive construction, was being brought round by a very old man, grey and rugged as an ancient apple-tree. As he passed the window, he

muttered to himself some kind of expostulation of which the words "a calling and a crying" alone came intelligibly to Wyatt's ears.

Inside the porch was a little commotion. Scraps of dialogue issued disjointedly.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, Miss." This from the landlady, whose voice had dropped into the minor key.

"I told un to take it down, Miss, better nor half an hour ago. Whatever have come o' that boy, Willum Pike?"

"How be I to know what got un?" snarled the patriarch. "Zeed un in straa-yard while ago."

Then a clear voice of most decided purpose.

"Well, Mrs. Thrupp, I don't stir from here till I see that taken. Willum, go and fetch that little scamp to me. Now, Mrs Thrupp, if you don't box that boy's ears, I shall."

"Indeed, Miss, and I hope you will. And I put it into 's hand my very own self and I says, 'Jim, I says . . ."

"And who 's a gwine to hold this here pony?" lamented the aged man as he slowly prepared to depart. Suddenly, he shambled away with some expedition, leaving his charge to a young lady who came forward with instant promptitude.

She was striking. Tall and strong, with bronze hair flickering about a face that might have belonged to a Saint Michael in an early fresco. Her eyes, which met Wyatt's without finching, were small and deep-set, but of so intense a blue that their gaze was almost a touch. A long colourless dustcloak draped her from throat to foot with pure simple lines that suited her erect beauty to perfection. As she stood at the pony's head, she was not a dozen feet from where he sat at the open window.

A couple of minutes passed. Then the old man hobbled round, conducting by the collar an urchin of heavy Devonian type, his chubby face contorted in the effort to keep under a howl evidently on the point of breaking loose.

"Dunnaw what 'tis have got un, Missus," he said, relaxing his hold as soon as he had placed the culprit in presence of the landlady who had now come out and was standing beside the little carriage. "I war nigh having to take stick to un, I war."

"Naughty boy," said the good lady, perhaps not unwilling to give the delinquent a final chance. "What do you *mean* a-keeping Miss like this here? Take hold on it and run down to the Stun this minnit."

As she spoke she held out a largish volume which the boy made no motion to take. After a good deal of choking, he managed to get out.

"Wun't then, I tell ee."

"Whatever is a-come to the boy?" said Mrs. Thrupp, too amazed to be indignant. She took him in a business-like way between both hands and applied a rousing shake. "If you don't go this blessed minnit, I 'll take stick to ee. Whatever is it, you barn vule?"

"Med vor to come at I," blubbered the victim, "I wun't go anigh of un, never*no more, I wun't."

"Med vor to come at ee!" A few words were lost to Wyatt in the victim's snivels. Then,

"Well, you *be* a vule! And what harm could the poor gentleman do ee? Bain't you ashamed? Be you a gwine to take that there book, or not? Cos if not . . . Willum Pike, you just step in and fetch out that little *stick* as is in my bai."

"Now Jim," said the young lady amused, "you're going to catch it. You'd better be off."

Jim lifted up his voice and howled. 20

"Seems a little upset, your messenger," said Wyatt to the girl. It was impossible to affect not to have heard the conversation. He was too idle to go away, and his lazy kindliness of disposition objected to his being a spectator of the proposed castigation. Fancy the "soft summer air" being startled by the wails Jim was evidently now only rehearsing. "I was going down to the Stone myself, and if . . ."

"Would you really," with a smile that took him into her confidence. "I am so much obliged. It is for my step-father. You will find him down there. An old gentleman with . . . Now, Mrs. Thrupp, you may execute Jim as soon as I am out of hearing. No, it isn't the least good looking at me. You wouldn't when I asked you, you know."

She took her seat in the pony carriage with another smile to Wyatt, accompanied by the slightest possible arching of her eyebrows. His eyes followed her long enough to observe that the pony received a very stimulating reminder before they turned the corner. Then he turned to the landlady who had already armed herself with the instrument of justice. The amiable Willum stood by in chuckling anticipation of a sensation.

"Just give me the book, Mrs. Thrupp. I'll take it down. We must let Jim off this time, eh? What's the way to the Stone? Through the garden?"

"I'm sure it's very good of you, Sir. Naughty boy to tell a lie. And the poor gentleman as can't move about by himself and Willet along of him and all. Oh, for shame! Straight through the garden, Sir, and out by the little gate. You can't miss it. It's a pretty walk. Sir, and you'll find 'em all a-setting by the Stun."

Wyatt glanced at the title as he took the book into his hand, "Ryland on Lesions of the Cerebral Tissues."

III.

It was hardly more than a quarter of a mile. A steep path led down to a strip of meadow that bordered a swift stream. Then it mounted a heathery slope, and came out on the bare flank of thecombe. Here it was at first carpeted with the delicate turf that loves the granite, but presently the rock cropped up, worn smooth by the tread of countless generations. For the path probably represented the foot-track of the very earliest visitant to the stone.

By and bye Wyatt rounded a corner and came in sight of it. It was an oblong block of granite, standing out for some fifteen feet clear of support. Below it the steep slope ended in a sheer cliff, at the foot of which the stream had churned itself a black pool. Time had not taken kindly to the thing. Its edges were as sharp as if the cleavage had been of yesterday. The flank stared bare and bald at the side of Newgate. But in one part a dank exudation blackened the raw stone, and a tuft of bright green moss on the lower edge seemed to suck the slow trickle like a foul insect on a festering wound.

"Something beastly about that stone," said Wyatt, stopping short. A couple of steps more brought him in sight of the tree and a bench beneath it.

He could see now that the top of the stone was only a foot or two higher than a little plateau of turf from which it projected. Close by its butt grew the tree, a stunted ash, whose roots crawled away till they were stopped by the rocky walls of the semi-circular nook in which the path ended. It looked like a tiny amphitheatre, its stage that granite table.

There were two people on the bench. A third who was standing in front, was probably the person he had to do with. But he found it difficult to take his eyes off one of the seated figures.

It was a tall, heavy man, stooped so that his hat hid his face, with the feet crossed below him and hands planted on his thighs. He seemed this here, lost in thought, in thought so deep that Wyatt could not detect the slightest movement that showed consciousness of his approach. Before,

he reached the group, an absurd fancy had time to flash through his brain. If he had been a child, he would have thrown a stone at *that*, before going near it.

The other occupant of the bench was a lady whose head was bent over a book in her lap. He had hardly glanced at her, when his thoughts were called off by a sudden impression that the old gentleman to whom he was giving the book he carried was not a stranger to him.

The elaborate sentence which acknowledged his small service recalled a feeling of boyish irritation which identified the speaker in a second.

"I didn't know who I was to have the pleasure of seeing, Mr. Merrick," he said. "You don't remember me, of course. But perhaps you haven't forgotten coming down to W. in your son's last half and asking a lot of us to lunch. I was rather a chum of his, Paul Wyatt."

"I not only remember the occasion perfectly, Mr. Wyatt," said the old man, with all the extreme graciousness that had stirred his gall a dozen years before, "but I have a very distinct recollection of yourself. It gives me much pleasure to renew our acquaintance. I trust it is not as a seeker for health that you are here."

"There is not much the matter," said Wyatt laughing. "And your son, Mr. Merrick, where is he now? I used to follow him from one Gazette to another and take a lot of pride in my old friend. In Egypt he was when I last saw his name, I think."

Short as the silence which followed was, it was enough to fill him with uneasy surprise. His mind flashed round, consoled itself with Mr. Merrick's white hat and some sort of a memory of Jack Merrick's name mentioned by some one not so *very* long ago. He glanced helplessly at the lady on the bench. To look at the man did not even occur to him.

She had raised her eyes and was looking at him. Then he understood. He got out a few words of halting apology, his eyes turned away from the two.

"It is a pleasure to me to hear one of my son's friends express so kindly an interest in his fortunes," Mr. Merrick said with sympathetic courtliness. "Your failure to recognize him does not in any way surprise me. Years change us all and the inaction consequent upon his accident has augmented the change in his case."

The presence of the motionless figure was ignored in the very words spoken before it. Wyatt's flesh shrunk. It was like discovering that the quiet person at your side in a train is a corpse.

"It was after the campaign in Egypt," Mr. Merrick went on with

the composure of one to whom a horror is too familiar to be recognized by any modification of tone. "The kick of a mule. These two years, have been a period of weary waiting, Mr. Wyatt. But we have every reason to hope that he will be ultimately completely restored. A high scientific authority with whom I am in constant communication informs me that his condition at present offers analogies with that of a person unable to summon resolution to move an injured limb, although assured that it has regained a certain measure of strength. It is probable that some external stimulus will unexpectedly provoke the will to action and the machinery of the brain will then resume its functions."

Wyatt almost stared at him. Recovery! In the face of *that*? But he had to say something.

"I am afraid there is no chance of his recognising me yet, Mr. Merrick," he said, feeling that his sympathy ought to find some practical expression.

"Hardly yet, I fear. The brain is still inert. Pray try if you like, Mr. Wyatt. Consciousness is merely dormant."

He moved as he spoke towards the bench. The suggestion had evidently given him pleasure. The lady made a slight movement of gracious acknowledgment.

In the very act of speaking, Wyatt's voice failed him. He stood tongue-tied, in the grasp of one of those strange repulsions which are for the moment insuperable. Physical horror of that bloated bulk and those glazed wide-open eyes unmanned him. The silence was intolerable and he could not break it. He felt the face of the old man turn to him in questioning surprise.

The lady looked up. Her eyes met his and—held them. The sensation was utterly new. It lasted for the fraction of a second. Then he heard himself speaking.

"Hillo, Merrick, old man! How are you?"

Just as one old schoolfellow might greet another at Lord's. A second before nothing could have seemed to him so impossible as that any response should come. Now he was all at once aware that he expected an answer and stretched out his hand to meet the other's clasp.

And an answer came. Something between sigh and groan forced itself from the depths of the vast chest. And the right hand was lifted. Before he could take it in his own it fell again like lead. Then the old stillness settled down upon the corpse-like frame.

The horror to Wyatt was in the instant feeling that no flash of consciousness had passed between them. What he had evoked was not

recognition. He looked at Mr. Merrick, expecting to see in his face something of the sudden terror of the unknown that went shuddering through his own nerves. But all he saw was exultation.

"Wonderful," he said triumphantly. "Alice, Glaubrecht has been right all through. The correspondence between brain centre and senses is re-opened."

What was it she had done? Wyatt looked at her with shrinking curiosity. She was thin and her face had no trace of colour. The deep eyes possessed that clear luminosity which accompanies what is called condition, a state of fitness to some special end only to be gained by sacrifices that record themselves unmistakably in the look they impress. A Sister of Mercy? She did not wear conventual costume.

She smiled without speaking. Wyatt felt a sort of relief. He was afraid of her telling out loud something she seemed to have whispered to him. Mr. Merrick was going on, delightedly.

"You are staying here, Mr. Wyatt? I hope you may be intending to make some stay. The stimulus of your presence has done wonders. All is merely locked up, frozen, as it were, in a sleep that is now ready to yield to the accumulation of vital forces. What are your plans? Are you a man under authority or do you depend only upon yourself for your orders?"

"My only commanding officer is a doctor just now," said Wyatt. "I am to stay on Dartmoor for a month and walk about. One place is as good as another for that sort of thing. I should be very happy——"

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Merrick, grasping his hand with effusion, "you are indeed laying me under an obligation. Alice, we shall have a collaborator in Mr. Wyatt. Let me introduce you to Miss Halket, Wyatt."

Wyatt bowed with a sort of apprehension of again meeting those strange eyes. But they expressed nothing but grave cordiality. His own were shiftily evasive as he looked at her.

"It is time to go in to luncheon," said the old man. "How lucky we had not moved when you came up. My wife is an invalid, Wyatt, and sees *no one*. My step-daughter you have already seen. She is the link that connects us with the world. The rest of us are hermits. I hope you will not find the place insupportable. The neighbourhood is rich in Druidical remains. You know what the Guide Book says about the Longstone here. But we must be moving. Willet!"

A man who had come from the inn while they were talking, came up, saluting respectfully as he did so. Evidently a soldier, probably a

EAST & WEST

non-commissioned officer in his time, upright, steady and strong. He raised Major Merrick to his feet and half led, half supported him along the path, preserving in his manner an admirable bearing of soldierly respect. The poor creature had not entirely lost the power of locomotion. His limbs still assisted his progress but it was only by a series of ungainly struggles, as though they were directed by some independent and perverse volition. Mr. Merrick's hopes seemed more and more incomprehensible to Wyatt as he looked at the wreck before him.

He talked to Miss Halket as they walked back. She was a pleasant girl, quite simple and unassuming, full of interests. He could not imagine why her look of very natural surprise should have affected his nerves so strangely.

IV.

"And so, Mr. Wyatt, I hear that your good nature about that book has let you in for an acquaintance and a promise to stay ever so long. No, don't throw it away. I like it."

It was the young lady of the pony carriage. He came across her in the garden where she was strolling objectless among the roses in the glowing dusk of a June evening. White clad, her beautiful head uncovered and haloed with gold, some misty fleeciness resting lightly on her shoulders and softening the strong lines of her tall figure, she seemed "a splendid angel, newly drest, save wings, for Heaven."

That was the first impression she always made and she had no peace till she had destroyed it. Wyatt was taken possession of the moment they met with the frank appropriation of old intimacy.

"And so you were at school with poor Jack, Mr. Wyatt. How odd! And what have you been doing since?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. Abroad a good bit and so on."

"Ah, you have been amusing yourself. I did so once" (with a sigh). "I have given all that up now."

She looked for a moment preternaturally saintly. Then her tone changed to one of extreme confidingness.

"But I did enjoy being abroad. Italy was ever so charming."

"What was it, Miss Clay?" (He had discovered her name with some difficulty, as every one about the inn seemed only to know her as "Miss," *tout court*.) "Pictures? Or scenery? Or do you go in for Browning and Symonds and historical associations?"

"Pictures? I'm afraid I don't know a *great* deal about pictures. And there is so much scenery and such a lot of historical associations

and things. I don't like to confess it, but I'm afraid I'm too frivolous for all that, Mr. Wyatt. That is, I was, you know. Now I have got old and staid and am ever so sorry I didn't make a better use of my time."

"Well, what use did you make of your time, Miss Clay?"

"Oh, the worst possible. I made lots of acquaintances and nearly drove my friends out of their minds. The people I went abroad with, you know. They wrote home the most awful accounts of my doings. We used to meet sometimes at breakfast, and " (looking up into his face with the candid smile of a pious child) "you should have *seen* their faces."

"I can imagine them. And what did they do?"

"That was at Rome, you know. They packed up my boxes in the meanest way, behind my back, and carried me off to Florence. But it was worse than ever there. It was there I came to know Alice, Miss Halket, you know."

"I thought Miss Halket was a relation," said Wyatt, surprised.

"Alice! She is poor Jack's fiancée. Didn't you know? How odd!"

"Poor soul! And were they engaged then, Miss Clay?"

"Oh no. That was afterwards, when she came home. We had great fun at Florence. You can't imagine what she was then, Mr. Wyatt. Such a lovely girl. I didn't much like the engagement. It was through me it came about, of course. But I didn't. She isn't—what you call religious. I was very fond of her and all that but—Oh yes, you *may* laugh" (trying hard to look scandalized and laughing herself) "but it's very horrid when people don't think properly about such things. I hope *you* are not like that, Mr. Wyatt."

"Like what?"

"Oh, you know. Agnostic and all that."

"Orthodoxy forbid," said Wyatt devoutly. "Set your mind quite at rest about my convictions, Miss Clay, and tell me what was the *worst* thing you and Miss Halket did at Florence."

"Oh, we did all sorts of things. She was just irresistible then. She did exactly what she liked with everybody and took me about with her like a little dog on a string."

"Miss Halket seems so quiet now. I can hardly imagine her a sharer in all your wickednesses, Miss Clay."

"Poor Alice!" she said with a genuine sigh.

"You don't think Major Merrick will recover? His father seems so sanguine."

"Do *you*, Mr. Wyatt? She ought to be made to give it up, of course," (trenchantly.)

"Perhaps she is fond of him."

His memory of the morning made the words sound false. But what else was there to say?

"I am not fond of phrases, Mr. Wyatt," said the girl, coolly. "It is *impossible* that she should be fond of him. You know that as well as I do. She thinks it a duty, I suppose. But for her he would be in a madhouse. It is the best place for him, poor wretch, only Papa and she have a prejudice about it. The doctors don't understand it, I believe, and have the grace to say so, all but some German quack he has got hold of. It may go on for years like this, for anything I know. It is hard upon me, isn't it?"

"You don't understand. Well, we are a house divided against its self. Mamma is—hypochondriacal, I suppose you may call it. She has a fixed idea. She can't bear the idea of people connecting her with poor Jack. He is rather revolting, you know. And so she never stirs out or sees anybody. And she will live in places like this, out of the way, instead of having a house in town where Papa could see his friends. That is her way of protesting. And she cries and pretends to be dying. And he has got into the way of treating all her whims as if they were the last wishes of a dying woman. Only, he won't give in about Jack. It is hard on him and on me too. But of course he ought to act like a reasonable person and send Jack away. There are places where they take such cases, you know, privately. Quite luxurious, some of them. I don't see how it is to end, do you? Tragic, in a way, isn't it?"

"And what is your part in the tragedy, Miss Clay?"

"Mine? Oh, I am chorus and moralize. I am not so selfish as Mamma, quite. But I have had to establish what you call a *modus vivendi* don't you? If I minded her crying, I should just have to live in her room as she wants Papa to do and be wept at for my cruelty whenever I put my nose out of doors. She never cries when I am with her now. She knows it is no good with me. But it is hard that my life should be spoilt because my step-father's son chooses to go and put his head in the way of a mule's hind-foot. I want to *live*, and I am condemned to vegetate in a place like this. A degrading confession, isn't it, Mr. Wyatt? Mamma says I have no elevation of feeling. And it's very true. I haven't."

"Do you see what a great star is rising behind that tor? Does it make you feel sentimental, Mr. Wyatt? No, it is quite too late, I must go in. Good night."

(To be continued.)

England.

D. C. PEDDER,

CURRENT EVENTS.

On the 23rd of December effect was formally given to the announcement made last year by H.M. the King-
The Change of Capital. Emperor that the capital of the Indian Empire would in future be located at Delhi, which has enjoyed that honour more than once in the past

history of India. As was explained in His Excellency the Viceroy's speech on the occasion of the formal entry of the Government of India into the capital, Delhi owes the restoration of her ancient dignity to the expressed desire of His Majesty that the capital of his Indian Empire should be associated with the great traditions of Indian history, and that the administration of the present should have its centre in a spot hallowed to Indian sentiment by the memories of India's glory in the past. The Municipality of the city was reminded of its new responsibility to make the institutions, public buildings and the sanitation of the place an example to the rest of India. The Government of India will, of course, be prepared to sustain the Municipality in its efforts, and indeed it will be mainly the Government's concern to provide the architectural ornaments which will distinguish the capital of the Moghuls. The style of architecture to be adopted in new Delhi has given rise to much discussion, and the question does not seem to have been settled, though the experts consulted by the Government of India are believed to have pronounced in favour of the style of the Italian renaissance. Sentiment would naturally be opposed to the introduction of an entirely foreign style of architecture in a place which is rich in the monuments that it has preserved of local skill and imagination, modified at the most by foreign influence. A similar modification of the local styles may no doubt be consonant with

patriotism on one hand, and the imperial idea and the political facts of the present day on the other. The principal difficulty will no doubt be to find artists and builders with sufficient confidence in their own capacity to carry out new designs with success and so as to win the approval and appreciation of the world. The question will no doubt be settled in the best manner possible in the circumstances.

The jubilations in which Princes and the people were to take part on the auspicious occasion of the formal establishment of the seat of the Government of India at Delhi were unfortunately marred by an anarchist outrage on His Excellency the Viceroy. A bomb was thrown at him in the course of the state entry ; it killed a jamadar who was sitting behind him on the elephant, it shattered the back of the seat occupied by His Excellency and Lady Hardinge, and inflicted on him several wounds. The procession marched on after His Excellency and Lady Hardinge had been taken down, and the ceremony was completed, the Viceroy's speech having been read by his colleague, Sir G. F. Wilson. Indignation at the diabolical crime and the most sincere sympathy with His Excellency have been expressed throughout the length and breadth of the country ; funds have been offered by well known Princes to facilitate the detection of the culprits, organisations have been formed to collect information which would throw light on the origin of the conspiracy to take the life of His Majesty's leading representative in India, and for the identification of the persons connected with the crime. To minimize the gloom that had been cast on the ceremony, His Excellency was good enough to send a message to the assembly at the Diwan-i-am to the effect that his injuries were slight. They were not, however, very slight ; the bomb was filled with screws, it seems, and the particles of iron and dust which must have penetrated the wounds constituted a danger which the utmost medical skill was required to avert, apart from the pain caused by the wounds and the shock. It is a matter for profound thankfulness that His Excellency is improving, and we fervently hope that he will speedily recover. Various stories seem to be current at Delhi concerning the number of men that must have been privy to the outrage. Bishop Lefroy, who preached the sermon at St. Stephen's Church on Christmas day, referred to the story that the words "Shabash Mara" were heard

immediately after the explosion of the projectile from men on the roof of a building opposite to the scene of the crime. The exclamation probably did not convey any approval of the deed, but only an idle and thoughtless acknowledgment of the daring and skill of the culprits in throwing the missile with such deadly effect at the august personages, the centre of all attraction. A crowd of idle and mostly illiterate spectators is irresponsible, and too much meaning is apt to be read into casual gossip. There are, however, reasons at the present time for the public generally to suspect ill-feeling and mischievous intention in more quarters than one; for, while the chief nursery of anarchism in India is located in Bengal, the war in the Balkans, the Turko-Italian war which preceded it, and the affairs in Persia, have all contributed to inflame sentiment in other quarters, so that when an outburst of sedition is noticed, the public is naturally apt to float conjectures and theories of various kinds. It is clear that the most dangerous elements in the Indian population have not been influenced either by the revision of the partition of Bengal, or by the Imperial visit, which were hailed with so much enthusiasm by so many classes a year ago. The wisest and the most experienced thinkers have been exercising their wits to get at the root of the evil which has for so long threatened the security of the lives of high officials and the public peace; the critics of the educational system are once more busy with their usual fault-finding; but the situation is so mysterious and perplexing that nothing very helpful has yet been said which might be acted upon with confidence as ensuring the dawn of an era free from political anxieties and dangers. The most grateful thought on which it is our good fortune to dwell at the present moment is that the Viceroy is improving, and that before many days elapse we shall be able to congratulate him and the country on his complete recovery.



If any large section of the Indian population had been in sympathy with the anarchists, crimes of the kind they perpetrate would have been more common than fortunately they happen to be. As the victims marked by them are often high officials, the insignificance of the mere number of the enemies of Government cannot be a source

**The National
Congress.**

of much gratification. As the anarchists bear no personal malice against the European officials whom they attempt to assassinate, and as they seem to fight in their own way for a principle, the very existence of a party, however microscopic, that resorts to violence for purposes which they do not and perhaps cannot afford to avow openly, is a phenomenon from which we cannot turn our eyes to contemplate exclusively the gratifying demonstrations of good-will and devotion by the Princes and peoples of India, such as were witnessed at the Diwan-i-am on the announcement that the injuries received by His Excellency the Viceroy were slight. Princes have vied with each other in their earnestness and offers of pecuniary rewards to see the culprits brought to book, and the whole conspiracy, if there was a conspiracy, thoroughly exposed and visited with the deserved punishment. While more serious and anxious problems must receive the closest attention sooner or later, we may for the present contemplate with satisfaction the numerous messages expressing horror and indignation at the crime and the meetings held to condemn the wicked attempt on the life of His Majesty's representative at the head of the Government of India. While His Excellency was still suffering from pain a few hours after the outrage, he is reported to have said in conversation that his feelings towards the people of India had in no way changed, and his attitude and policy would remain unaltered; he was only filled with sympathy at the shame and horror with which India must be filled and depressed by the thought of the attempt made on his life. This is all very kind and noble—ineffably so. The President of the Reception Committee of the National Congress, at Bankipur, described the deed as most sacrilegious, especially because the culprits picked out for their murderous design a Viceroy so popular, so sincerely attached to the interests of India, and who had "dared to brave the hostility of his own countrymen in enacting measures that he rightly and honestly believed to be for the good of this country." The President of the Congress also ungrudgingly bore witness to His Excellency's genuine sympathy for the people of India and solicitude for their advancement, and denounced his assailants as enemies of their race, their country and of the whole human kind. The precise aims of these enemies of the country

and of the race are not obvious, and perhaps they do not feel themselves at liberty to state them clearly ; for their aims may be seditious and a statement of them may be liable to be visited with punishment. Their grievances against Lord Hardinge's Government, if any, can only be conjectured. It is quite possible that their general object is to secure the complete subordination of the British Government in India to the will of the people, for it is unlikely that they believe in the possibility of India standing on her own legs without British support and assistance for many years to come. Their only special grievance at the present moment, if one may hazard a conjecture, is that some of the political prisoners, with whom they are in sympathy, were not released at the time of the Coronation Durbar, while so many other prisoners were granted the concession. It remains to be seen, however, who exactly are concerned in the outrage. While the " moderate " party of political reformers, represented by the National Congress, dissociate themselves from all resort to violence, and while Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal, the spokesman of another school of politicians, has also expressed his abhorrence of the methods of the anarchists, it must always be interesting to compare the political ideals avowed by these different schools. The President of the National Congress, at Bankipur, explained the object of that movement to be to weld together the various communities that compose the Indian nation to raise their intellectual power to the highest attainable point, and to secure for them a position of equality and respect among the nations of the world. This equality seems to imply self-government within the British Empire. Indeed, what is called colonial self-government is one of the declared aims of the Congress. The President of the Reception Committee demanded that India should have complete fiscal autonomy, with the least possible interference by the Secretary of State, and that a non-official majority in the Imperial Legislative Council should have the power to frame the budget in any way it likes, subject perhaps only to the veto of the Viceroy. The responsibility of vetoing the resolutions passed by a whole Council cannot obviously be thrown upon a single official, nor can such a power be frequently exercised by the head of the Government. It is in accordance with the spirit of British traditions to vest the

the government of a province or of the whole country in a plurality of persons, and the veto by a single person, if exercised on ordinary occasions, would practically establish a despotism. Fiscal autonomy constitutes nine points of complete self-government, for no branch of government can be carried on without money. No exception is made even in the case of the army and the police in the ideal outlined by the President of the Reception Committee. Not only education, sanitation and the means of communication, but even the protection of British India and of the Native States, would be within the absolute control of a handful of non-official members of the Viceroy's Council, if the autonomy demanded by Mr. Haque were to be granted. The House of Commons is a large and representative body ; the non-official members of the Viceregal Council are so few that, apart from their capacity, experience, sense of responsibility, and representative character, the transfer to them of the fiscal powers of the Government of India would be an experiment unheard of in the annals of any country in the world. The difference between the complete Svarajya of the "Nationalists" and the Colonial Svarajya of the National Congress is so very small that, whatever its value as a matter of sentiment and its importance in the law of sedition, it would not be worth insisting upon, if the permanence of the British connection with India were to be assured. It may be pleaded that autonomy is only an ideal to be attained in some distant future after the communities are welded together. But the effect of a movement would depend not so much upon the propositions which it may lay down, as upon the temper which it creates among the people, and the frame of mind to which it gives rise in dealing with political problems. What is the good of repeating year after year an adherence to ideals which are not for many years to come to be realized in practical politics ?

The unwillingness of His Majesty's white subjects in the British colonies to receive their coloured brethren in India and large numbers and on a footing of equality has created a situation which British statesmen find as difficult to meet as any that has arisen within the borders of India itself. The mother-country realizes the inexpediency of treating different citizens of the Empire in different

ways, but she is unable to force upon the colonies a view of imperial obligations and of the mutual relationship between different parts of the Empire which does not find favour among colonial citizens. Mr. Gokhale, after conferring with statesmen in England, visited South Africa at the invitation of Mr. Gandhi to study the question on the spot and to assist in the best manner he could his struggling brethren in making their position at least tolerable, if not in all respects honourable. He seems to have been courteously received by responsible public men in South Africa ; he was granted interviews by the authorities in whose hands the destiny of the Indians lies ; and he appears to have been given some hope that the grievances of his countrymen would be sympathetically considered ; and at least the poll-tax on them would be either abolished or considerably lightened. The result of his visit and personal discussion of the situation on the spot appears to be that a stage has been reached when we are bound to make a distinction between the course of action which the Indians in South Africa may adopt in their own immediate interests, and the larger questions which Indians in their own country may raise concerning their right to enter the colonies and claim equal rights with other subjects of His Majesty. The position of the Indians who have already made South Africa their home is obviously different from that of Indians who may hereafter seek admission into the colonies. The consequences to them of insisting upon this or that privilege are not the same, nor are identical methods of warfare open to them. Passive resistance is the strongest weapon with which Indians in South Africa can fight ; their advisers at home are under no necessity to prove their mettle by going to jail. In manifold other ways the Indians abroad have to suffer, while their countrymen at a comfortable distance can only pass resolutions. The former, therefore, cannot be blamed for consenting to such compromises as they find necessary to make their own position tolerable, while the latter are at liberty to persevere in a more uncompromising attitude, which costs them nothing. From their own country Indians are at liberty to demand a stoppage of the emigration of indentured labour altogether ; they may ask their Government to mete out to colonial citizens the treatment which Indians receive in the colonies. Lord Islington and other members

of the Public Service Commission have arrived in India, and they will shortly begin to take evidence. The National Congress has made various recommendations, such as the holding of simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service in England and in India, the abolition of the distinction between the imperial and provincial services, the recruitment of the public services by means of competitive examinations and not by nomination, the creation of a distinct Indian Civil Medical Service, and the like. One of the recommendations is to the effect that the Indian Services should all be closed to the natives of those British colonies where Indians are not eligible for service. In the same manner it is open to the people of this country to ask for the closing of Indian markets for colonial goods. But these methods of carrying on the warfare are not available to the Indians in South Africa, and though they may be affected by the attitude taken up by their countrymen at home, they must at least have the liberty to shape their own action according to the exigencies of the situation in which they find themselves.



Mr. J. A. Spender, of the *Westminster Gazette*, has kindly acceded to the desire expressed in many quarters that the letters contributed by him to his journal from India on the occasion of the Coronation Durbar should be reprinted in book form, and has set to globe-trotters an example of lending one's ear to every one and of being exceedingly careful in giving one's tongue to others. His vivid descriptions of Indian scenes will be perused by English readers with absorbing interest, and even by Indians who are in closer proximity to the reality with not a little instruction. He has heard young Indians as well as old officials, soldiers and police officers as well as civil administrators. The suggestions which he offers with diffidence about closer intercourse between Europeans and Indians, about appointing to the Viceregal Council Civilians who do not look forward to further promotion and can speak with an independent mind, about having on the Secretary of State's Council men who are sufficiently in touch with the latest phases of public opinion in India, about requiring young Civilians to spend some time in a tour round India at the Government's expense so as to obtain a

"The Indian
Scene."

wider outlook than their local experience can give them, about Europeans preserving a more sympathetic attitude towards the better kind of Indian newspapers, must all be welcomed as proofs of a wisdom born of open-minded inquiry, of patient thought, and of shrewd judgment. Just at the present moment the reader will notice with special interest his scepticism about the effects of simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service in England and in India, and with some concern the "gloomiest misgivings" expressed to him by a member of the Criminal Investigation Department as to the near future. The prophet of evil has not altogether been discredited by the latest events.



The National Congress passes every year a resolution asking the people to give preference to Indian products over imported commodities, but it does not ask the Government to impose protective or preferential duties on foreign goods. Mr. Bonar Law hopes to appeal with success to India's feeling of gratitude for the blessings of British rule, and to induce the people of this country to assent to the imposition of favourable tariffs on British manufactures as against other foreign imports. The attitude of the colonies does not seem to have been definitely settled, and if they are allowed to discriminate between local goods and British imports, India will certainly ask whether the colonies are to be less grateful to the mother-country, or they may show their gratitude in ways less prejudicial to their industrial interests. When England once gives up the policy of free trade, it will be morally impossible to discriminate between different parts of the same Empire.

" The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly and lo ! the bird is on the wing. "

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has chosen these words to open her book * of verse with, and reading her verses, several of which have been already published in these pages, though not so acknowledged in the book, one cannot but notice how easily this charming writer herself wings her way with rhythmic wing through the flowery meads of poesy.

* The Bird of Time. By Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. (London : William Heinemann, 6s. nett.)

Her flights, butterfly-like, are short and spontaneous. Take her poem on "Ecstasy":—

"Heart, O my heart ! lo, the springtime is waking
In meadow and grove.

Lo, the mellifluous *Koels* are making
Their pæans of love.

Behold the bright rivers and rills in their glancing,
Melodious flight,

Behold how the sumptuous peacocks are dancing
In rhythmic delight.

Shall we in the midst of life's exquisite chorus
Remember our grief,

O heart, when the rapturous season is o'er us
Of blossom and leaf ?

Their joys from the birds and the streams let us borrow,
O heart ! let us sing,

The years are before us for weeping and sorrow . . .
To-day it is spring !"

Our poetess is not too ambitious, and it is refreshing to find no strain or-struggle to attain Miltonic heights or the Byronic line. O her poems she herself says :—

"Sweet comrades of a lyric spring,

"My little songs, good-bye."

After this, criticism is considerably disarmed and it would be unfeeling to accept her verses in a spirit other than that in which she offers them.

She does not stand, therefore, as a great poetess. Her place is among the minor poets, and there is little fear that her place will remain unchallenged. There is nothing derogatory in placing her among the lesser singers of this somewhat songless age. Can anyone recall in the last ten years any new great poet ? Lovers of verse must only accept the music of the frailer strings, and one welcomes the authoress's music, so much her own.

The interest of the book lies in the fact that here we have expressed, in chaste English, the thoughts of an Indian poetess—

surely a novel thing. And one sees in them that all poets of all countries have one nationality—the feeling for love, the love of scenery, the sadness of death, these are the common bonds that unite them.

That an Indian lady can attain such polished versification, capture such a perfect metre and rhythm, and use with such delicacy the difficult medium of a foreign tongue, must be a subject of wonder to any Western reader.

Who could phrase better such a delightful image as in the following stanza :—

“ What care I for the world's desire and pride,
“ Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,
“ The homing pigeons of Thine eventide.”

One cannot but welcome the book. May her wings sustain this charming poetess for many a flight !

H. C.

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KEATS IN POETS OF TO-DAY.

“THE genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creation must create itself,” wrote John Keats in a letter to his publisher.

A little while before he died, he declared that the intensest pleasure of his life had been in watching the growth of flowers. He was heard to murmur once when life was ebbing away: “I feel the flowers growing over me.”

“Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works,” he once remarked when a friend had been vindicating him after critics had treated him severely.

We quote these remarks because Keats’ poetry shows the truth of the first assertion, and evidences his love of beauty. Moreover, not only do his poems give us flower after flower etherealised and illumined by the light that comes from the clear shining of the Dawn, but also his luxuriance, his delicacy of phrase, his exquisite suggestiveness resemble the qualities and expansion of flowers.

It is considered to be a sign of a poet’s claim to that high title that his words are quoted popularly in ignorance of their source and author. Many persons of sentiment quote “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.” They “like poetry,” but they prefer to take it in anthological doses, and are wont to confuse authors and their works. They *may* remember that Keats wrote that line, but it is quite possible that, if suddenly asked the poet’s name, they would “suppose it is Shakespeare.”

Perhaps no lines have been more frequently taken from their context and quoted than

" . . . magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

Strange that such magic words should not drive those who quote them, and those who hear their delicate plash of sound and catch a vision of the realm beyond our sight, to the *Ode to a Nightingale* from which they are taken—

" Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown ;

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn."

We cannot even sip the dew of Keats' poetry, much less drink deeply of the " beauty born of murmuring sound " that ripples through his poems, and fail to acknowledge that beauty thus expressed must inevitably be a source of inspiration to embryo poets. His genius is a quickening spirit to touch incipient gifts to vivid issues. To all who love Nature, Keats is apocalyptic, revealing the unheard music and the unseen glory of Nature's world.

All true poets are prophets to a certain extent. They lay bare some of the secrets of beauty. And in this great school of prophets are a few seers of the beauty not actually discoverable in the present order of things, but existent in the mind of God, the truth dwelling in the Everlasting Now. The religion of Keats may be described as that of the natural order. He told one of his friends that he had no feelings of humility except " towards the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men." Yet his poetry has touched souls whose belief in a Personal God is theologically defined, and has influenced the poetic expression of those who are ready to defend creed and

dogma with passionate loyalty. The reason is not far to seek. It is not paradoxical that Keats, who never accepted religion resolved into a creed, should be loved and honoured and followed by Arthur Shearley Cripps, priest and poet, to whom all Nature is a repetition of a creed and the exposition of a vast sacramental order. To Keats, and to all who belong to the same poetic order of minds as Keats, truth is the supreme end; and truth is beauty; the beauty of infinite perfection; unalterable, yet ever revealing itself freshly and differently to fresh seekers and various minds.

Theology is the grammar by which we learn the language of a Personal God; creeds, the definition of our belief in Him; yet Truth transcends theology and creeds; and the power of Truth is shown by revelation of Itself to seeking souls, who have no language but a cry to aid them in their quest.

See what Keats himself says in his poem, *Sleep and Poetry*.

" O Poesy ! for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of the wide heaven—should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendour round about me hung
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue ?

What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom ; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man : though no great ministering reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving ; yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty ; thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy. "

Now we will turn to a slender book of Mr. Cripps' published in 1900 entitled 'Titania and other Poems,' and, remembering Keats' poem, 'S. Agnes' Eve'—a poem that perhaps shares with 'Endymion' the honour of keeping his name alive in the memory of the public,—we turn to Mr. Cripps' *St. Agnes' Eve*, 1821 (the year of Keats' death).

" Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

Agnes, Child with the pitying eyes
For those whose love is pure as snow,
To a grave in your Rome see a lover hies !
Girl, a debt to his song you owe.
Early he steals from our firelight glow,
Closes his lids and hungering sighs—
"Carve on my headstone : ' Here below
One with a name writ in water lies.' "

Pray for his soul from earth that flies !
Girl-Saint, care for your boy-knight's woe,
If he keeps your vigil, vouchsafe the prize
A dream that is winged from love's own bow,
Bid his lady bright to his grave-side go
In pearl-net and gold-stiff draperies,
Her shadow athwart those words to throw,
" Here one with a name writ in water lies."

Bid her spread rich feast of the wreaths Fame ties
In his honour from flowers that tardy blow,
Bid her wake him with lute-throb of elegies
To the holiest love that as yet they know
Each Agnes' Eve, until God shall show
At last the arbours of Paradise.
(Where aches no heart, and hates no foe)
To him who with " name writ in water " lies !

Over his grave the daisies grow,
" Water of life " my fond heart cries,
In water of life that for ever shall flow
Is written his name though in Rome he lies.

It may be said that Keats wrote his name in *flowers*. One day he went to see his friend, John Hamilton Reynolds and found him asleep with Chaucer's Tale " The Floure and the Leaf " open before him. Keats did not wake him, but wrote on a blank page the sonnet beginning : " This pleasant tale is like a little copse."

Mr. Reynolds wrote a reply to this, also in the form of a

* The words placed on Keats' grave by his own request

sonnet, which we must quote in full, so truly does it write the name—the character of Keats:

“ Thy thoughts, dear Keats, are like fresh-gathered leaves,
Or white flowers plucked from some sweet lily-bed ;
They set the heart a-breathing, and they shed
The glow of meadows, mornings and spring eves
O'er the excited soul. Thy genius weaves
Songs that shall make the age be nature-led
And win that coronal for thy young head
Which time's strong hand of freshness ever bereaves.
Go on ! and keep thee to thine own green way,
Singing in that same key which Chaucer sung,
Be thou companion of the summer day,
Roaming the fields and older woods among :
So shall thy muse be ever in her May,
And thy luxuriant spirit ever young.

Dated February 27, 1817.

If we would test the aptness of Mr. Reynolds' words we need only turn to Keats' poem headed by a line from the *Song of Rimini* :
“ Places of nestling green for poets made,” and beginning :

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves.

We venture to think that the last two lines we have quoted are enough to bring to the birth the latent gift of poetry in any poetic soul. From the undogmatic layman we turn to the priest-poet who finds in everything he sees and hears a Symbol and a Sacrament.

EAST & WEST**BENEDICTION.***(Sunrise after night-travelling.)*

Tho' as it were a crypt I pace
 My long night vigil through,
 Within the Church of God I am—
 His dome of frescoed blue.

I pass deep stoups in earthen floors
 Where heavenly roof-gems show—
 Niches o'er lustral waters set
 Where worms' dim candles glow—

Wind carven pillars of the trees
 Where horned owl's Lauds are said—
 Slab, plinth, and pile, the cenotaphs
 Of the long crumbled dead.

A jewelled Eikon of my Lord
 Glitters to East afar—
 Louting upon one knee I hail
 The Bright and Morning Star.

Lo! the brown-tussocked floor is sprent
 With holy sprinklings cold!
 Lo! vigil gray of draping clouds
 Is doffed for festal gold.

The ghostly voices of the doves
 Croon in the brooding light—
 The Christ-taught cock that Peter chode
 Scolds the forsaking night.

At last the voices hush and pause,
 The vast Church fills with dread—
 Brow to the throbbing floor I crouch
 My "*Judice me*" said.

How soon mine ears as I adore
 The stir of welcome fills—
 God's awful Monstrance is upheld—
 The sun is o'er the hills.

Now let us turn to the realm of fancy and put a fragment from "Endymion" side by side with Mr. Cripps' *Titania*—

" then the sounds again
Went noiseless, as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood ;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood
So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys : and lo, wonderment ! "

Thus Keats ; now Mr. Cripps in *Titania*—

" Yon sun red-dipping, see !
So sets our sway," said she,
" Yet think of me ! "
There in the glooming wood,
Like a child's dream she stood,
Dream only good.
" And oh," she sighed, " those mad midsummer nights
With birds to sing sweet measures, stars for light,
And joys as many as our fancies' flights ;
Yet all alike must go—God wills it so ! "

Here is Keats' cry to the moon :—

O Moon ! th' oldest shade 'mong oldest trees
Fell palpitations where thou lookest in.
O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life.

And thus doth *Titania* look to the moon and sighs :—

" Yon moon a-waning see
So wane my spells," said she,
" Yet think of me ! "
There in my dream she strayed
Thro' wood and dew-fresh glade,
Moonlight and shade.
" And oh ! " she said, " those nights when I might glide
To poets' pillows and their fancies guide
Out of the paths of human lust and pride !
Now no men's dreams I fill, such is God's will ! "

This is how Keats brings Endymion to the light of common day.

A sudden ring.
Of Nereids were about him in kind strife
To usher back his spirit into life :
But still he slept. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms and purposed to convey
Towards a crystal bower far away.

The youth at once arose : a placid lake
Came quiet to his eyes ; and forest green
Cooler than all the wonder he had seen,
Lulled with its simple song his fluttering breast,
How happy once again in grassy nest !

And this is how Mr. Cripps shows us that mystic spells and filmy splendours are cast over poets' dreams, whether we call them faëry glamour, or gleams from the Land beyond Sunset :—

Yet where stars a-shining be,
Lost queen of fantasy !
Soft cometh she,
Rose-tired her golden head,
Starlight about her shed,
Sighs o'er my bed.

For she, fair lady, hath my love and so
May to my sleep her dainty splendours show,
And when that longer sleep ensues, I know,
Where all the ages meet, we two shall greet, at God's own Feet !

To pass from faëry twilight, always suggestive of midsummer dreams, to seasons of the mortals' year, who is there that needs to be reminded of Keats' poem to Autumn ?

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun.

Yet we must quote from it here and there before we repeat Mr. Cripps' wistful recollection of Autumn in England when he is in Africa, where the passing of summer is less lovely than it is in his home country.

" Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ? asks Keats.

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Mr. Cripps thus sings in his six-lined poem :

AUTUMN.

I thought of English woods in autumns old
Dim blush of morn and evening bloom of gold.
Less bitter-sweet is here the season's death
Rare here the enhancing haze, the mist-veils grey ;
What harsh-rayed sunshine, winds of scolding breath
Browbeat our summer as she wends her way !

We hear the birds and see them often and often in Keats' poems, but he has never caged them within so quaint a trellis of fancy as Mr. Cripps has in his.

BIRDS AND DAYS.

Brown birds all alike
That peck at one another,
Little harsh-voiced sparrow broods
That chirp and fly away,
God alone He knows you
Each one from the other,
Trims a twig in Paradise
Where such shall sing one day.

All my drab harsh days
 As sparrows I forget them,
 Yet 'tis good that God
 Forgets not any one.
 Finds hereafter music
 Whereunto to set them,
 Praises have their clearest chirps
 And feathers finest spun.

Look among the sparrows
 Hops a robin, cheering
 All the dull brown crowd
 With stain'd breast and with song ;
 Days I have like robins
 Sweet and scarce appearing,
 O ! the brave heart's red of them :
 That helps my life along.

To contrast Keats' Ode on Melancholy with the poem *Amor Mutat Omnia* in the *Lyra Evangelistica* of Mr. Cripps, suggests many thoughts. Both poets find the secret nectar in the flower bitter-sweet, but the Christian priest finds also an imprisoned fragrance that he can set free for others besides himself to inhale. Keats bids :

Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
 Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud ;
 Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
 Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
 Or, if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
 And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine;
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

Now listen to Mr. Cripps:

AMOR MUTAT OMNIA.

Because in me red Discord burned of late,
 Because in me the Pulse of God beat low,
 I crossed those ample wolds inviolate,
 And knew blue heaven no friend, the sun a foe!
 The fire-swept grass grew forlorn beyond speech,
 The rocks bulked grim as gathering weights of woe,
 Ere I a homestead and a friend might reach
 Athirst and weary, as the night fell slow.
 Poor though he was he made me welcome gay—
 Sad though I was, I would not let him know—
 How soon red Discord sank to ashes grey!
 My heart grew fond once more, mine eyes grew dim;
 When I re-crossed the wolds forsaking him—
 Of tenderesses how the night was full,
 As many as its stars innumerable,
 As eager as its fires insatiate.

We must not over-step the space given us and yield to the temptation to quote at great length from these seductive poets; but we must recall some of Keats' delicious phrasings and show that Mr. Cripps, though terser and less luscious, does not lag behind his master in felicitous expression.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all things,
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.

So Keats in that lovely poem from which we quoted "a little noiseless noise among the leaves."

Now Mr. Cripps in a poem that might begin like Browning's *April in England*, "Oh to be in England," but which *does* begin thus :

"The Spring to England goes"

Up the sun's westering track at dawn she went
All a long hour mine ears kept ward intent

Hearken ! A door flew open far away,
Then closed.
Here in this waste of outer darkness pent,
I guessed how, in that bare room's narrow space,
Her warm lips wakened England's sleeping face.
I heard 'twixt laughs and tears the sweet birds call,
I saw those brown bulbs in the earth deep planted
Raise glimmering heads from out their sleep enchanted
About Spring's feet that never come to stay,
Here never come at all.

And in another poem, *Primavera*, he asks : "O love you not sweet Spring ?"

Regard the mirth she means, but may not make.
Love her, and string her petal-chains of rhyme—
Her that wants much, but wants not wistfulness.
Sweet Spring, her poverty is not her crime ;
Her heart is young aneath her dusty dress
And fiery flushes of a hectic clime.
'Tis Spring. O love you not sweet Spring ?

Lovers of Oxford must needs find charm in Mr. Cripps' poem :—

THE VELD FIRES' VISION.

My head was dull, the moon was dazzling bright—
I saw great towers, heard bells of Oxford town—
How gleamed the meadows broad, the sun gone down !
Thro' silver oozeings of a river went
My wayworn feet with rippings of content !

Good feet to forward go, the while my mind
Rebuilding those rich streets lagged far behind !
I woke to smoke-drifts and the red flames' ire,

About my path were pillared clouds of fire—
My home beyond—thatched roof and rock and tree—
Waited in heavenly simplicity.

Way-farers who have directness of aim must needs respond
to his

WAY SONG.

In the dusk before the day :
On, on, through the treeless brown,
While the sun swings up—and down—
On his own blue, open way.

Crackling branches parched and dry—
Pile them for your night-fire high :
Rest, your pilgrim feet unshod,
Smoke and dream and own your God
In the bright stars of the sky.

We will end our cullings from Mr. Cripps' "African Garden of Song," with a poem which fascinates us with its terse beauty, reminiscent, less of Keats than, of T. E. Brown.

LIGHTNING SONG.

Some men—God lights
With stars bland shining or benignant moon,
On calm and clement nights—
To find their lonely homes, or late or soon.
God give as many light
As walk by night.

For light I sue—
As up the hill track thro' the storm I grope—
Sky-flashes gold and blue !
That I may stray not, blind to home and hope.
God give as many light
As walk by night.

From Mr. Cripps we now turn to a little book of Verses by Herbert Kennedy. Apart from the poetic beauty of these verses, they have a poignant interest for us. The preface explains this.

"Herbert Lennard Goodrich Kennedy died at Charterhouse, November 7th, 1910. Although he was only eighteen, he had for several years been writing verses of which even the earliest showed a mind of rare quality."

We venture to think that the genius of this schoolboy had been thrilled by the voice of Keats as well as by that of Nature. His verses on a tree in winter not only gleam with the ethereal beauty of hoar frost, but let us catch in them an echo of the music tingling through Keats' sonnets.

"THE POETRY OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD."

and

"Keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there
Among the bushes, half leafless and dry
The stars look very cold about the sky
And I have many miles on foot to fare."

Now let us turn to Mr. Kennedy's *Tree*—

Old tree, the snow queen passed thee in the night
And thrilled thee with the magic of her hand;
For now at dawn thy trembling arms rise white
Above a world new-turned to fairy land.

The gleaming fretwork of the frosted leaves
Stretches a silver web from bough to bough;
Bright threads the snow-sprite's shining shuttle weaves,
White hung by fairy fingers high and low.

Surely, he takes us to fairy casements in his

SUNSET DREAM.

Oh come! we will sail to a magic shore
That our souls have known of old,
In a rainbow skiff from the Angels' store,
O'er the cloud-world ocean's gold.

When wavelets, rosily sunset-kissed,
Ripple and crisp and curl,
Past isles of Heaven's own amethyst
- Float in a sea of pearl.

For there the hours their vigil keep
And the dim veils drift apart,
Where Beauty's self lies soft asleep
On the sunset flower's heart.

There is delicate witchery in *Sunset Dreams*, but there is the magic of poetry itself in :

THE TWILIGHT LAND.

For lo !

The voice of Her who stilled my soul of old,
Low from the valleys of the twilight land
Makes music 'mid the shadows—

“ Child of earth !

I am the spirit of the World's Desire
For me the world was made, and still through me
Gropes its dark way to meet the perfect light
Of God. In itself the world is dark. But life
Is the light of the world. Love is the light of life
And light and love together look to me
To mould for all mankind the perfect dream.
I am the world's Ideal ! ”

“ Wilt thou sorrow still for fleeting joys
Thou understandest not, or wilt thou be
A wanderer within the twilight land,
Poor pilgrim on the perfect path that leads
To that white throne on high ? ”

“ I

Would be a wanderer in the twilight land.”
And as I spake the star-eyes drew me down,
The shadowy lips pressed closer, and the air
Was filled with floating fragrance, e'en as though
The breath of all the roses in the world
Stole upward to my brain, and through a mist
Of moonlit glory still the starry eyes
Shone ever, till my tired heart slipped away
Into an utter silence, and a voice
Murmured through mists of dreamland—“ It is well,
Pass, Child of Earth, to seek the Soul's Desire. ”

Before the poet's pen could record more of his spirit's vision, that spirit had passed out of earth's twilight into the Land that leads us to the Everlasting Dawn. We feel that he has found satisfaction for the yearning expressed in his poem bearing that name:

"The night is cold about me as I stand
Beside my window, sighing for the day—
The dead sweet day, asleep in that dim land
Of glories that have been and passed away,
To light perchance some other world than ours,
Beyond the cloudy gateway of the West."

In all the poems we have quoted from, we catch the quivering vibration of a sob kept mute, and are reminded by it of the youth of the writer. Sorrow does not robe herself in black until we are old enough to live through an eclipse, and our eyes strong enough to bear both the darkness and the dazzle of the light that comes after the eclipse. Young eyes see sadness with a halo round it. But our young Carthusian was too true a lover of Nature to woo Melancholy. He threw himself into the mood of the hour with Nature. Let him take us to

GRASMERE.

The hills grew dark above me, as I stood
Dreaming. Around me breathed the drowsy sweep
Of winds that lulled the twilight of the wood
To sleep.

White waves flung back the sunset ; one fair star
Flashed ; and the magic mountains silent lay
And hushed, till Night's low voice made music far
Away.

Then as Day's lips at parting kissed to birth
The darkness, all the world thrilled in a sigh ;
And lo ! new wonder stole across the earth
And sky.

The woods slept purple-shadowed ; half awake,
Leaves whispered ; white stars laughed from hill to hill :
Light shone in silver splendour where the lake
Lay still.

Was it a dream? By woodland ways he strayed,
 Some spirit angel, tender-eyed and sweet,
 Moving in mists of twilight. Then he stayed
 His feet
 Lightly : and lifted to my lips the cup
 Of Beauty, till my soul's dazed footsteps trod
 Heavenwards ; and something in my heart rose up
 To God.

To an English reader who has friends in feathers, Mr.
 Kennedy's *Tom-tit* is a delight.

Flashing fairily blue
 Little friend, is it you
 In your armour of azure and gold ?
 Like an echo of summer you dart
 You dear little fellow
 In gay blue and yellow,
 And sunshine you bring to my heart,
 A flash and a flutter and home you flit
 Good-bye till to-morrow, my little Tom-tit.

We used to think that no English poem could contain so much
 music, pathos and haunting tenderness as Matthew Arnold's
Forsaken Merman, but this young Carthusian's *Land-Baby* bears
 comparison with the melodious charm of the older poet.

" Little land-baby, hither, come hither !
 Little soft flower of the wondrous world !
 Fear not, but follow me, follow me whither,
 O'er the water-kissed rocks rainbow empearled,
 We, the band of the sea's bright daughters,
 Flash in the foam-drift and sing in the spray,
 Lulled in the lap of the whispering waters ;
 Little land-baby, away, come away ! "

The little land-baby ran down to the sea,
 (Ah, but the wind sang shrill in the spray !)
 Ran the darkening sands along,
 And stretched his arms to the magic song,
 Longingly, lovingly, longingly !

We are sure that Mr. Kennedy's verses in memory of King Edward VII. will speak as eloquently to Indian as to English hearts :

Peace ! he is resting with the quiet dead ;
He has passed into the everlasting sleep ;
Peace ! for to-day the hushed world bows her head,
And Earth's sad nations weep.

And thou, his England, thou for whose dear sake
He still had loved and striven to the end,
Weep merciful tears, lest thy sad heart should break
For him, thy King and friend.

For though adown the ever flying years
The changing world rolls on from day to day,
Though grief is silent, and his people's tears
Have fallen and passed away,

Yet shall his memory live, and reverently
On unborn lips hereafter shall not cease
To sound his name—the star of chivalry—
His reign—the star of peace.

Two more cullings we must make from our boy-poet. Fresh from a re-reading of *Endymion*, we take up Mr. Kennedy's book open at

BUTTERMERE (A PICTURE).

Here for one moment sweet we may forget
Her thoughts of life and self, and only know
That God has made His world most beautiful—
Down gazing from the grey rock-parapet
To where the wood's dim twilight, green and cool,
Shadows the calm of the blue lake below.

Thou art a jewel for the world's delight,
The murmur of the fall's deep laughter fills
The valley peace with music for thy dreams ;
Dreams when the magic of the moon sleeps white
Upon thy waters, or the sunlight gleams
Through purple shadows on thy windy hills.

Silently we feel that the Spirit of Poesy inspires the youth of the twentieth century as surely as it inspired that of the nineteenth. We will close with Keats' *Eventide Sonnet* and Mr. Kennedy's *Evening at Windermere*.

EVENTIDE SONNET.

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone !
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semitone,
Bright eyes, accomplished shape, and lang'rous waist !
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—

Vanished unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday or holinight
Of fragrant-curtained love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick for hid delight ;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

EVENING AT THE FERRY, WINDERMERE.

Wild grasses whisper, and the woodlands fall
To the lake's brink—beautiful ! The mystery
Of mountains sleeping mist-majestical
Grows dim. But here the grey waves sing to me,
Waves from afar, where distance dies and all
The hills slope softly to the western sea.
The winds hang silent, hearkening to the sweep
Of Night's slow fingers o'er the silver lyre
Of summer-music that the mountains keep
For ever : and a gleam with tremulous fire
Far off the white lake-waters fade in sleep
To that dream-land where dwells my heart's desire.

To-night high yearning touched me by the hand,
Burst through the bars, and swept my soul away ;

I have trod upward through the gates of gold
To valleys where the voice of yearning thrills
Grey woodlands ; and the flowers of faith unfold.

Lo ! I have stood where night's dark angels meet
Above the music of the midnight sea,
And all my soul's far journeyings have been sweet ;
And all things fair have gracious been to me ;
For Beauty trod the path before my feet,
And Love, even Love, has borne me company ;

Love the bright bird that in life's morning sings,
And sweet at even, loveless souls to save ;
Love lifting darkness with his silver wings,
The last best gift our guardian angels gave ;
Love that alone, I think, of earthly things
Lives on to gladden us beyond the grave.

The earth-day of each of these two poets was short ; that of Herbert Kennedy closed before it was noon, but the shadows of their eventide were veils mercifully dropped over the Mysteries of the Infinite Beauty, for which each yearned. When their spiritual sight is prepared for the Splendour of the Dawn, in His "Light they will see Light," and find the satisfaction of their heart's desire.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

SOME NOTES • ON THE FISHERMEN OF THE COROMANDEL COAST.

FEW studies are more interesting and instructive than those which concern the social life of the obscure and unknown tribal minorities of a vast nation. These tribal minorities are wedded to but one profession from time immemorial and ever pursue the same walk in life. But the element of interest is chiefly to be found in the fact that they serve as fragmentary records to indicate the quietitude and charm of a complex national life in its recesses and by-ways ; in its subtler, truer and more original moods. They are indeed the gentle shallows which ever eddy in a circular current in the same place close to the banks unaffected by the swift-flowing stream of national life. They may not possess the activity or the grandeur of the main current, but they possess a silent charm, a tranquil beauty which wafts the mind into a dream of felicity. These tribal minorities, therefore, deserve a careful study at the hands, if not of the statesman, at least at the hands of the true students of sociology. One of such tribes is the humble fishermen of the Coromandel Coast known in Tamil as "Sembadavans."

Fishing is a very ancient occupation. Even Noah's ark should have felt doubly blessed for a present of the hook and the rod. Fishing is the prince of pastimes with Englishmen. In the West it is a delightful means of recreation from the hamlet to the hall. But among the Hindus, especially the Brahmins of these parts, the profession is held in contempt and left practically into the hands of these "Sembadavans."

It is a pity that Hinduism shelves in this innocent and charming set of people, and locates them practically on its outskirts. These mute, inglorious Isaac Waltons represent in truth the last

rung in the social ladder. In fact, they out-pariah the pariah for all practical purposes. They are not held in higher respect or esteem. This is rather unjust, but the day of liberation is not far off. There is no tyranny on earth, it is good to remember, but has not in its bosom the germs of a freer and healthier life. Even the darkest cloud has got a silver lining. These fishermen, now struggling under the superstitions born of ignorance, have hopes of a brightening dawn. The famous Gait circular is surely an indication that way, and is the only incident of their history—and truly their hard-won social *magna charta*. Religion has been stirred to a keener sense of duty. Hinduism with its distinct piratic tendencies is naturally enough reluctant to let go a caste from out of its hold, a caste upon which is to be based much of the future history of Hindu naval heroism. Swift says it is a sin to be satirical. We bow to the decision of the great Dean.

But one should not peep too far into the future. For the present, the fishermen on the Coromandel Coast are an industrious set of people. They have something of the bee or, better, the beehive in them. They are a gregarious lot of happy bipeds, or, if you please, beings made in the image of God. They constitute a little world of their own—one of the planets, a far-off Neptune—that compose the complex solar system of Hindu social life. The sea is still their only resource. They never come out of this pond to survey the ocean beyond. The sea and the shore are still the Alpha and the Omega of their existence. There is now perhaps no caste or community in India that is more under the influence of old-world ideas. European civilisation which is one of the chief forces of modern Indian history has as yet made little or no mark on these humble men who still hold fast to their ancient moorings. Hindu conservatism is epical in quality and deep-rooted in foundation, and hence its preservative power is immense. Every billow of reform agitated at great cost by great talents, has seen this interesting creature on the same "catamaran" on the same planks of wood, maintaining with admirable calmness and dexterity the even tenor of his life. Civilisation conveys to him no evolutionary significance, but presents him only with a stationary aspect. He has dropped the pearl of his soul into the bottomless brine. Changing environment affects his life no more than a stormy sea does his perilous vocation. He may live under the very walls of a premier college, but still he

depends on God's good thumb for intellectual expression through any artistic means. He is literally as well as metaphorically pickled in brine and thus saved from change.

These fishermen form a caste by themselves, and so every one is a born Issac Walton with the irrevocable legacy of a sure rod and a wide ocean. We have no clear data to decide their ethnic origin beyond a certain vague knowledge, from Christian sources, that Adam and Eve were their original parents. But this much they can swear. They date beyond the pyramids. Their history is pure prose, and Alexanders in fishing are looked upon with great aversion and contempt. Thus they have been free till now from the pest of geniuses who spoil the pleasant hum-drum tenor of life.

Even the affluent among the fishermen still live in primitive style in thatched huts on the sea-shore. The censorial authority of the Brahmin aristocrats of the village effectively checks any lurking partiality for well-built houses of brick and mortar. The simplicity of a fisherman's life is remarkable to a degree. He goes to his work very early in the morning and toils in the sea till sunset with unequal fortune every day, and returns home at dusk to partake of the meagre comforts of the rush-light and the straw-bed. In the worst of troubles, he is never given up to whining. He grasps the cold hand of penury, if he has to, with a courage and resignation that would do credit even to the prince of cultured philosophers. His whole life is one practical demonstration of the etherealising virtues of contentment. His contentment may be born partially of ignorance. But that does not detract from the fact that he feels blessed and happy and really at home. This state of the mind is distinctly better than unhappiness rendered mutinous by the sting of ignorance. Besides, contentment born of mental illumination resulting in true culture is not available, at any rate is rare in the highest degree of perfection.

The fisherwoman generally looks after the kitchen and other domestic matters. Her husband is merely the bread-winner in the root-meaning of the term. She is naturally the more important personage. She does practically everything while her lord is away at sea. She goes to the market and does the purchasing as well as the selling. She collects fuel for the kitchen fire, washes the clothes, tends her cattle, and trains her children.

She is an expert pedestrian, and is generally shrewder than her lord in dealing with so cunning a world as ours. She has a smarter and more intelligent appearance. She transacts every business and has the final veto in all affairs. She is perhaps the freest Hindu woman untrammelled by the irksome restraints of social fetters. And her lord is the most unsuspecting of henpecked husbands.

The fisherman generally wears a weather-beaten and haggard face with a pale, blackish yellow complexion. He is a credulous fellow—and worse than that, an awful drunkard. The brine has perhaps affected his brains from time immemorial. He is the silliest fellow in the world—yes, sillier than the fish he himself baits. But still he is not without the sweeter aspect. He is indeed Thackeray's ideal of virtue. True it is he never suffers from too much of intellect or intelligence. But his heart is all overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He never once in his life means mischief to mankind even for the sake of a pious experiment. He is an honest, truthful, simple fellow. He never whines at you for his ill-luck in life. He draws you into a kinder attitude towards him. He is a supple willow. He is all courtesy and goodness, though unconscious of it. His virtues are innate, and truly he is made in the image of God. So simple and so virtuous! He is the most non-interfering man, serenely indifferent to every variety of interest or amusement that is not to be found in his ever monotonous daily agenda or that is not engrooved into habits of action by a time-immemorial tradition. The "cawing" of the whitest crow would fail to stimulate in him a sense of wonder or evoke a feeling of curiosity. The bliss of ignorance has for once the true touch of pathos and poetry.

Marriage is a still simpler ceremonial. The bridegroom party generally does the "proposing" and the other party may accept or reject the offer. They are always cousins or some distant cousins. They never go out of the family circle or village frontier. Girls are married only after they come of age. Except perhaps for a basket of fish, no money value is set upon marriage. Widows are not remarried. Of course there is the usual tamasha of four days on such festive occasions.

Their system of government is a pure form of timocracy. At any rate in rural parts, where the police constable is not much in evidence, this is the prevailing system. Let us take a village

with, say, 500 fishermen. They are divided roughly into five groups of one hundred each with the one richest representative for each federal unit. The richest of these five rich men who constitute the council is naturally the leader, the president, the premier of the cabinet. At the head of the council, once a month, on new moon days—which are their Sundays—he decides all disputes, both civil and criminal. He is the judge to adjust the punishment and fix the fines, while the remaining four are empanelled as the jury to return the verdict of “guilty” or “not guilty.” But the aggrieved party has always a higher court of appeal which is the Brahmin oligarchy of the village, notorious for its rapacious instincts. Acquittals are unheard of in this august tribunal, and heavy fines are always inflicted on both the parties who pay ungrudgingly the penalty in ringing coin. The fisherman seldom approaches the legally constituted courts. He has little love for Macaulay’s clever contrivance or for the legal lore of our modern civilisation. For constructive purposes of common good, such as the annual festival, the council levies a tax on every head and celebrates the occasion in a grand scale with ample tom-tom.

Fishermen have generally an annual religious festival in April or June. It is a ten-days glory, and the hero is the priest who dances with mud-pot on the head and walks over live-embers. The local deity is always the “Mari Amman”—the good goddess of small-pox. Her favour is perennially sought. The creed of the fishermen is a sheer muster-roll of unholy and meaningless beliefs which are subject to an annual excitement of a few days. At other times their bigotry is of a very passive character, and is forgotten altogether.

They have one curious merit which scientists would fairly well envy. They are live barometers in flesh and blood. They are the natural observatories of every sea-coast village. By weather conditions on the sea and the colour of the horizon and the twist of the wave and the wind they exactly predict the coming storm or rain even days in advance. The fishermen of the village of Kaveripatnam, Tanjore district, anticipated three days before the actual occurrence the huge tidal wave in the Bay of Bengal, which swamped with disastrous results the town of Masulipatnam nearly sixty years ago. They have an almost intuitive knowledge, of these things. Even the lad playing on the sea sand has more knowledge, though empirical, and is a truer

weather-prophet than the elaborately-equipped and well-paid meteorologist of modern times, who is, in some measure, only the prophet of the past—the wise or the clever or the bold man after the event.

On the whole, our fishermen seem to be a highly poetic people. Only their passion for poetry is less verbal. The boundless ocean, representing the limitless, the uncharted philosophy of life, is the element on which they live. Every billow is pregnant with a metaphoric and spiritual meaning of deep-laid poetic loveliness. To such a set of people who live in the very curl of the wave, would you deny the epithet “ poetic ” ?

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EDUCATION AND UNREST.

TO state that the world is going through a period of acute unrest is simply to re-iterate a commonplace. Every one knows and remarks it. And of its causes we have heard enough and to spare ; so much have we heard that it needs some boldness in anyone to attempt anew to address himself to the elucidation of the subject.

It must be particularly disappointing to those ardent spirits among us who had imagined that certain legislative enactments, designed to further the well-being of the people, to make them more contented with their lot, to give them fresh and higher interests, and, by widening their outlook, to help them to direct their vision away from and beyond the more sordid and material aspects of life, and to lose it in the contemplation of the things of the intellect, and the aspirations of the soul—it must be, I repeat, most disappointing to such to discover, as the candid among them must have discovered and recognised inwardly, at all events, that education, or what has been fondly so imagined, has brought about results exactly the opposite of all those they had ardently desired.

And why ? For the one and simple reason that all, or nearly all, modern efforts in the direction of the improvement of the conditions under which the mass of the people live, have taken as their text the teachings which culminated in the French Revolution ; those absurdly unscientific and fanciful theories which have, as their basis, the greatest fallacy that has ever beclouded the judgment of man : the fallacy of the actual equality of mankind, and the right of every individual to be regarded as the equal of any other. This delusion, which in a greater or less degree fastened itself, during the years immediately preceding and succeeding the French Revolution, on the minds of many of the most

brilliant and sympathetic writers of France and England—Rousseau and Shelley for example—has been responsible for more mischief and human misery, more heartburnings and disappointments, more crimes, more injustices, than could be laid to the door of the discredited Feudal System, and indeed of that hard-and-fast caste system, often arbitrary and cruel in its operation though it be, of Hindustan. Moreover, it would seem that we are on the threshold only of the mischiefs and miseries of which this pernicious doctrine must be held to be the fruitful parent ; and that humanity will have to go through the fiery furnace of many tragic experiences before this fatal mental malady has burnt itself out. For, assuredly, a false theory cannot persist for ever, nor can its consequences be atoned save at the cost of suffering.

Without, of course, implying that all the reforms and measures of amelioration of modern times have been bad, either in their inception, or in their consequences, it is asserted that in so far as they have tended to foster in the popular mind this false and utterly illogical theory of equality, they have added to the sum of human suffering and discontent. To confine ourselves for the moment to the British Isles, though in greater or less degree what has happened here, has happened in all the British Colonies, in the United States of America, and in most European countries, the system of education pursued—and for the sake of the argument let us take the Education Act of 1870 as the starting-point—has done little or nothing to add to the productive power, and certainly nothing to the individual happiness of the great mass of the people affected by it ; its chief effect being to unfit the units which go to make up the bulk of the nation, for the vocations in life which, in the interest of their own happiness and content, and of their own usefulness as atoms, contributing to the well-being of the whole, it was designed to subserve. The general tendency of education since 1870, taking that date for convenience, has been to pour the young of the nation into a general mould, turning out everyone to a uniform pattern ; that pattern being as new as might be, the pattern adopted by the schools whose function it is to prepare men and women, set aside by reason of the hereditary advantages they possess, as the men and women whose province it was, is, and should be to direct and control the various activities of the country, in Church and State, in the mart and forum. The result has been lamentable, since it is obvious that apart from the

inherent unfitness of the units among the masses to fill these positions, the number of such positions is strictly limited. We are witnesses to-day, therefore, of the unedifying spectacle of a general struggle on the part of ninety per cent., let us say, of our people to push the remaining tenth from their stools: the energies of these nine-tenths, their thoughts and dreams, being directed not to making the best of "the station in life into which it has pleased God to call them," not to securing as much comfort and well-being as the circumstances of their birth, placement and, above all, their attainments make possible, but to the profitless endeavour to force themselves into positions they are incapable of filling. The outcome of it all is seen in the amazing spread of socialistic doctrine which, although in a fresh garb, is, in its essence, nothing more than the old doctrine of equality preached by the French Revolutionaries of the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is a fact, moreover, that so far as the theory of any form of socialistic or democratic equality is concerned, it belies itself in practice—it being obvious that the selfish desire of personal advancement, the desire to possess something which some one else possesses, the desire to be placed above one's fellows, is the motive force behind the propaganda in all such movements; and not the desire to give to every unit that share of the world's goods and its advantages which the active propagandists aspire to for themselves. Since it may be postulated that the practical outcome of any seeming triumph of the doctrines of socialism, communism, what you will, could never, human nature being what it is, and the incentive to effort being with all, apart from an infinitesimal altruistic minority, the desire for personal advancement; this triumph, in the very nature of things, could but result, at the best, from the Reformers' point of view, in the "have nots" changing places, temporarily, with the "haves."

Undoubtedly something in the nature of this consummation has already been achieved, and more remains to be accomplished. But these facts in no wise affect the general proposition, namely, that the welfare of the great mass of the people is in no degree furthered thereby. The new persons put over them are found to be, and the myriad officials under a socialistic dispensation would be found to be, less in touch and sympathy with the "people" than were their former lords and masters; and the discovery is

made, and will be increasingly made, by the misguided adherents of the equality fallacy, that they have made themselves miserable and dissipated their energies in the accomplishment of nothing ; of less than, worse than nothing, be it said.

It may be asked, "Has nothing of improvement in actual conditions and in the self-respect of the masses resulted from the so-called progressive legislation of our times?" Doubtless in some directions there has been a seeming gain, but it has been in spite of, rather than, by reason of this legislation. The best brains of humanity have given certain great gifts to humanity as they always have since the beginning of the world. Such brains asserted themselves with greater certitude in the so-called dark and middle ages than they do now. In those ages education was in the hands of priesthoods and oligarchies, and it is true that when discoverers and inventors clashed with orthodoxy, they were suppressed. But the suppression of Galileo, for instance, can be paralleled in these days of "freedom," when narrow political caucuses, cliques and syndicates successfully stifle individuals, and with them movements of general well-being, while they foster measures of sinister significance and disastrous consequence.

How great would have been the gain to the individual, the kingdom, the empire, had the education of the masses been directed aright, directed in their true interests ; had the curriculum of our Board Schools—Council Schools is the new cuphemism, I believe, invented so as not to offend the susceptibilities of all worthy masters who hold the fate of political magnates in their hands—been designed to teach the working classes how to get the best possible value out of their labour, by beginning early to familiarise themselves with the mysteries of the respective crafts they were destined to follow ; and with the extent and resources of the empire—knowledge which constitutes a most valuable asset for any Englishman or Englishwoman prepared to work manually—and above all, with the history of their country, their Empire taught in such a way as to inspire that enthusiasm for the Motherland, which is inculcated for the "Fatherland" into every German. Had the young mind of our industrial classes been moulded in this way, as it was the bounden duty of those in authority to mould it, the tyranny of trade-unionism over its own members would have been impossible, since men so brought up would refuse to put a curb on their indi-

vidual endeavour, as under the rules of these organisations they are compelled to do. They would have been innocent, too, of the ambition to "better themselves" socially by invading the overcrowded ranks of clerkdom, and of that absurd pretension to equality with their social superiors, which they imagine is sufficiently upheld by copying and observing the fashion of their dress. "You allow then that the people are better dressed than they were a generation or so ago," one may be asked. The answer is that in so far as the passion for "dress" has seized upon the whole nation, except that small and self-respecting minority which conceives that their claim to distinction is best maintained by showing in their attire their indifference to such artificial and inconclusive differentiation, it is a fact that the working classes have spent in recent years more and more on their personal adornment. No doubt in this sense the people are better dressed, to the outward eye, be it said, than they were in the last century. This improvement is, however, merely a superficial one. Cheap imitations of expensive finery are the order of the day. Among the poorer gentle-folk, domestic servants often spend more on their clothes than their mistresses; while the artisan commonly has his new suit of tweeds with some frequency, and presents a far "smarter" appearance to the eye than the struggling professional man or poor gentleman. A maid-of-all-work frequently objects to appear in the street in cap and apron, regarding these as "badges of servitude." Some form of pretentious head-gear must be devised before she will "run an errand." It is noticeable that on the Continent, even in Italy, the custom is breaking down under which all women belonging to the ranks of society below the higher bourgeoisie habitually appeared in public hatless, and with it the distinctive habiliments of the different trades and of the peasants are being discarded, in favour of cheap shoddy. The loss in a picturesque sense is great; the loss which these changes indicate in a moral sense, is greater. In the British Isles, of course, wherever the nature of the trade made it possible, the dress belonging by rights to the various callings has long since been rejected. It is denied, then, that there has been any real gain in the clothing of the people, which has tended to become less and less durable, serviceable and comfortable. Obviously in this matter the "people" are not the only sinners nor the chief. The love of dress permeates all classes: it is one of

the worst of the corrosives which are burning away the fibre of national character.

That the people are better fed, speaking broadly, cannot, I think, be maintained. Almost any doctor will affirm that many of the maladies and physical weaknesses from which we suffer are due to the inferiority of our food, and the clever dodges in its adulteration, whereby the public is cheated and deceived. Had it not been for our colonies, which have supplied us with excellent meat and other food stuffs at prices bringing them within the reach of the poorer consumer, our plight now, in the matter of food, would be sad indeed. Of course, in speaking of this food question one is not comparing present conditions with those which obtained a century ago, when the incubus of our struggle with Napoleon pressed heavily on the nation. In recent years, brave, and in a limited sense, successful efforts have been made to popularise the art of cooking in this country. The fact remains, however, that very little improvement has resulted; indeed, the prevailing use of all manner of tinned and prepared foods seems to have increased the contempt for the useful, all-important culinary art for which our women are remarkable among civilized peoples. There has been, it is true, a decrease in drunkenness and in heavy drinking, and with it a marked improvement in manners, so far as the brutalities and profanities incident to over-indulgence may be concerned. But in kindness and urbanity and in a becoming demeanour to their superiors there has been a decided falling off in the bearing of the people, both in these islands and on the continent. The people, sedulously taught that it is a duty they owe to themselves, a duty to what they are pleased to consider their self-respect, to throw off the "last trammels of feudalism," adopt too often, where and when they dare, an attitude of challenging defiance in their bearing to all and sundry above them in the social scale, which attitude augurs ill for what they will do, should that period of social upheaval, so many watchers of politico-social phenomena anticipate, actually arrive.

But it will be said they have clearly gained in intelligence, and that the interest in things of the intellect has been vastly increased under the influence of cheap journalism and literature, free libraries, museums, theatres, cinematographs, picture galleries, music halls and the like. So far as all these agencies are concerned, excluding perhaps the picture galleries and muse-

ums, I think it is obvious that the net result derivable from them has been rather to lower than to raise the standard of enlightenment. Their tendency, not only with the people but with all classes, has been distinctly to encourage the acquisition of a cheap and showy veneer of knowledge. Doubtless it seems to the wilfully blind among us, those misguided folk who imagine culture can be laid on with a slice as jam is on bread, that the purblind and distorted glimpse into hidden things which the people have gained is mentally illuminating. When books were scarce, and when, generally speaking, the classics alone were within the reach of the bulk of the people, reading was truly informative, and it exercised a powerful influence in bringing the better elements of the nation up to a higher standard of thought and action. Knowledge, or what passes for it, easily acquired, is not worth having, since it only serves to give a dangerous and false confidence to ignorance.

To come to the higher grades of society, we all know how quickly the solid information which judicious training has inculcated is watered away when the child, getting out of leading strings, begins to choose its own reading, the choice being almost invariably fiction. To this fact the librarians of every public library, whether it be used by the masses or the classes, will attest. No one but a hard-hearted pedant or cross-grained perfectionist would grudge the jaded worker the solace and stimulus of creative literature. But the sauce is not the meat. It was the great Duke of Marlborough, (or was it the Prince Regent?—the story has been told of both and is probably true of both,) who admitted that his knowledge of history was derivable almost entirely from Shakespeare's plays: a fact, by the way, which helps to explain the undoubted superficiality and lack of depth of character which can be justly laid to the door of both those exalted personages. In a word, it is more than unsafe to attempt to educate oneself, to learn history, philosophy and science through the sole media of current literature, journalistic and fictional, or the drama or picture palace, a practice which, under our modern educational methods leading to the desire to shirk all serious intellectual effort, has become too general.

That young men and women of all sorts and conditions, the moment they are free from the class room, fly to these methods of filling their minds, is no doubt largely due to the dryness, aridity, that is to say, in imagination—stimulative attributes of so much

of the knowledge imparted in the school-room. There has been, let it be freely granted, a great improvement in this direction the world over during recent years. The marvellous results obtained by Dr. Maria Montessori at Rome, whose system is "to allow everything to grow in profound peace," may be taken as reaching high water-mark in educational methods, and I can attest from personal knowledge that in France, Switzerland and Belgium the improvement in the text-books dealing with literature, geography and history—an improvement I find to be reflected in the school books at home—is manifest. By means of charts and pictures, by co-ordinating the teaching of natural science, of botany, geology, meteorology, let me say, with history and geography, much has been done to make learning more attractive and possible. But good as the books are and much of the oral instruction too, the practical advantage over the old-fashioned system of teaching by rote, line upon line and precept upon precept, is not too apparent, for the simple reason that the courses are taken at too rapid a rate, and the desire of the instructors defeats itself in facing the pace. Particularly is this the case when it comes to the teaching of mathematics. As to this, the chief sinners are to be found across the channel. I have been absolutely appalled at the intricacy and complexity of the problems my young children have been expected to solve; to solve, too, before any serious attempt had been made to ground them in arithmetical rules, without facility in which none but a calculating genius could come by solutions. These problems, too, are frequently of the nature of acrobatic tricks—tricks of the intellect, full of pitfalls for the unwary and designed to harass and worry the brains of all children to whom the gift of unravelling riddles and conundrums has been denied. Moreover, for all practical purposes, and even as matters of speculative interest to the present writer they seemed for the most part to lead nowhere.

Years ago Lord Russell deplored, as many have deplored, before and since, the decay of the practice of apprenticing lads to trades and handicrafts which he characterised as being a national loss and public evil. At a Teachers' Conference, recently held, Miss Douglas, of Godolphin School, Salisbury, remarked pertinently that the teacher has not only to teach, but to help to train those committed to her, to play their proper part in life, in other words to

fit men and women for the work in life lying before them. In the neglect of technical education and in the misdirection of scholastic training we are constantly unfitting instead of fitting the rising generation. Mr Ben Jonson, who has had two score years' experience as a teacher and headmaster of elementary schools, is entirely justified when he maintains that before 1870, when the reign of "educational faddists" began, children were rightly occupied in learning the "three R's," in acquiring facility in simple arithmetic, including mental arithmetic, in learning the geography of their country and especially of their own district. In this last matter the astute Swiss teach us a lesson, for it is, I believe, universally laid down throughout the Confederation that each child shall first be taught the geography of the particular Canton to which he belongs, thereafter the geography of Switzerland as a whole, and finally that of the world.

It is doubtful, therefore, taking all the evidence into consideration, whether the older and less ambitious system of education, when some sort of sound knowledge of a few essential subjects was aimed at and secured, rather than a smattering of many, did not produce better results. In any case it is commonly found now-a-days that the fathers or grandfathers, as the case may be, of children educated at the elementary schools, reversing what has been supposed to be the order of the case are better informed than the younger generation. It is to be doubted whether the experience of Lady Seeley in questioning lads and girls in the higher standards of a Council School, could have been paralleled a generation or so ago. One boy, for example, although he knew they spoke English in Canada, and was very proud of this knowledge, had no idea where Canada was, and a girl, when asked what William the Conqueror conquered, was totally ignorant of the answer.

Our Colonies, in any case are awakening to the folly of attempting to impose an inflated and stereotyped curriculum on a whole people, irrespective of the placement in life of the individual, his habitat, or the work he will have to do in the world. The Cape Education Commission has recently issued its report, and it is emphatic on the point summed up, as the *Cape Times* puts it, in the evidence of one of the witnesses, and accepted in its spirit by the Commission. The evidence in question so runs — "We feel at present that with the curriculum now in force we are turning out children who are not in a position best

adapted to future pursuits in life. If all go through the same mill, it will not be suitable, because they are intended for many different occupations. Whatever they are intended for in life, they are all educated in the same manner." In Australia, Sir George Reid has successfully inaugurated a system of technical education. Sir George rightly holds that "the great problem before the country" (he is speaking of the United Kingdom), "is with its industries" At the meeting of the National Industrial Education League, Mr. Alfred Holdsworth, the League's Hony. Secretary, emphasised the above dictum and the teaching of the Cape Education Commission just quoted. Children must be trained according to their prospective *metier*. In country districts, training in agriculture should, Mr. Holdsworth rightly maintains, take the first place, for such training would help to counterbalance the tendency to drift into the towns and at the same time it would "create the type of man who is wanted in the outlying portions of the empire." Sound words these. On this matter I may claim to speak with some knowledge, having served on a rural school board and having studied for years the actual effect of imposing an unsuitable curriculum on rustics. It was imperfectly assimilated, with the result that the children became "half-baked" cockneys, with none of the sharpness of that interesting, if somewhat weird, type of English folk, but with an almost total loss of what was their heritage; a working knowledge of the flora and fauna of the countryside with a little of the poetry of its folk-lore thrown in. It is, however, agreeable to be able to testify—the evidences of it abound in the south-eastern countries in which the present writer is at present moving about—that quite modern methods are again endeavouring to counteract these unfortunate tendencies, and the children are being encouraged to know the names and qualities of flowers, animals and soils.

In the United States, Professor Findlay has pointed out that the mistake of neglecting to foster individual talent on the ground that it was undemocratic to do so, is becoming recognised to be a national error; since it tends to rob the community of its foremost necessity—men of outstanding ability.

It must never be forgotten that instruction is not the whole of education. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has pointed out, in connexion with recent strikes, that superficial education has led men

into false positions. He might have added that they have seen in strikes a method of extracting higher wages from their employers—that and nothing more. They have imagined, because a small percentage on the fruits of their labours, a percentage representing the return upon the necessary driving power and controlling force, has brought wealth, of greater or less magnitude, to a handful, comparatively speaking, of persons, that wealth was sufficient to make all the workers more or less wealthy. They have not perceived that, especially under the present defenceless position of British trade externally, and the restrictions imposed upon its free development from within, imposed upon it, that is to say, by the veto put upon piece-work by trade unionism—piece work which is the readiest of all means of extracting the highest reward to the worker and employee—the increase of wages may mean, and often in effect does mean, that the foreign competitor seizes the market. As a matter of fact strikes in the United Kingdom have been shewn by statistics to have led to a far larger period of idleness, with its dire consequences, the dislocation and permanent loss of work and markets, than the strikes of the Continent have occasioned.

Much and deserved attention has been directed to Dr. A. F. Tredgold's masterly article in the July *Quarterly Review*, wherein he demonstrates all too convincingly, that during the past generation the whole tendency of legislation has been to discourage the well-being and legitimate increase of the fit, while by a series of doles and artificial props the unfit are permitted to increase and multiply. He gives chapter and verse, instance after instance, to show how baneful an effect this is having on the race. The race is shown to be deteriorating in physical force and mental fibre. We are in fact losing grit. I had myself anticipated this result, which had then already begun to be obvious, in a book published at the beginning of the century on the progress of the empire in the previous one, and more fully in a subsequent work. And at the bottom of all the mischiefs will be found wrong ideals and methods in Education, with its twin-evil, the bestowal of votes on the uneducated. Here is the *fons et origo* of the mischief. The insincerities and self-seeking of party politicians, who trade on the ignorance of the masses, could not work the evil they do, were the growing children brought up to be true patriots, to be sane, reasoning and self-respective beings.

The present writer has condemned party politics and pointed it as the bane and curse of our country since he first began to wield his pen, and cannot therefore be accused of party bias in asserting that bad, wilfully bad, education is responsible for all those crying evils, social and political, which perplex and harass us to-day and for those particular national evils upon which Earl Roberts and Lord Charles Beresford have spoken plainly time and again. He yields to none in his appreciation of the value of education—true education. The recent Congress of the Universities of the Empire, held in London, demonstrated to the world the immense boon these institutions, ancient and modern, are to the Empire. Our public schools, and especially perhaps some of the less renowned of them, because such are less liable to the decay and dry rot which, unless great care be observed, fasten themselves on prosperous bodies, despite the fire of criticism, fierce at this moment, directed against them, turn out a splendid body of public men, who serve the Empire the world over, and keep alive the best traditions of our race, at home and abroad.

But the fact remains, and especially is this true in the education of the people, that the world has become seriously befuddled concerning it. I am persuaded that when the history comes to be written of the latter part of the last and earlier part of this century, by those who will be able to view the matter in true perspective and with detached minds, it will be recorded that a curious passion for the name, rather than the fact of education, had blinded us.

True education consists in developing the latent gifts and individuality of a child, not in forcing its brains through a cramping and distorting machine.

England.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

AN URDU GAZAL IN ENGLISH GARB.

[I give below a very free rendering of an Urdu Ghazal by Mr. Brij Narain Chakbast of Lucknow, who originally started as a poet, and is one of no mean order, but who has lately distinguished himself as the premier living critic of Urdu literature. The translator, I am afraid, is generally like the retail-seller who only dilutes good wine, if indeed he does not make a cock-tail of his own. Of my best intentions I am certain, but there is a proverb with regard to good intentions, which I had better not quote. It must be confessed, however, that in trying to save the original from being hopelessly mangled, much of the penumbral suggestiveness, the poetic sense struggling out of the words, the force of inspired diction, and the general atmosphere, are more or less lost in the translation. I hope I have succeeded in conveying a broad suggestion of the melancholic, almost elegiac, under-tone of the original, the noticeable point about which is, that though worded in the orthodox way of the old masters, particularly *Atish*, it is yet a vigorous, and what is more, a successful protest against the symbolism of time-honoured similes. The Urdu Ghazals are collections of stray fancies, happy poetic accidents, put together only because of their rhymed endings. There is, as a rule, no other unity in them. My division of the translated Ghazal into stanzas is, thus, altogether arbitrary. After reading English poetry one naturally expects continuity, if not development. Hence the liberty I have taken.]

The changeful breezes of these garden-tracts
 Break dew-drops' rest in flow'ry beds that sway,
 What recks the breeze of flowers or of thorn?—
 It gives them not a tint nor second birth;
 Tho' both are from the self-same dust-bed born,
 Some stay as yet beneath the garden-earth.

Life's wondrous change's the magic of our acts—
What else is Fate—what else the Whirl of Day ?

One hopeless look enough will speak for me—
My tale of woe, no briefer could it be.
Benumbéd hearts hear not the Summer's call,
Nor long for wine-bearer or verdant glade.
The Autumn's much the same as Spring—'tis all
A bounding heart, or one consigned to shade.

Whoever, like me, sees with patient eye—
As 'tween the gilded bars—will know and sigh.
Unblister'd feet enjoy not thorns, nor can
Ease-lovers know the keen delights of pain.
The world is darken'd by Revenge of man :
This heap of dust blows storms across the plain.

Some Beauteous Being pervades the world. Whose ? Thine.
I see heraldic emblems in the air.
This ev'ning gloom is charg'd with strange intent—
Hast aught with me, O Lord of Firmament ?
Tho' many are our sinnings, yours and mine,
Our unfulfill'd desires more. I despair.
The drink 's all sipp'd, the flush all gone—are these
The dregs ? Death, come—thy cup's oblivious ease.
I'm robed in shrouds in all a lover's pride,
Come Death, dear Death ! No more to wait, my bride.

When life is done, all care for fame is vain—
Could tombs persist when we cannot remain ?
On yonder graveyard soft the moonbeams rest,
The corpses ask for no sepulchral lamp :
And though their narrow graves are dark and damp,
Their homeland soil is sweet as mother's breast.

PRIESTS VERSUS PEOPLE.

["No country which has remained under the dominion of a priestly class has ever thrived. Spain to-day has sunk from her high estate, and is but a third-rate power, her former place as a world-power having been taken by England whose progress began with the throwing off of the yoke of clericalism."—H. H. THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, *Indian Review*, December, 1909.]

THIS philosophical deduction from history needs no further proof. Rather, the state of English society to-day requires a statement of reasons why the Roman Christian priesthood cannot rule again in England, *pace* the writer of the article in this Review for December 1911, on "The Future Religion of England." Rome has nothing to give England. Does any one suggest ancient customs? I point to the fact that her customs are mostly comparatively modern; for she has changed and added to many of the customs she had in common with the Greek Church in the ninth century. Does any one mention the Latin language and theological literature? I maintain that we do not and never shall speak Latin; that the Latin Vulgate Bible is a mere translation, and that for theology we need the Greek literature as well as the Latin and that the former is of more importance than the latter.

Rome is not, any more than Jerusalem, the centre of Christianity. The latter city was destroyed, surely to teach us that we Christians have no earthly centre, for our Lord and only High Priest is in the heavens. Nor have we a sacred language. The Jewish nation would certainly have wished Hebrew so to be regarded, but God so ordered their affairs that Greek became the popular vehicle of revelation. And at the present time, who shall say which of the 500 translations is the best? Certainly the Latin is not the most ancient translation, and it is altogether doubtful whether it is the best. The open study of these scriptures in all the world forbids the narrow interpretations of the Latin priesthood, the Bride of Christ

does not consist wholly of nuns. Christian holiness has nothing to do with the sprinkling of any water whatsoever. The Church of Christ consists wholly of saints, all of whom are priests. And any pretensions to superior sanctity on the part of the clergy is a human imposition. Authority is given to all faithful men able to teach others.

We are free, then, to speak of a religion truly Asiatic as to its origin, European as to its earliest language, but so closely wedded in thought to an Asiatic people that it can most scientifically be classed as Eurasian. And yet so thoroughly was the Jewish capital destroyed and the Jewish people scattered that the influence of their priestly ideas was largely nullified and transformed. And only on the dissolution of European idolatry did errors as to the priesthood afflict the Christian Church. These errors again were largely broken down at the Reformation and the liberated peoples have gone on advancing as mentioned above by H. H. the Gaekwar.

One important principle remains to be brought to notice, viz., that the Church was never, in its purest and earliest days, one and the same with any nation. National Christianity was unknown. Christians were to pray for and submit to their heathen rulers. Grace is distinct from heredity: grace overcomes heredity. Personal choice, belief and confession alone prepare for Christian saintship; and colour, state, nationality and learning neither qualify for nor hinder Christian privilege. May one holding these principles discuss the priesthood and people of the Hindoo religion? For, surely, here we shall find the key to the problem of the Panchamas so ably discussed in a pamphlet entitled "The Depressed Classes."

The Brahmans then are distinct from all other human priesthoods, and this solely from the fact of their holding the teachings of caste. Nowhere else in the world is such teaching to be found. That there are five distinct species of human beings viz., Brahmans, Kshetrias, Vaishyas, Shudras and Panchamas, is the astounding theory. And of course other races are included with the Panchamas of India, i.e., if, indeed, they were thought of at all. It were bad enough if only the social status were stereotyped so that no one might change from one caste to another. But the idea goes deeper than this: there is divinity in the twice-born. If such an honour were open to all, none could complain.

But birth is the gateway to this privilege. And surely, here is the proof of the human origin of the idea. A just God, the maker of all, would never have shut out the majority from sharing His nature. Caste is, then, of human origin. And we are hereby set free to accept the indications of history that the Panchamas are what they are, simply because their progenitors were the original possessors of the soil of India. Noble souls have repeatedly appeared in India re-asserting the equality of all before God. But so blinded has the priesthood been, that no heed has been given to the teaching of any of the great Indian Reformers.

And now, in addition to these indigenous great souls, foreign governments have come in to re-affirm what they thought; only the reasons are different. Devotees argued from the nature of man and of God; Moghuls and Britons bring facts of nature apart from anthropology and divinity, and prove the Puranas to be erroneous in many and grave matters. The sciences of geography and astronomy cannot avoid reflecting upon the rude guesses of these books.

But worse than these reflections on the philosophy and science of the Puranas are the facts of history in regard to idolatry. The great systems of Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Greece and Rome have passed away, and their passing compels the query, what is it that maintains Hindoo idolatry that it lingers so long? Nor is the answer far to seek. The Brahman priesthood, possessing a status and hereditary privileges, and a tenacity resulting from intellectual and physical superiority, holds to practices, which many enlightened individuals amongst them know to be merely deceptive and useless, and which yet, because they yield an easy livelihood, may not be abandoned. May we not hope, therefore, that when their patriotism has become aroused, they will of their own accord lay aside their pretensions, so that they may in truth become leaders of the people?

The Indian peoples, then, are held down, not merely by an idolatrous priesthood which history teaches us will pass away, but also by a false philosophy originated by that class. The slaveholders of the West pleaded for long the example of the Jewish Patriarchs, but they had no deeper system of thought from which to argue for their position. Monopolist Brahmans plead their reading of the Shastras, in other words the traditions of the Hindoo fathers written in a now un-

known tongue. Surely, it is high time for faithful and full translations of these authorities to appear in the vernaculars, so that the Brahman priests themselves may understand them and the people may be able to judge. Such great movements as these, here but baldly stated or hinted at, will take time. Yet the time will come sooner than some think, when, as in Europe, priestly pretensions will be refuted publicly and their authority overthrown. It will be a time of danger, for caste will lose its restraining hand on vice. But the manhood of the Indian races cannot be reached without it.

If it had not been for the binding force of caste, aboriginals and Aryans would long ago have become one people. Surely, God had in His wisdom some purpose of grace, even in these results so deplorable that men have been denied common rights. And one looks around and sees and hears a general move, like the sound of the leaves at the coming of the dawn when the birds wake and fly abroad to their feeding grounds, and the light chases away the darkness, and the morning breeze the mists; so, all over India, does one see and hear the motion of the moving masses and their eager quest for knowledge and justice, their cry for light, liberty, purity and truth. Thank God, they are not under the dead hand of the Brahman, like the four castes. One feels the shame of the fact that their condition has been confirmed under British rule, through Hindoo law. Already, some of their number teach the caste Hindoos in our day-schools. Brains never belonged totally to the wealthy classes, nor goodness to the men of long pedigree. And when genius is free to be educated and finds its proper sphere in life, whether born in poverty or under a dark skin, and physical vigour is able to use what its ability to earn justly brings to it, then the force of her sons will begin to show India's power.

Meanwhile, the throes of regeneration are beginning to take hold of the beloved mother-land. Mighty pains long endured will end, by and bye, in the birth of a new time, an emancipated people. May her nurses, constant and kindly, duly aid in the bringing to birth of a free, strong and pure people !

THE CREATION OF THE OPTIMIST.

It has been said that Judaism was the religion of optimism. "God saw all, and it was good." He loved the earth and the material side of existence, bidding life multiply and replenish itself. Mankind on the whole was admirable, and special members were singled out as "after His own heart." This has been contrasted with the later development when Christianity introduced the idea of the essential degradation of human nature, Omnipotence looking down on what He had made as evil. But these two facts lend themselves to another interpretation. Perhaps it really shows a more hopeful view of human nature to put shame upon it in confidence that it may learn to rise above shame. We are not pessimistic about a man after all, if we expect him to climb up to great heights and fear not to injure him in order to make him climb. "Because of the hardness of their hearts," not because of their superiority were the men of old allowed their privileges, their many wives, and their utilitarian rewards. Christianity, which offered no such rewards, was surely almost boisterously confident as to human nature—Christianity which at this moment was advancing the doctrine of the innate evil of mankind.

Something of this paradox may be realized when we consider the case of the Hindu widow, dogmatically a thing of ill fortune, yet, if her widowhood be virtuously borne, by that very fact rising above more fortunate women. Christianity made of Humanity a Hindu widow, took off her marriage bangles and removed the henna of pleasure from her nails, but created instead a holy thing, to whom great sufferings were given, because from her great results were expected.

Christianity and optimism then came into the world together. The earlier religions, while on the surface more cheerful, bore deep

in their hearts the theory as to the evil of life : Hinduism, Theosophy, all the old-world faiths bear this impress. It is curious to reflect that the early dawning of the world bore the impress of sadness and pessimism as much as or more than this age which is supposed to be its decadence, yet true it is, as any study of the history of the times will show us. What used to be called, fifteen years ago, our most *fin de siècle* (that is to say, world weary) maxims were all known thousands of years ago. From the very start man has found himself out. "All animals know what is good for them except only man," thus Pliny the Elder, matching the saying of Anarcharsis, "What is man's chief enemy? Each man is his own. A doll that moves when others pull the strings, no poorer, feeblér thing, etc." While life was still young in the world, men questioned if it were worth living, and as often as now decided that it was not. Thus we have Menander's "Life is in itself a punishment" "Close is the kinship between life and sorrow," while Seneca wonders that we can pity those that die, and not also those that are born. Particular pessimistic ideas, such as the dearth of friendship, of fidelity, are of course common, "as many foes as one has servants."

"A man can bear any trouble except the mention of his wives." "Treat your foe as if he might become your friend, and your friend as if he might become your foe," and so forth, while everywhere we see indicated man's sense of his own humiliating weakness, the prey of the gods, at best their plaything. "Man never legislates, but accidents legislate for him," while very modern are the touches of more social satire. "It is naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth away he boasteth." "We are always ready to take a journey across the seas to see what if put before our eyes at home we pay no attention."

Truly at the very beginning of time man had sounded his own nature and every intricacy in its guilefulness; he had so touched life and found it a tragedy. It is a commonplace to say that often the individuals and ages, with least to complain of, come to this conclusion. The Russian prisoner subjected to all sorts of torture clings to life, so it is alleged, and it is not the suffering nations that show the highest statistics in suicide. As we read literature, however, which indicates the soul of the people, we are struck with one curious addition to this fact. The most pessimistic and bitterest views of human nature are taken by those who lead

the most peaceful lives and who are furthest removed from the sordidness or the cruelty of human existence. It is usually considered that the hermit flees from the crowded centres of life through his insight of human wickedness, but this is not the case. It is the hermitage that makes the hermit, not, as is popularly supposed, the other way round.

It is in the hermitage that the hermit gains his insight. It is there that he broods and dreams and discovers the iniquity of mankind. He has to rush to the crowds again in order to get cured. It is curious, again, how much of pessimism has come from a garden existence. In his palace gardens Solomon found that all was vanity; the roses that bloomed to his hand could give him no gentler lesson than that. The old-world sadness of Omar Khayyam comes from a garden and breathes of a garden. When certain Italians feared the plague, they betook themselves to a garden, and all the natural secluded life that they lived produced the "Decameron," that epitome of mankind's follies and obscenities, which shows us plainly that dislike amounting to hatred of humanity is learnt in the peaceful byeways of life, and not in the crowded centres, where mankind jostle and press one another, and, as the idea goes, trample one another down to gain their own ends.

It is rather a consoling thought that the more a wise man sees of life and humanity, the more he is "in it," fighting and fought against, cheated and deceived, and the greater is his appreciation of that life and humanity. Judging from literature, certainly this seems to be the case. The man who has had the easier time, who has lived amongst the quietening influence of a simple rural existence gives his impression of life as one who hates it, and of mankind as the spawn instead of the crown of creation. My examples must be taken from European literature, because city life in one sense of the word is hardly existent in the East. Many Hindus are as well acquainted with such literature as are the English, and some rather more so. These will recognise the truth of this statement. Our lovers of humanity have been lovers of the city, believers in the city. One cannot find an optimistic writer in English literature who has not been a lover of pavements rather than of rural lanes. Charles Dickens, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thackeray are striking instances of this truth. Thackeray cared not nothing for the country except to whet his appetite for the town; no view to Dickens so picturesque

as that from Ludgate Hill; Holmes, most humane of writers, considered the pavement healthier than the country road and disliked rural life. Gentlest of dreams, most lovable of humanitarians was Charles Lamb. One imagines his sensitive nature flourishing best in the peace of Nature, but he was a townsman, and there is seriousness in his humorous desire to have the world "well aired" before he arose, his depreciation of sunrises and his dislike of the "peaceful" country-sounds.

In other writers we see the converse of this fact. The pessimist is invariably a man who leads a simple peaceful life, and the longer he leads it, the more pessimistic he becomes. Pope, as satirist, stands high in English fame. He loved his garden and occupied himself childishly enough in constructing grottoes and temples therein. All his flowers could teach him, however, was the fact (?) that man was mainly a fool, and woman altogether a rascal. Byron was another lover of Nature who hated his kind. "Though human thou didst not deceive me, though woman thou didst not forsake." Even his love-songs are tainted with his *odium humani*, and the beloved adored, not because of her womanhood, but in spite of it.

King among the pessimists, however, is undoubtedly Dean Swift than whom "Shakespeare alone has received more annotation and criticism." As De Quincey remarks of him, he had a "total incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of the human spirit, with religion, with poetry . . . or with anything that rises above the mercenary practical." The rural Dean's satires all deal savagely with the sins and follies of human nature. The way to pessimism is often paved with certain virtues, a desire for social reform being one of them. The social reformer begins by hating man, the oppressor, and ends by hating man. This was the way with Swift. He confined himself first to the sins of kings, kings' favourites, time-servers, and others. Then he comes to the summit of his iniquities in his satire of all mankind. Possibly Thackeray, city sentimentalist, beneath the thinnest veil of satire, censured this fable overmuch in his criticism. "For such a piece of writing this Dean, great as he is, should be hooted." The following paragraph has certainly been cited as the cleverest and most biting piece of satirical writing in the English language. The story must be briefly explained.

Gulliver, after various extraordinary experiences, lands on an

island where the horses are the rational creatures, and the men (Yahoos), degenerate descendants of mariners shipwrecked long ago, are the brutes. The habits of these Yahoos are described with repulsive details, and always with some reference to the real follies of mankind. Gulliver is forced to take farewell of his master, the horse, because horse society has decided that even an educated Yahoo (man) is unendurable. Gulliver falls into a swoon, at the thought that he must be thrust back among human beings and "relapse into his old corruptions." The author's complete absorption in the reversed order of things is then shown. "As I was going to prostrate myself before my master to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors have been pleased to think it impossible that so illustrious a being should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to so inferior a creature as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received; but if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms, they would soon change their opinion." This tone of gravity pervades the whole fable, and makes at once the glory and the shame of the satire.

Aloofness from mankind or comparative aloofness makes the hater of mankind. Robinson Crusoe by rights should have found his imagination dwelling on the evils of human nature instead of its good points. Probably the real Robinson Crusoe did. We see it in the wider fields of literature. Rousseau the citizen, deceived and injured by men many times, is yet a believer in human nature, a passionate deifier of man. We see it again in theology; All the savage faiths are born in the solitudes, calvinism and kindred religions that deny to man the lost even the "grim mercy of Death," making him too vile even for this concession. It would seem, therefore, that as man knows his kind most, he judges them more leniently, yet even here, there comes a chance for pessimism. "God has reserved to Himself the terrible privilege of beholding the naked human soul." All other souls, except our own, are seen vaguely, their worst as well as their best hidden. We talk glibly of our tendency to think ourselves superior to our neighbour, to gloss over our own sins even to ourselves. But is it not truer that no one really believes his neighbour as bad as himself? Placed in the

solitudes, however, we see only our own soul, and realize or believe that all others are the same. Only when we come out and see human nature, not sharply and definitely as in our own known selves, but dimly, consciously veiled as in those of others, only then do we lose our sense of Humanity's essential depravity, and believe in its better side.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

New Zealand.

TO SAROJINI NAIDU.

Lady ! that singest to an Indian lute
Songs of clear tone : though cassia blossoms fade,
And silent sits thy *koel* in the shade
Of Peepul boughs, thy voice shall ne'er be mute.
Sing on, nor cease ; thou bearest a charmed key
To unlock men's hearts. Thy spirit, a white flame,
Points to the Way of Hope : around thy name
Shall rise all benison, for thou dost see
That not in wordy strife and wrangling heat
Shall concord dwell, or charity be brought
Betwixt two peoples, but through Beauty meet
For mutual love, and to this end hast wrought
Music, that ever in men's ears shall ring,
Touched with the earliest " kisses of the Spring "

GAWAIYA.

SHERE SHAH AND THE GOAL WOMAN.

SHERE SHAH* was not of Royal parentage nor was he the scion of a noble house. He belonged to the ranks, and was known as Shere Khan. The only property worth the name which he had on earth was a small *Jagir* in Saseran, that was the mainstay of his life. But though not a man of rank or riches, Shere's abilities were of a very high order. He was an expert in military matters, and, as to governing men, would seem to have been a born ruler. His countrymen, the Afghans, who were smarting under the Mogul sway, chose him as their leader, and it was not long before he amply justified their choice by leading them on to "the way of glory." Success attended him at every step, and this exceptionally favourable circumstance tickled his fancy so much that he aspired to supreme power; and, as luck would have it, this much-coveted distinction he was not long in obtaining. The throne of Delhi was then occupied by Humayun, who, with all his merits in other respects, was not an able general; at any rate he was no match for Shere Khan. † The latter, whose ruling passion was, like Cromwell's, ambition, proceeded against him in battle array, and the Emperor on his part boldly came out to oppose him. The contending armies met in the vicinity of Kanouj ‡. The battle raged loud and long,

* Shere's original name was Ferid. He obtained the title of Shere Khan from Sultan Mohammed on his having killed with one blow of his sabre a huge man-eater which that king had roused one day on a hunting excursion; and he assumed the title of Shere Shah when, having defeated Humayun in the vicinity of Kanouj, he ascended the throne of Delhi.

† Shere was a favourite of Humayun's father, Babar. One day while he was at that Emperor's table, some solid dishes were set before him, and nothing but a spoon was given to eat with. He called for a knife, but the servant had orders not to supply him with one. Shere, not to miss his dinner, drew his dagger without ceremony and, cutting up his meat, made a hearty meal without minding those who diverted themselves at his odd behaviour. When he had done, the Emperor, who had been observing him, turned to Amir Khalipha, and said, "This Afghan is not to be disconcerted with trifles, and is likely to be a great man."—Stewart's History of Bengal, p. 152, Banga Basi reprint.

‡ This battle took place on 10th Mahurram H. 947, corresponding to A.D. 1540.

but at last victory sided with the Afghans, and the Imperialists were thrown into such a perilous position that the Emperor had no other alternative left but to seek safety by flight. Shere entered Delhi with drums beating and colours flying, and ascended the throne by assuming the proud name of Shere Shah.

After he had acquired sovereign power, Shere Shah had come to Bengal only once, and that to quell a rebellion which had assumed such a serious aspect as to have necessitated his own presence. As he never gave a deaf ear to the call of duty, he readily started for the east. On his way he called a halt at Mongyr, the Mudgal-puri of the Sanskrit writers, which was so much endeared to him, as it was the first step whence he rapidly got up the ladder. The halt was for a week, and as the time was the merry month of Bysack, the Emperor expressed a wish to go on a short hunting excursion. The Subadar, Miya Suleiman, made every preparation for the hunt, and on the appointed day trained elephants, horses and camels, all richly caparisoned and well-mounted, had been got together, and were waiting at the gates of the citadel from early dawn. Shortly after, the Emperor came down and as the most splendid of the royal elephants kneeled down and made due obeisance with his "lithe proboscis," he got on it, but hardly had he taken his seat in the golden howdah when his eyes fell on his favourite horse who, piqued with envy at the honour done to the elephant which, he thought, was his due in especial, neighed with the mingled feelings of anger and disgust. Shere Shah, stretching his hand towards the elephant-driver, proudly ordered, "Phil-o-wan, bridle the elephant." The *Mahaut*, who had grown old in his service as such and had never witnessed such "elephantine ignorance," as the native expression goes, in the matter of elephant-driving, wondered how it was that "the lord of the earth," who was such an expert in the affairs of war, had never before graced the back of an elephant. But as it was absolutely necessary to give some answer to the royal request, he somehow managed to conceal his feeling of wonder, and mustering up the little courage which he could command at the time, and joining his hands in the right orthodox way of a suppliant, addressed the Emperor in these words:—"Commander of the faithful! An elephant, if thy slave may be permitted to say, is never bridled. For the purpose of keeping him in check and control, Allah Tala has created the race of Phil-o-wans and the instrument called "Angkush." After uttering these words he held up the goad, with which he used to govern the elephant, before the fiery eyes of the Emperor. The latter, who was on the point

of losing his temper, controlled himself, but giving silent expression to his feeling by knitting hard his brows, exclaimed in sheer disgust, "I can never induce myself to ride on an animal that is not bridled." The elephant, on being so directed, again kneeled down, and the Emperor, without waiting for a ladder to step down by, by one big jump took his stand on firm ground, and, hastening to his favourite horse, hastily got on it and soon passed out of sight. The guards and the Shikarees were not prepared for this sudden move, and though sufficiently alert, none could keep pace with the Emperor who soon disappeared. But the strange words, which had fallen from his lips, betraying his crass ignorance of elephant-driving, after echoing and re-echoing within the precincts of the Fort for some time, passed over into the bazar and became a current topic of the day. Some praised the Emperor's watchfulness, some called it royal whim, while a great many said in whispering tones that the perfume of the Mogul throne had not yet dissipated the smell of the *Saseran Jagir*.

The forest in the vicinity of the Sheikpura Hill had been appointed as the hunting ground. The party with elephants, horses and camels gradually assembled at the spot where tents had been pitched. But the Sultan was not to be found, and nobody could say where His Majesty was. Only Miya Suleiman had noticed a variation in the sound of his horse's neighing, from which he inferred that the animal had not recognized its rider, as it was very probable that the Sultan, having, as was his wont, changed his dress on the way, was riding about in disguise. What Miya Suleiman had imagined was the real truth. The Sultan had changed his costume and was moving about like an ordinary sepoy, enjoying natural sceneries, which in Behar are seen in their true perspective in the morning during the pleasant months of Chaitra and Bysack.

Shere Shah, in order that he might the better avoid his followers, had passed beyond the jungle, and was rambling about in out-of-the-way places. If he came in sight of a village, he would enter it and see with his own eyes the state of the crops about to be gathered and garnered. The peasants taking him for a common sepoy would do him no other honour than make a conventional salaam. If he met the cowherds and buffalo-keepers engaged in grazing their respective charges on the village common, he would never leave them until he had made their acquaintance; and on coming across a grove of *Mahua* trees, he would move on slowly and silently, enjoying the pleasure of listening to the tales of joy and grief related by the women busy with plucking the *mahua* flowers. In this way he trotted on into places which were far away from the hunting

ground. Gradually, "solar rays were, to use a native phrase flowering out in majestic splendour," and hot western winds were taking the place of gentle morning breezes.

Feeling at noon the necessity for rest, the Emperor advanced towards the sweet shady grove near the hill. He had become thirsty, and the horse too required to be looked after a little. The gusts of sultry winds had by this time become almost unbearable, and he, thereupon, galloped off in haste and soon arrived at the spot which he had fixed upon to take rest in. There, under the cool shade of the big branching *Bat* tree, "the monarch, of the forest," the cows and buffaloes were taking repose, and their keepers were enacting swinging scenes by sitting on its towering branches and holding fast its tufts of pendent matted hairs. The sudden appearance of a sepoy in that state at the spot struck terror into their hearts, but the good Sultan giving them distinctly to understand that they had nothing to fear, engaged one of them to walk the horse to and fro, while another led him on to the side of a well not far off. By questioning them he came to know that they were residents of the Sheikpura *bustee*, and that it was necessary for them to go round the hill to reach their village.

At a little distance from the well, a middle-aged woman, sitting under the welcome shade of a wide-spread umbrageous *Ashatha* tree, was drying in the sun a heap of *mahua* flowers. Right in front, as far as the eye could see, rows of *mahua* trees, on being heavily swayed by strong gusts of winds, were showering down flowers at short intervals, and young women and little girls were picking them up and placing them in their respective baskets of sorts. The peasant boy, who was leading the disguised Sultan on, from a reasonable distance ran up to that woman and pointing to the traveller, said that he was very thirsty and would like to have a drink. The Sultan, on finding that there was a wealth of brass ornaments on her person and that her body was tattooed all over with fantastic figures, easily came to the conclusion that she belonged to the *goala* caste. On seeing a thirsty traveller right in front, she made her grandchild (daughter's son) sit near the flowers, and with great care and gladsome look drew water from a well and gave him as much as he wanted. Shere Shah saw that the well was a big one, but was in a dilapidated condition for want of repairs, and that on its three sides there were square vats for cows and buffaloes to drink at, which the goal woman had filled with pure crystal water. Hearing that the traveller had his horse with him, she called in some of the peasant boys and told them to give the animal good feed. At her order a number

of them left off swinging, and, running towards the waterfall, came back in a short time with a load of soft tender grass, and placed it before the horse who was as hungry and way-worn as his master. The Sultan at once saw that the good goal-woman took almost the same care with "dumb driven cattle" as she did with nobler beings graced with "human face divine." He was quite charmed with her beautiful motherly appearance. Indeed, he was observing with great wonder that her sweet, simple manner suffered no change while she was engaged in this labour of love. He did not know that countrywomen, when responding to the call of hospitality, do not fear even the stern stalwart sepoys.

When by careful catechising, the good Samaritan came to know that the traveller had wandered about in the sun from early morn, and up to then had not eaten anything, she became very anxious, and hastening to the spot where the cows were reposing under the shade of the *Bal* tree, milked the foremost among them with her own hands, and brought the milk in, and taking from her basket a few handfuls of soaked pulse (*chola*) and molasses and placing them on *Polash* leaves, presented the same to the hungry traveller for a hasty repast. The Sultan, so far from even thinking of disobliging her, treated her request as the command of a mother and gladly partook of what was offered to him. Feeling quite content and appeased, he went to take rest on a blanket which the good woman had spread for him.

The Sultan saw that there was no end to the woman's labour. After satisfying the claims of hospitality, she walked up the buffaloes to the sides of the well and made them drink; and then drawing water in a *lota* bathed each of them with great care. The heat of the day was gradually softening down when she had finished her daily round of duties. Seeing that the sun was "sinking down to rest," the Sultan got himself ready to go, and calling the goal-woman near him, said to her with grateful look, "Mother, I am very pleased with the good service thou hast rendered me. Pray, say what I can do for thee in return." The goal-woman was put to the blush at this, and modestly replied, "My son, what more have I done for you than drawing a quantity of water from the well? That, indeed, I do every day. Why are you making too much of such a trifle?" But Shere Shah would take no denial; whereupon the woman went on saying that by the grace of God she was not in want of anything. He in His divine mercy had filled her hut with paddy, *Mahua* flowers, cows and buffaloes; she needed no help or benefit from outside. While

this conversation was going on between the Sultan and the Goalini, the Subadar, Miya Suleiman himself, appeared on the scene, and made due obeisance to the Sultan. Then deeming further disguise quite useless, the latter smilingly addressed the good woman thus: "Mother dear, I am the Badshah of this realm. Tell me what benefit I can confer on thee." The gaudy dress of the Subadar and his obeisance to the simply-addressed traveller had filled the astonished woman with some fear. She became a little excited and in a trembling voice said, "If you will kindly do us some good service, please make a pathway straight on to our *bustee* by cutting down this hill; we feel great inconvenience in going round with our cattle."

Shere Shah, after bestowing a suggestive look on Miya Suleiman, said in reply, "Very good, it shall be done as you say. Now, mother, allow me to take leave. If in future you ever fall into difficulty, bring the matter to the notice of the Sultan." The *King of Kings* lost no time in fulfilling his promise. In this way was the hill-path of the Sheikpura village made; and as Shere Shah himself did not like to have his own name affixed to it, the people in view of the above romantic circumstance, named it *Goalikhand*, a name which is justly held very dear in and about that place.

SHUMBHOO CHUNDER DEY.

Bengal.

INDIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE all-pervading element in the life of India to-day is the contrast between the past and the present. In the social organisation, the modern reform is wrestling with Hindu orthodoxy and the power of custom as a standard of conduct in society is being weakened. The advent of the British Government with its manifold advantages and the consequent dawn of a spirit of national consciousness have inaugurated a new era in the political sphere. The spread of Western education is fast weakening the principle of time-honoured authority, either spiritual or temporal, in matters religious. The wonderful example of the growth of material advancement in the West has led to a unique awakening in industrialism. An increased sense of individuality fostered by aspirations for new literary achievements has caused a renaissance of Hindu literature. This phenomenon of contrast in various activities and the marshalling of a new order of things form the most conspicuous features of work-a-day Indian life and thought.

The ancient social system of the Hindus, however efficient it might have been in olden times, is at variance with the needs and requirements of modern India. It worked well so long as the Hindus were an independent and self-contained community, but even then it was not designed to promote solidarity and a uniform progress. It was not a self-working system adapting itself to fresh environments as they arose. Caste, for instance, as the basis of the Hindu society, has, no doubt, by its careful conservation of the purity of blood, preserved the identity of the nation, in spite of the large infusion of foreign element. But it is a system of organised inequality quite inconsistent with the modern ideas of progress. It suppressed industrialism and combativeness which are amongst the principal motive forces of modern progress. The higher classes, wrapped up in serene contemplation, carried mental sciences to a high pitch of perfection, while they neglected the cultivation of physical sciences. Moreover, the caste-distinction

prevented the spread of knowledge beyond a small, privileged hereditary class, and the Hindu intellect as a whole has, therefore, remained in a state of barrenness, and Hindu civilisation has remained stationary. Thanks to the anti-caste influence of the *Pax Britannica*, the tyranny of caste is being broken down, and the Pariah and the Brahmin can now compete together in life with equal freedom. And modern India, in its attempt to be unhampered by caste distinctions, has been making rapid strides towards progress.

Custom as a regulative principle of Hindu social activity has usurped the place of reason, sentiment and sometimes even of religion. But, of late, a reaction from custom and immemorial usage has set in. The conflict between the immemorial usage of the past, and reason, which has, of late, gained some importance, is at present very severe. Orthodox people whose only effective weapon is custom, and whose only justification is an obstinate adherence to the past, chafe at the very idea of reform. The modern school of thought does not tolerate the power of mere custom in matters concerning the health and happiness of the individuals and the well-being of the community as a whole. The conflict between the orthodox Hindu and the modern social reformer centres round almost all the important social problems, such as foreign travel, widow-remarriage, the Nautch system, female education and a host of other kindred questions.

Since each of these questions forms a separate subject in itself, suffice it to make a few remarks as regards foreign travel, and leave the rest to be solved by the patient reader.

The restrictions which were at one time put upon the question of foreign travel might be justified as being necessary under circumstances then existing. But society should ever and anon be conforming itself to the demands of new requirements. Since under the present circumstances, intercourse with the various civilised nations is absolutely needed to facilitate material advancement, there is no reason why the question of sea-voyage should, in certain quarters, be discountenanced. Modern tendencies have once for all demonstrated the inadvisability of excommunicating the Hindu who has returned from a foreign country. Several Hindus have returned from England, America and Japan, and have been, though not without some murmuring, admitted into the social fold. Some England-returned Hindus have, of late, been gladly welcomed. It is thus plain that the prejudice against foreign travel is on the wane

In many other matters connected with the social amelioration of the Hindus, the reform party, with its new tendencies, has been gaining the day surely, though slowly.

The motive force of almost all the reactionary tendencies in Hindu society is derived from English education and the contact with the West. The aggressive attitude of the English-educated young men towards social institutions of the country is sometimes carried too far. The Hindu society will, in such a case, be emancipated from the bonds of ancient traditions only to put on the new shackles of Western civilisation. It is sometimes forgotten that the lasting progress of the Hindu society can be secured neither by a wholesale change nor by an irrational and slavish imitation, but by a gradual adaptation of the social organism to the needs of the new environment. The efforts of the reforming party should, therefore, be directed more towards assimilation than towards imitation. It is a pleasure to note that the value of this important caution is being realised by the master-minds of the reform school in their conflict with the ancient systems of life and thought.

The advent of British rule and the resultant dawn of a spirit of national consciousness have opened out a new leaf in the political history of India. The striking contrast between what preceded and what has followed the establishment of the *Pax Britannica*, cannot be exaggerated.

It is, no doubt, true that two or three thousand years ago there existed in India a civilisation higher than that which was then to be found in England. But when about three hundred years ago, the English first appeared on the Indian soil as traders, they had to face in India a crowd of weak, petty and ill-governed principalities, all warring with one another. Even a cursory perusal of the history of that period convinces one that there was no central government at all, no real government of India. The great Moghul empire was in the throes of dissolution. The history of that period was for the most part a record of incessant wars and rebellions, crimes and catastrophes. Royal Princes, fought with one another for succession to the throne. Viceroys, of provinces, deputies and generals were constantly engaged in setting up independent dominions. Invasions by the wild tribes from the north and west were of common occurrence, and the cruel invaders were suffered safely to depart without even an effort to oppose them. The predecessors and successors of Akbar were guilty of deeds of unspeakable cruelty. There was never any security of life and property. Justice was openly bought and sold.

The people had no voice at all in the administration of the land. The arm of the law, even if willing, was powerless to smite down the evil-doers. Emperors and Nawabs might build magnificent palaces and sepulchres, but in the way of public works for the public good, they did practically nothing. Roads, harbours, canals and bridges were of scant consideration in comparison with royal parks and mausoleums.

The present state of India under British sovereignty is a marvellous contrast to what preceded it. In the strikingly short period of a century, anarchy and confusion have been replaced by order and good government as if by the wand of a magician. The mind cannot imagine the possibility now-a-days of a desolating war between, say, the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Mahratta Chiefs of Indore and Gwalior, or of the rich plains of Bengal being overrun by hordes of savage horsemen burning and piundering wherever they went, or of a monarch from Persia advancing upon Delhi and causing its streets to run with blood. The stone-walls of villages built to resist the Pindaris are crumbling down, for they are no longer needed. The ploughman has no longer to take a musket with him while cultivating his field. What a man sows, that he knows he will be allowed to reap in peace. The whole land is now covered with good and serviceable roads, and there have now been built nearly twenty-five thousand miles of railway over which third-class passengers are carried at a farthing a mile. Steamships ply constantly up and down the coast for the conveyance of passengers at nominal rates. There has been instituted a cheap and efficient postal and telegraphic service throughout the length and breadth of India. Schools, colleges and universities have been established all over the land, and education is being very widely diffused. Canals have been laid out for navigation and irrigation, and thousands of square miles of desert are now brought under cultivation. Experimental farms for the improvement of agriculture have been established in every province. The land tax has been assessed at moderate rates and an increased assessment on account of improvements is strictly forbidden.

Law, as it existed formerly, was an artificial and complicated system made by different legislatures, containing different provisions, many of which were quite unsuited to modern requirements. The laws have, therefore, been carefully revised so as to suit the present needs, and law courts have been purified and ennobled. No Indian is any longer, by reason of his wealth, so high as to be above the reach of law, and none, on the

other hand, is so poor and insignificant as to be beyond its protection.

The Oriental mind has never known or attempted to know any other form of government than despotism. Neither the code of Manu nor the code of Mahommed granted directly to the people any power, as of right, to have a voice in the affairs of a king. A king was understood to be responsible for his actions, not to his people, but to the Creator. The administration of the land is now being carried on with a view to deal out even-handed justice, and the Indian members of Legislative Councils have the right of interpellation, of proposing amendments and of voting even against the measures of the Government. The people have thus a direct hand in the government of the land, a thing unprecedented in the history of India.

The influence of the Western principles of liberalism has given rise to a spirit of national consciousness in the Hindu mind and it has been fast growing in strength and volume. Young India, imbued with this new spirit, is not satisfied with the rate at which the reform-coach moves in the political world. She wishes to drive the coach herself and thus emulate the advanced civilisations of the day in their onward march. It is gratifying to note that a bright future is in store for young India, as the benign British Government has been taking a paternal care of the country in all her concerns.

Religious toleration is, indeed, one of the best established principles of British administration in a country abounding in diverse creeds and religions. But the influence of Western education and a spread of the spirit of Western religion have had the effect of shattering to a great extent the old religious faith of the Hindus. The English-knowing people in the land form, no doubt, a microscopic minority, and the proselytising force of Christianity has, no doubt, been very slow; yet their influence, both direct and indirect, has sufficiently changed the ancient religious atmosphere. The old beliefs are now being thrown off as absurdly superstitious. But one regrets to note that the consequent disturbance has had no adequate substitute. Revival and reform are both at work in removing the broken edifice of Hindu religion.

Christianity, though it has directly or indirectly tended to revolutionise the religious atmosphere of the land, has however been found incompetent to suit the Hindu intellect. "If in his contact with Brahmanism, the Christian missionary puts forward the philosophical side of Christianity, the subtle mind of the Brahmin delights in the combat and meets him with a counter philosophy."

There is matter for endless dispute in that uncertain region of metaphysics, but there is no result. If more wisely advised, the missionary rests on the simple statements of Christianity and its appeals to the conscience of men, he shares himself personally the annoyance of defeat in argument or the pain of his arguments makes no impression, but for his cause the effect is the same.

As regards the second great religious system of India, Mohammadanism, the verdict of history is definite and unimpeachable. Christianity has made no impression whatever on Mohammadanism. The rival monotheisms met in the Middle Ages. The issue of the struggle was not doubtful. Greek Christianity succumbed. Latin Christianity waged successfully a defensive war. More than this it was unable to accomplish." The proselytising force of Christianity is confined almost exclusively to the very lowest classes, where the mental development has not advanced much beyond the earliest stage. Even a casual observer notices an increasing opposition to Christianity and an effective desire to prevent its supplanting the ancient religions of India.

There is a regular tug of war going on between the ancient and the modern religious beliefs of the land. Brahmoism has been seeking to effect a compromise between rationalistic monotheism and the popular creed. The metaphysical conception of theosophy with its mystic subtlety of teaching has been labouring to effect a reconciliation between science and religion. The Arya Samaj, inspired by the unsullied glory of Vedantic monotheism, has been trying to find a proper remedy for the defects of modern Hinduism.

Brahmoism, Theosophy, and Theism conforming to Hinduism, and lastly, Christianity—these are the varying creeds which among the Hindus survive the wreck of their early faith. Their one good effect, whatever may be their inherent defects, has been to conform religion to nationalism. They have been striving to brush aside the vicious notion that religion chokes the very idea of national expansion. The religious atmosphere of this present age of transition has laid down that what India needs in her interests of nationalism is not a religious Nihilism, but a religious Renaissance.

The rapid growth of the industrial prosperity of the West has given rise to a spirit of new awakening in the minds of the people, that the salvation of the country lies in its industrial regeneration and development. The past history of industrialism in this land does not at all present a glowing picture even though

the Hindu artisans had their day of manual skill and excellence. India had long been merely a rural country, subsisting mainly upon agriculture and the production of raw materials. The caste-system had long restricted industrial occupations to low, illiterate classes. The higher classes looked down upon such occupations, and the Manu-Samhita bears testimony to the fact that industries were held in a very low estimation. Time was, however, when the industrial activity was very encouraging. Calicoes had long been exported from India before they could be manufactured even in England. "India manufactured muslins of such exquisite fineness, that a piece could be made fifteen yards wide, weighing only nine hundred grains." Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the weaving of a fabric composed entirely of cotton was considered penal in England. Cotton manufactures were largely imported from India. The most profitable Indian industries were dyeing, carpet-making, fine embroidery, jewellery, metal work, the damascening of arms, carving, paper-making, architecture and sculpture. But the hand-made manufactures of the Hindus could not compete with the machine-made manufactures of the West. The growth of mechanical sciences and the sudden rise of Western industrialism had their effect upon India, and swept the indigenous industries before them. However, the mills and factories started by the English in India, and a close study of the industrial history of England, Germany and America, have served to show what Western enterprise and modern science can do. Though it was not to be expected that their improvement would all of a sudden direct the attention of India to her industrial condition, yet modern industrialism has been penetrating, though very slowly, into Hindu society. In response to the new spirit of industrialism, many new industries conducted mainly by Indian agency on modern methods have been started by the Hindus. The aversion of the upper classes for industrial occupations is gradually disappearing. Members of even the highest caste are now beginning to engage in industries, such as tanning, oil-pressing and soap-making. No stone has been left unturned to develop the indigenous industries of the country. Technical education, the lack of which was a serious drawback of the ancient Hindus, has now made some progress. Several industrial schools have sprung up in different parts of the country. It is a remarkable feature of the present economic situation that manual labour of every kind fetches very high wages, and a common cooly or cook is better paid than a clerk. The striking contrast between the past and the present industrial condition of India is, on the whole, very promising.

An increased sense of individuality is the most conspicuous feature of modern Hindu literature. In ancient times when the Hindu civilisation was at its height, there had never been any restriction upon thought, and the Hindus displayed considerable individuality in literature and philosophy. But with the decay of civilisation, the individual had been more or less merged in the community. And Hindu thought, practically restricted to the Brahmin caste, began to run in a narrow groove. Since the fourteenth century some of the great writers, like the great reformers, have shown much originality and independence of thought. The very fact that they wrote in the vernaculars, which the learned, steeped in Sanskrit lore, heartily despised, shows that they could think for themselves. But scarcely any of them went beyond Hindu mythology either for their subjects or for their conceptions of character; and none of them ever attempted to be rid of the fetters of rhyme. Rama, Krishna, Siva or his consort, Uma, with the legends which had gathered round their names in the course of centuries, are the principal figures in their compositions. Between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries, Hindu thought scarcely ever ventured beyond the well-beaten tracks of religion and morality. A learned commentary on some ancient philosophical or religious work was generally the goal of their speculation.

The sense of individuality and self-assertiveness fostered by the English environment has been a fruitful source of important changes in modern Hindu literature. It has sapped the foundations of ancient authority and relaxed the restraints of ancient classicism. The Hindu intellect has now been soaring into regions unknown even in ancient civilisation. The Indian thought has now ventured out of the accustomed paths of theology and metaphysics. Medical and mathematical sciences are now being improved on Western lines. History, biography, novel, archæology and the different branches of natural science are now subjects almost entirely new in Hindu literature. The emancipated intellect has thus been bringing about now a renaissance of Hindu literature.

In conclusion, it can be safely said that the present age in India offers a striking contrast to the past in her various activities. The present, with its new tendencies and developments, promises a bright future. India has now been passing through an age of transition, and as such any defects of the present can gradually be remedied in a near future, and a day will come when young India will keep pace with the advanced nations of the world.

GANDIKOTA SATYANARAYANA MURTI,

Parlakimedi.

THE SHINSHOOT.

(Continued from our last Issue.)

WYATT'S next night passed comfortably enough. He had been shifted into airier quarters and only woke at the call of hot water. Nervous feelings had vanished, and he went into the garden and leaned over the little gate at the top of the path with very complete content in his surroundings. His new acquaintances had arranged to meet him there and they were to walk down together to the Stone, where Major Merrick and his servant had preceded them. He let his eyes rest on the high moor which seemed to float in the blue haze of the June morning, dominating the lower hills pierced by the combe in front, while his thoughts amused themselves with random combinations of the new pieces chance had put on the chess-board of his interests. Was there any chance of Jack Merrick's knowing him? That pretty girl last night had evidently a difficulty in keeping her countenance at the idea. She did not believe in Mr. Merrick's scientific authority. What did Miss Halket think? The idea of asking her occurred to him, but was dropped with a suddenness that took him by surprise. The feeling was an echo of the nervous excitement of the day before. Miss Clay would laugh if she knew the effect poor Merrick's appearance had had on his nerves. Probably his utterance and movement had been purely accidental.

As his thoughts strayed aimlessly about, he seemed to himself, half unconsciously, to be possessed by an indescribable feeling of disgust. When he thought of it afterwards, it reminded him of the loathing people say is a precursor of the deadliest form of cholera—almost as if he had unwittingly strayed into a shambles. It rose so slowly that when he turned sharply, as a man might from some abominable sight, it seemed as if the foul sensation had been growing for minutes. Something accompanied him in his sudden start, something that was photographed on the retina of the eye.

In another moment, the vanishing impression identified itself with the Longstone. While his mind was absent, his eyes must have been fixed unwinkingly on the central object in their field of view.

If a bat had flown out of a charnelhouse and hung itself to his eyebrows, he could not have a more material feeling of disgust. The thing seemed to be sticking to him still when, a moment later, Mr. Merrick and Miss Halket crossed the lawn to join him.

Nerves are protean. The form of annoyance they chose instantly to assume, was a horror of the little experiment upon Jack Merrick in which he was just going to play a part. For a moment it was all he could do to make appropriate replies to the greetings he received.

Mr. Merrick had been a Commissioner of something. Whitehall knew him no more, but the return of the hour when he had been in the habit of entering his office revived his consciousness of importance. He was like the impaled moth that buzzes round his pin when the coming of twilight rouses the instinct that bids him fly abroad. His affability was almost overpowering.

"A nice morning, Wyatt. Yes, you are right. It certainly promises a continuance of heat. And you have made your escape from town in the middle of a session like this? In my case, I fear I should have debated the question with my medical attendant. There is something supremely engrossing in public affairs to those behind the scenes. I do not know whether your—occupation—"

"My occupation is not a very engrossing one," said Wyatt, holding the gate open for Miss Halket.

"You are not one of the briefless, I trust. Themis is said to resent neglect."

"I trust she may not make the advances. But I belong to a class which is said to supply most of her victims. I am one of the unemployed."

"I don't think Mr. Wyatt finds inaction as hard as you, Sir," said Miss Halket. She rarely addressed the old man without some little formula of deference, a recognition of other quasi-filial relation.

"'Tis my vocation," said Wyatt. "Standing out of other people's way, Miss Halket, is the best service I can render to humanity."

"It is one for which ill health does not disqualify," said Mr. Merrick, graciously. "Still, you must let me hope it is one you soon be less fit for than at present. I have not asked if any particular course of treatment is prescribed during your stay

among us. You must not let your kind compliance with my exigences interfere with medical orders."

"I am on duty at this moment. Air and exercise. Four hours a day on foot."

Miss Halket laughed.

"'Duty' is rather an indefinite word, Mr. Wyatt. Four hours walking, was it not?"

"That is a counsel of perfection, Miss Halket. Medical directors are like spiritual ones. The most devout patient never comes up to a doctor's ideal. It is always *something* to go beyond his expectations."

"Nonsense, Wyatt, nonsense," said Mr. Merrick, as the young lady pondered this plea with a smile. "A good six mile walk—six miles and back again, that is what you want to do you good. Up to that tor you see in the gap of the hill yonder. What do they call it, Alice?"

"Whinnery Tor, Sir. But it is barely three miles—a first instalment of Mr. Wyatt's daily task."

"Five," expostulated Wyatt. "Five, if it is a yard, Miss Halket. You do not want Dr. Thrale to be tried for manslaughter, do you, by making what he meant as a figure of speech cover pedestrian exploits like that?"

"It is an hour's walk."

"Whose walk, Miss Halket? I dare say a record smasher might do it in time. But it is an honest five miles."

"It is a favourite place of mine. I get there in an hour."

"Thrle never intended me to get into athletic society," said Wyatt, plaintively. "*Gentle* exercise was what he meant, of course. But what attraction do you find in that uncomfortably situated heap of granite, Miss Halket? I should take it *very* kindly if you would not say—a view."

"I can defend my liking without calling in the view. The Guide Book calls it a principal object of interest. There is a very good Druidical circle just under the tor. That may justify an occasional half hour."

"And you walk up there?"

"I do."

"And back?"

"I don't wonder Mr. Wyatt is surprised, Alice," said Mr. Merrick, seriously. "You will overdo yourself and break down some day."

"Rural postmen are notoriously healthy," retorted Miss Halket.

"Oh, if Miss Halket believes in the Druids," said Wyatt,

"she must have faith enough for any amount of miracle-working. Getting up to that place in an hour is nothing. But the evidence for their existence is a chain principally composed of missing links, is it not?"

"I hope you believe in the Longstone, at any rate," she said.

"The Longstone?"

"It was one of the great sacrificial altars of the West," said Mr. Merrick. "It is hard to think of the Customs of Dahomey being enacted in a quiet place like this, I admit. But you can trace the channels that carried the blood off still."

"*Credo*," said Wyatt. "It is about as good evidence as one gets of atrocities now-a-days, so one ought to be satisfied. And so you are a believer, Miss Halket?"

"I hardly know. The Stone has been central to a great deal of human suffering, I feel certain of that."

"Not very strong evidence to feel certain on, is it?"

"But the feeling is the evidence."

"The evidence is sufficient to justify your feeling, you mean, Alice," said Mr. Merrick. "I am disposed to agree with you. A bare semblance of historical probability is enough for the imagination."

"I did not quite mean that."

She said no more, contented to let the subject drop. Wyatt was possessed by an uneasy wish to continue it.

"How can you feel certain, Miss Halket? I don't understand."

"Of course the proof is only to oneself," she said with a little amusement in her tone. "To many people I dare say it would seem absurd. I was thinking of my own sensation when I am sitting by the Stone."

"Well?"

"Well, it is—like the echo of a tragedy. If I were clairvoyant, I suppose I should be able to grasp with one of my senses this feeling that does not seem to come through any. I can't. Yet I seem very near it, sometimes, too."

"But you don't like it, Miss Halket," said Wyatt, uneasily.

"I like it. I think I am rather attracted by the 'wild surmise' of a new ocean of perception," she said, laughing softly at the sound of the grandiloquent words. "It is as if one's sympathy went out to some ever so remote appeal. Perhaps the victims of your friends, the Druids, are near enough just there to touch the hands we keep stretching out into the dark."

There is a fascination in playing with a nervous repulsion, and the verge of forbidden ground is proverbially attractive. With-

out knowing how, he was perfectly aware that she did not wish to be questioned on the subject of Major Merrick's mental condition and he himself felt the very mention of the man abhorrent. So the opportunity was irresistible.

"Curious, poor Merrick trying to speak to me yesterday, Miss Halket. Was it to me, do you think? I wonder if he will do so again."

He dropped his voice as he spoke and knew that his tone was not quite natural. The path widened just there and Mr. Merrick, who was a few steps ahead, fell back to them or they moved up to him, Wyatt was not certain which.

"I wonder," said Miss Halket, calmly. They were almost close to the Stone and nothing more was said until they reached it. He wished he had not disturbed the sort of camaraderie which he felt while they talked. The sight of poor Merrick made his flesh shrink. He knew now that all the time they were walking he had been carneying, trying to curry favour with her and secure her protection. Now he was in a way alone. The idea of her again looking at him, while he tried to speak to the poor fellow, was terrifying.

Was it resolution or cunning that made him take a few steps in advance and pronounce his greeting to the invalid while the others were behind him? It counterfeited the most off-hand cordiality with very creditable success. But if Merrick had been carved out of granite, he could not well have shown less consciousness of being addressed. The relief to Paul Wyatt was immense, although he had an uneasy intuition of Miss Halket's comprehension of his promptitude. But the thing was over and a weight seemed lifted off his thoughts.

Mr. Merrick's hopefulness was proof against failure.

"Nature will not be dictated to," he said cheerfully. "This apparent perverseness of volition shows that volition is there. We must not be discouraged."

It might have been from a wish to change the conversation that Miss Halket took up her talk with Wyatt spontaneously, just at the point where it had been broken off by his tentative question.

"There are two or three odd things about this place," she said. "We have lost sight of Whinnery Tor, you see. The hills shut it out. But there is a dip which lets you see the slope below it. And it is just there that the circle is. You could see it with a glass from here. And you can see the Stone quite plainly from the circle without a glass at all. It must have been put there on

purpose, I think. And then there is something I only found out yesterday."

She pointed to the north-east.

"Do you see, Mr. Wyatt, how those two tors we are looking at up the other valley seem almost to make one? They really are on opposite sides and half a mile apart, I dare say. They look like a single rock split, don't they? You can just see the light between. Well, yesterday the sun threw a beam through that chink just at the moment of its rising, and struck the Stone full. Midsummer day, you know, the day of its greatest northing. Perhaps the Druids" (she spoke looking at him with a sort of amused defiance of his scepticism), "perhaps that was the reason they chose the Stone for their altar. Put it there, who knows? Can't you fancy the single ray falling on the scarlet stream that dripped into the pool below?"

It was almost as though she had been a witness of his absurd waking panic. He felt no inclination to confess that they had shared the same experience.

"And what were you doing out of doors at that time of day or night, Miss Halket?"

"Ah, what indeed?" said Mr. Merrick. "Wyatt, you must know that this young lady's habits are of the most preposterous sort. She spends hours and hours upon the moor at a time when every one else is in bed, she eats next to nothing and holds meat in as much horror as a Brahmin——"

"And she enjoys the most unvarying good health," said Miss Halket, completing the sentence. "And now I think you must both go for a walk somewhere. Willet will come for us in an hour."

The servant had gone back to the inn as soon as she took his place at his master's side. As they moved away, Wyatt looked back. The bloated, corpse-like figure, sitting as immovable in its attitude of solemn thought as if it had been actually a dead body, fixed mechanically for some ceremonial purpose in that strange posture, the girl silent in her watch at its side, the cowering tree, the evil Stone—it made a picture charged with ominous presage.

"Is it quite safe for Miss Halket to be alone like that?" he asked.

"Safe? Oh, perfectly. Mind and body, you see, are now alike at rest, while the accumulation of vital forces goes on and Nature repairs the material lesions the brain may have suffered. Glaubrecht anticipates,——"

And he rattled off on his favourite subject.

VI.

The advantages of staying where you are, are so obvious that if Nature had not counterbalanced them by the migratory instinct, "J'y suis, j'y reste" would be the cry of universal humanity. Even as it is, there is a time in the life of every man when he eats of Lotus and forgets return. Is it not written in Undine, and have we not all heard the ripples of the lake lap on the margin of the meadow and said, "It is good for us to be here?"

There was no reason why Paul Wyatt should not have moved on. By the end of a week it was clear enough that his presence was not likely to produce any effect upon poor Merrick. But he seemed to have identified himself with the circle of interests, of which the sick man was the centre, and the idea hardly occurred to him. Old Mr. Merrick turned to his society with undisguised relief. His invisible wife, according to Miss Clay's extremely candid account of their domestic existence, made the family interior anything but cheerful. The party occupied a couple of cottages which the growth of the inn had absorbed and reproduced as family quarters. The commissariat of the establishment saved them the trouble of housekeeping, but they lived in other respects very much as if under their own roof. Miss Clay did not occasionally disdain the table d'hôte where she picked up acquaintances enough, as she said, to keep body and soul together. The others lived much retired. This weighed upon Mr. Merrick whose habits were probably social, and Wyatt sometimes suspected that the friendship Miss Halket showed him was nothing more than gratitude for the alleviation he brought to the old man's companionless existence. As the days went on, he became strangely conscious of the charm about her which Miss Clay had described. She attracted and she was unapproachable.

According to that young woman's theory of existence, the masculine world was under contract to supply her with amusement. Looking upon Wyatt as responsible for the debts of his firm, she exacted payment with ruthless severity. For the greater convenience of extortion she adopted him as an intimate and appropriated such of his unoccupied moments as she chose, with the same air of cool authority with which she controlled the whole personnel of the Longstone Inn. And if the establishment did contain one person who was rebel to her dominion, that person was certainly not Paul Wyatt. He submitted unresistingly and by so doing came in for no little contempt on the part of a victim of tougher fibre than his own.

It happened one afternoon that he was pacing up and down

in the orchard walk behind the kitchen garden, smoking the cigarette of meditation in the expectation of receiving a summons to the presence of Miss Clay. He was thinking resignedly what a charming girl she was, and how much he wished she would have the forbearance to allow him to stay at home in peace to watch for the extremely improbable felicity of a chance meeting with Miss Halket, when he heard a call with which he had already had time to grow familiar

"Willum Pike! Wheer be Willum Pike? Miss be a caalling vor Willum Pike"

Between Miss Clay and the patriarch of the farmyard hostilities were always either smouldering or declared. Every other member of the establishment, from the boy Tim who gathered the eggs to Mrs Thrupp herself who ruled her kingdom as autocratically as the Grand Monarque, had fallen victims to her fascinations. Only this single rebel persisted in refusing allegiance. This pricked her pride and she never lost a chance of badgering him. She insisted upon his being the person to bring round her pony, upon his being in attendance when she came in, upon his being called up when she wanted information about the weather. Sometimes she was cajoling, sometimes the two would have a fair stand-up interchange of incivilities, but whenever other amusement failed her, she fell back upon Willum.

From the middle of walls of early peas in the kitchen garden hard by a dolorous snarl arose in response

"Caalling, be hei? Allus caalling and a crying, as a man's life bain't at aze along on her not vor the half of a minnit, it bain't!"

"I be a coming—I be a coming, then," as the call was clamorously repeated, apparently under the stimulus of renewed demands on the part of "Miss."

He hobbled out of the sticks as under a sense of bitter injury and came upon Wyatt whose face was also turned in the direction of the house.

"Sims like as though her had no pace nor rest so long as her bain't a parsuing *one* on us," he observed to Wyatt. "Come along of I. This'll zarve two turns wi' the one trouble."

The two victims of female caprice went round the house together. Miss Clay usually gave her audiences in front, in the most public manner possible.

She was standing in the shadow of the great sycamore at the water, bare-headed of course, but carrying half open the peacock blue sunshade that took the place of head gear in her saunterings about the place. Her costume showed that her intentions were

equestrian, though it had little in common with a riding habit save a certain compactness of cut which gave their fair value to the lines for her elastic figure. She had a fine sentiment for the proprieties of dress and managed to look perfectly in place on a pony twelve hands high with a coat like a Church door-mat.

"Thank you for capturing Willum, Mr. Wyatt," she said as the two came up together. "Willum, where have you been, you bad old man? I have been asking for you this half hour."

"'Twar'n't he as captered I, 'twar I as captered he. I thought as you'd be wanting of un. Zame as most times," sniggered the aged man with grinning intelligence.

"Well, now you are both here," said Miss Clay with much composure, "I suppose I must see what is to be done with you, Willum, I want Jack."

Jack was the pony she chose to affect.

"You'll have to have un, then, I spose," said Willum, after a pause in which he seemed to consider if no just cause or impediment could be alleged to the contrary.

"And a pony for Mr. Wyatt. And Willum, I want to know how to get to Thorn Pen, Tion Pen, whatever you call it."

"Tron Pen, I do call it. Whatever do ee want at Tron Pen? You goes up Chagdun, and crass the mire as is at fut o' th' hill, and up Whinnery Tor. And theer a be most under yer fut. Leastway, theer a war when I zeed un last. Whatever do we want up theer?"

"No good, Willum, you may depend. I am taking you conscientiously through the principal objects of interest," she said, turning to Wyatt, "and this comes next on my list."

"Thanks," said Wyatt with resignation. "That's the place Miss Halket says you can see the Stone from, isn't it? *It's a long way off.*"

"Theer 'twas as them as lived together side o' the moor did use to gather vor to zee th' Zhinzhot on the Stun. Most like heathen Papists they was, vifty year ago. Twenty mile they would come, zum on em," said the old man.

"To see the *what*, Willum?" asked Miss Clay.

"Zhinzhot they did use to call't. I arn't heerd the word not going on vorty year, not till it did come on my tongue this minit. 'Tis th' Zhot o' th' zun on the Stun, like. Zun can't get vor to zhine on un at's virst uprising, nobbut one marning o' th' year as is Midsummer day. A du zhine through a cloven tor, like. And thic theer Tron Pen, volk did gather theer vor to zee it, cos Tron

Pen he du look on th' Stun, though a be better nor three mile away, a be."

"But what on earth did they want to see it for, Willum?"

"Most like Papists they was, I tell ee," repeated Willum with great contempt. "Goes and takes their stand in th' Pen, they does, vor to zee th' zhot. Vetches of em luck, it does. Luck, and a halter wi'ut, like o' he as builded this here house as we're a standing under at this minnit, and hanged hissself like Judas, a did."

"You never did such a thing as go yourself, Willum, of course," said Miss Clay.

"Who be talking to?" retorted Willum scandalized. "There's them in this village as could tell ee, if so be they was not more discreet than tell o' such trade, o' th' evil as comes to such as tempt Providence and pay coort to th' bominations of Moab. 'Tain't as though I war a talking o' what I'd heerd tell on. I du *knaw* ut, I tell ee. 'Tis thic Stun as is at th' bottom of all as du go on. 'Tis along o' *he* as we don't get none but Rittlist passons. Their war my own mother's mother, a vierce woman she war at yarbs and many a one she cured as doctor had give over, she did. Dried of em reglar atop o' Stun, she did, as they hadn't no vartue else. And what come on it? Them as come to her, if they was healed in their bodies they was hurted in their sowls. And she got scolt i' th' end wi' a kettle o' yarbs as she war a biling on and died more like a cray vish nor a Christen woman. And if volk ud hearken to I, they'd take pick in hand and heft ut over into watter."

"So the man who built this house hanged himself, Willum. I never heard that. What did he do that for?"

"Cos his luck it come from th' Zhinzhot" (indignantly). "Times as they was a vighting and a zlaying up Chagivur way. Zeed th' Zhinzhot a did, and rich and mighty a growed and builded this house wi' an upper chamber as should look on Stun so long as th' house do stand. And their 'twar as Zatan vetches un up. Zo zure as Midzummer come round, a did zit, and zit, and look vor th' zhot. And one Midzummer marning—theer a war."

"Hanged?" asked Miss Clay.

The old man nodded.

"The devil!" said Wyatt. "I beg your pardon, Miss Clay."

"Willum," she said, "you are a mine of information. Mr. Wyatt, I shall be ready to start in ten minutes. Ten minutes, Willum. One minute late and —"

THE SHINSHOOT

17

" 'Tain't like as *I* should be late. Zooner I du bring in round and zooner I shall be zhut on ee vor a bit, " said Willum with the air of one producing an irrefutable argument.

(To be continued.)

D. C. PEDDER

England.

RASILİ :
THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Continued from page 72.)

CHAPTER XIX

RASILİ came to the dining-room all aglow with joy. Everything appeared to her bathed in love light, even the roses in cut-glass vases on the dining-table seemed to be smiling in happiness. After dinner they walked out into the moon-lit garden with its beautiful grass lawn and flowers.

"Nothing can suppress the mellow tranquillity of an Indian moonlight night," remarked Miss Greenwood.

"I feel as if the sun is the centre of energy and activity, and the moon symbolises life beyond the grave, its peace, and unbroken calm," replied Rasili, and then after a pause added: "This is the happiest day of my life." She could no longer keep her secret. "I love Ratan Nath," she confessed. "He has offered to marry me."

Miss Greenwood stopped walking, and smiled sadly, almost compassionately. "I never thought your studies had taken you in that direction. We women are strange creatures. We are not content to bear our own burden, but must take upon ourselves the additional burden of others. I suppose you realise why marriage is considered such a sacred thing. It means self-surrender. No joy comes from a union in which each seeks his or her own pleasure."

"It is sweet to give oneself away," said Rasili with a peculiar shyness and sweet emphasis.

"I dare say you feel like this at present, but unless we love truly, we are disenchanted very soon. Marriage has its own responsibilities, it creates new sources of pain and anxiety."

"Pardon my saying so," answered Rasili with great earnestness.

"You don't know what it is to love. Love makes everything beautiful. It is as if the sun entered the heart and filled it with its own radiance."

"Do you really think so?" she asked with a smile. "I hope you both love each other truly. In many cases, six months are long enough to disperse the rainbow radiance of love and the glamour that it creates."

"How I wish all the world were under its glamour! It is the spark of love in every heart that makes life worth loving."

"In any case it has given you the gift of eloquence," observed Miss Greenwood. "Love is the source of both joy and sorrow. It brings more suffering than happiness. What do we not endure under its influence? Ask a wife who has lost her husband, or a mother who has lost her child. She will tell you what it has brought her. Impermanent things can never be perfect. Is it wise to forge new links and lay out new conductors to catch and transmit pain? It is only the love of God which brings everlasting peace."

"Human love perhaps leads to love of God," suggested Rasili. "I regard you as my mother, but you cannot know what it means. It is only when it rises in ocean waves in the deep recesses of the heart that a new sun shines, and a new world comes into existence."

"I can imagine what it must be. It is placing our happiness in other hands. Now look at me; I am all alone, self-sufficient. If I am not ill and can get my bread, there is no reason why I should be unhappy. All my pain comes through my love of others. If you are in pain, I get my share of your pain; if one of my roses begins to droop, it at once becomes a source of anxiety. If I did not care for any of these things, I am sure I would have much less worry. If I devoted myself to God alone, His love would bring me true happiness. He is perfect, while all other things are imperfect and all other love is vain and brings sorrow."

"What is a little anxiety, a little trouble, compared with the joy, the happiness which love brings?" asked Rasili.

"If human love is such," said Miss Greenwood thoughtfully, "you can imagine what joy it must be to love Him, Who is the source of all life, the centre of all beauty. What do you think of the Hindu doctrine which recommends repression of life within itself as the only method of salvation?"

"I don't understand that doctrine. I would rather cease to exist than become entombed in myself. I prefer life as it is responsive to all the life outside, with all its joys and pains. What is the good of becoming a mere stone-image?"

"That is the Hindu ideal of a perfect life," said Miss Greenwood with a smile. "A person who becomes what you call a mere stone-image is regarded as God himself."

"A truce to their deadening theories! I am a living person and susceptible to pleasure and pain. I have no desire to petrify my soul."

"Peace is greater than happiness," say the Brahmans. "It is only accessible to the soul when it retires within itself. The more you allow it to wander and attach itself to external things, the further you are from happiness. I agree with them to a certain extent; distraction is not happiness, but the way to it is not through self-centredness but self-abnegation, not by drawing the self into its sheath, but by opening ourselves to divine love. It is wrong to call self-sufficiency as the supreme state of the mind. The real happiness comes from God. We catch a glimpse of it in selfless action, which is worth all the effort of the soul."

"Love is happiness," said Rasili. "Love leaves no void. It is the fulfilment of all the longings of the soul. It is like a pod of musk which, once broken, fills everything with its perfume."

"Why doesn't it prevail for ever?" enquired Miss Greenwood. "The happiness that it brings is transient. Why does a soul which has been once flooded in by its light still grope for something?"

Rasili strolled on and said after a pause, "I have no experience and can say nothing. I feel at present that I can no more be miserable."

"Is he going to marry you?"

"Of course. I now want your approval and your blessing."

"You have my approval. But he is a Hindu and a Brahman. He can marry as many wives as he likes, and can desert them at his pleasure. He need not even provide for them. I am not quite sure whether under the Hindu Law a marriage between two persons of different castes is possible. If I were you, I would not rush into it, but wait and make sure, that everything is right and good. Do you know any instance where people of different castes have married?"

"No," said Rasili, as a shiver passed through her body. She steadied herself and added, "Things are changing and he cares little for custom. Under ordinary conditions such a marriage is not at all possible."

"There will be no difficulty if he is willing to live his own life. The Brahmo-Marriage Act provides for a civil marriage. I think

you could marry under it. Of course you will have to make a declaration that you do not belong to any known religion. I think it is time that it were modified into a real civil marriage act. Why should any one make any declaration?"

"I wonder if he would make the declaration. I don't know if it would be right for him to sacrifice every one for my sake."

"You think that his people won't receive you."

"Can you doubt it?" asked Rasili. "They would cut him off completely. They would not even drink the water that he touches, but then he is not going to live here. We will go to some big city and live our own lives."

"His life is his own. If he chooses, he can give it to you and make you happy," said Miss Greenwood. "But has he taken his degree and qualified himself for work? If not, you should wait."

"No, he has not finished his college career as yet," said Rasili. "I suppose I must wait, though every moment without him now appears as long as years." Then she added with a sigh, "I cannot let him sacrifice his career. It makes me sad to think that my love for him will give pain to his mother, who perhaps regards him as the star of her life; his sister and father and all. Is it right for me to bring all this pain and suffering on his people?"

"Can you help it? I see the hand of God in this also. Perhaps He wants you to break the bonds of caste and creed. You must of course wait till he has taken his degree, if your mutual love stands the test of time and separation. It will be time to think of marriage then."

Rasili made no reply but bowed in assent, but her heart was like the storm-tossed sea. Now she sank in deep despair and felt as if she were again in a famine-camp, wanting only a crust of bread, conscious only of gnawing hunger, then the great love within her would rise and lift her on to the rippling, sunlit waves of hope. What mattered the world and its opinion and petty conventionalities? The zealous God of Love would have all: life, heart and soul. She walked silently to and fro as reason and love fought for mastery; reason was full of apprehensions, considered every little thing and its consequences, weaving its dark veil bit by bit to darken the future and yet disappearing before the onrush of love as if it had no reality.

It was already late. Miss Greenwood bade her good night and retired. Rasili too went to her room and undressed in the silence of her chamber. She laid herself down on her bed, covered herself with a sheet and closed her eyes to sleep, but sleep would not come.

her mind was full of a thousand thoughts. It was working at a tremendous speed and would not allow her brain to rest. She tried to compose herself, but it was no use. She sat up in her bed, and let her mind wander, now in sunlit fields of hope and promise, then in deserts of life, all bare and pitiless. For the first time she realised what a blessing it was to sleep. Death too must be sweet, she thought, if it were not haunted by dreams. As in sleep we make our own heaven and hell, our own thoughts visit us with the nakedness of reality, and they perhaps follow us after death. If it was not possible to take up the thread of existence after awakening, life would lose its continuity. It would be no more than a dream. What is love? She tried to define it to herself. Is it a kind of madness? What is a mad man? A person who has lost the anchor of reason and knows not where he is and what he does. Is not a person who loves mad also? He too bids good-bye to reason and follows, he knows not, what. Are not religious men mad with the love of God? Then she thought of a beautiful girl she had seen in the mad-house with Miss Greenwood, and asked: "Is the beautiful girl in the mad-house insane? Is it painful to her? She in any case appears happy. She finds the face of the beloved in every one and everything. She gives all she has: her clothes, her shoes, her money. Is she really mad, or has she crossed the limits of self? If she had an awakened soul, she would find the world and its activities so amusing. She must be laughing at the insanity of her friends—busy in their poison and honey-making, and following phantoms. Her friends call her mad and are anxious to restore her to normal life. Why should she return to normal life when she finds happiness in her new condition and experiences a feeling of exaltation and inexpressible bliss? Love, she argued, is something like this insanity; it has nothing in common with what the world calls happiness. It brings its own joy, its own sorrow, its own sweetness. Who would go back to sedate normal life who has tasted its delirious joy? She often wondered if he too was sitting up in his bed, and whether their minds met in one single thought, making and unmaking plans, and breaking love-light in the prism of their minds and weaving a glowing future. She was not wrong; he too was sitting up. The clock struck 12, then 1, then 2, and still for them there was no sleep. Their thoughts centred in a single idea, and left no room for sleep. Dawn was nearly breaking when the morning breeze waved its magic wand over her children, and put them to sleep. It was past eight when she opened her eyes, and sat up in her

bed. A fresh morning breeze was still blowing and calling her to the garden outside, to the life in the open, in tune with Nature's own joy. She got up, had her bath, put on her dress, and went into the garden to the spot where she had left him last night, and he was there before her, as if he had never left the place. His face was a shade paler, but as he saw her, it lit up with a new joy and a new hope.

"I could not sleep," he said. "I could not rest the whole night. I waited for the morning with an uncontrollable impatience and was here before sunrise. Have you talked to Miss Greenwood? Have you secured her approval?"

"I have," said Rasili, as her heart leaped within her, but she added sadly, "it cannot be soon. We must wait till you have taken your degree. You are making a great sacrifice. You must wait and see if our love can stand the test of time."

"That is what Miss Greenwood advises you," he said. "What is your own opinion? Are you for delay? Do you feel uncertain? Do you think mine is a passing fancy which may change?"

"Change? Never! But we are blind with love. We cannot see what is good for us. We must follow the advice of those who love us. As for me, I see my happiness in anything that pleases you."

"Then why wait, why prolong my suffering?"

"Because it is for our good, because it is the advice of one who has been a mother to me. I must not mar your career. You have not taken your degree. You can never take it again."

"I must take my degree. I must work for you, and give you a beautiful home, a little temple for the queen of my heart."

"Yes, don't you see?" continued Rasili. "We shall have to go to some distant place, away from friends, get married under the Brahmo Marriage Act and live happily together."

"We cannot marry under that Act," he said, as a shiver passed through his body. "I am already married."

"Married! My God. What do you mean?"

"Listen to me," he entreated. "I never married, I have never seen her. The whole thing had gone entirely out of mind. I have absolutely forgotten it. My sister reminded me of it yesterday. I was married when I was not more than seven years of age. I don't accept it as marriage. It was a farce and that is all."

"What of her?" she asked. "She has been united to you for ever. Can you free her from the bond? Can you give her liberty? My God! My God!" she burst into sobs.

"Don't give way to despair," he said, taking her into his arms. "What are others to us when we are happy? I want you to give me your life. Trust in me. What are laws, what are social codes? Two souls that are truly united can laugh at the petty conventionalities of the world."

"I am yours for ever. I am worn out with the fight with myself. Don't make me fight it out again with you."

"Are you afraid lest I should fail you?"

"No. No."

"Do you regard our union as a sin?"

"I don't know; God will judge in His Infinite love. And I am not afraid, but what of your mother, your sister, your child-wife, who has not perhaps seen you as yet. Shall she drag on her existence in woe while you enjoy yourself? No, No. It cannot be. If she could also marry, it would be quite different, but she cannot. Don't you understand?"

"I understand nothing. I can think of nothing but you. I will turn a Christian and marry you in a Church. Will that satisfy you?"

"Let us wait," she said with great effort. "God will open out some way; we will get married and live together if He wishes, otherwise," she broke into a sob, "I must wait for death. I cannot go and live with you unless I am married. It would make me for ever a woman of reproach. You know what it means."

"No. I don't know it," he said. "We can live it all down. The world has a short memory. It is wide enough for us to go and choose our own little corner."

"The world forgets everything, even murder, but it never forgets breach of what it calls moral law—never."

"Leave the world to wallow in its own mire," he persisted. "Be true to yourself. We will go away to some distant land, and make a home of our own—and live there—you and I."

"Don't. Pray, don't tempt me."

"You would like it."

"Why do you ask me? Can I be happy in any place which is not lit up by your face?"

"Come with me then," he said taking her hands and gripping them as if he was afraid they would slip away.

"No," she said as she looked up into his eyes in a mute appeal, but beneath it, through it, above it, in it, there was love—infinite, all-absorbing, inexpressible, deep, everlasting love.

"You must come," he repeated, "I cannot live without you."

Tears rolled from her eyes as she nestled closer to him, and laid

her head on his broad shoulder. The struggle was well-nigh beyond her strength, she felt she could not endure it. She sobbed in a state of utter helplessness.

After a little while she steadied herself, lovingly put her arm round his neck and after a long while said: "I cannot say what I feel, for I feel too much. We love each other, so we must suffer for each other. The sufferings will turn into joy under the light of such love as ours."

"You must come with me," he said almost harshly. "Tell me that you don't love me, and I will go out into the world and never come to you again. I cannot leave you here, I cannot. You *must* come with me."

"If it were only for myself, I would come, but it will bring unhappiness to you. I would go through shame, disgrace, everything for you—with you, but I cannot bear to think that I go to you only to bring pain and anxiety. Now go, take your degree, carve a career for yourself. In a year's time we shall be able to decide, and then if you wish I will go with you."

"Let it be as you wish," he said in despair. "I will work like a slave. In a year's time I will be a graduate and an LL.B., and then you will come with me. Promise."

"Need I promise? You know that your least wish is my law. I shall wait with eagerness for your return, your picture is engraved on the mirror of my heart. I have only to look within to meet you. When the hearts' and souls' lives are united, distance and time can make no difference. We will soon meet, never to part again; the idea will sustain and help me."

"Your words are like music to me," he said, trying to suppress his feelings.

"We shall meet never to part again," she murmured as she clung to him; it seemed so hard to lose him. She felt as if she could not let him go. Her strength was all gone, now she longed to be his, now and at once, in spite of the world, in spite of everything and anything."

They were still talking and did not see Miss Greenwood, who had come to water her flowers. She coughed to announce her presence and then joined them.

"You have been a very successful tutor indeed," she said in a jesting manner. "You have given lessons in other things than mere literature. She has made remarkable progress."

"Indeed," he replied absently, as his eyes rested on Rasili, standing apart, a coy maiden with all the shyness of an Indian girl, her face suffused with blushes.

"She has indeed," repeated Miss Greenwood. "She has made the spirit of life her own. When she reads the Ramayan to me, she reads with such deep feelings."

"I have given her my all," he said, no longer able to talk of anything else. "I have given her my life, my heart, my soul."

"You can never hide love," said Miss Greenwood with pleasure. "Have you decided to marry her right off?"

"No. She won't consent to it. She pleads a thousand things and refuses to listen to me for the present. In fact, under the ordinary conditions we cannot marry, but we will turn Christians and get married. I am tired of caste and creed which make so light of human life. Do you know I was married when seven years of age?"

"Married!" said Miss Greenwood, shocked "You had no right to play with the feelings of my girl when you knew you were already married."

"I forgot all about it, in the great love that arose within me," he said. "I was married when I was a boy. I have never seen my wife as yet. What cursed customs we have! I have not been invited to go and fetch my wife as her people have become poor and cannot afford to pay the prescribed amount. I have never thought of it at all. It is no marriage, it is not binding on me, I refuse to recognise it," he protested.

"How awful!" said Miss Greenwood. "How can a country prosper which makes so light of human life, human love and human happiness? Here are two lives, perhaps three, ruined for all times, merely because people must blindly follow old customs. What can you do but live your miserable life?"

"These customs were suited when people had no individuality, when marriage was a mere animal relation, but it is dreadful now; it means such sacrifice of life, happiness, everything."

"Yet there are people who go out of their way to uphold these customs. When ordinary logic fails to support their senseless theories, they fish out some esoteric explanation."

"Our marriage custom kills all individuality, all aspiration, all work. Our people have to pay for the murder of souls."

"Truly, the Brahmins, in their eagerness to establish their own supremacy, have destroyed a whole nation," said Miss Greenwood. "Failing to subdue the warrior race in the open field, even though God Himself incarnated in the person of Parsu Ram to destroy the Chhatras, they devised a system which silently undermined all national life. It reduced the people to a state of serfdom for the benefit of the Brahmins."

"The Brahmins," said Ratan Nath, "laugh at a person if he has the courage to point out the defects of Indian polity. They would stone a man who says that all is not right. But if you only begin to praise the glory of their forefathers, if you talk of the great Indian nation and uphold every rotten custom, from the enforced widowhood to the usual touch-me-not caste distinctions, you are accepted as a prophet. Your path is clear, and there will be many who would wash your feet and drink the soiled water as if it were the nectar of immortality."

"You are not exaggerating; this is what I have myself seen and observed," said Miss Greenwood. "They are not the friends of India who obscure the truth by talking of the past glories of India—the past which nursed the seed of its present degradation."

"What right have we to cavil at the conservatism of the Government, when in our homes we think all change a sin? The Government is not perfect, I acknowledge; but it is the best Government for India. It has only taken up threads of old customs and woven them into a system. It is we who must move. I am not going to bow down to the old custom and kill myself. I am going to defy the world, and win my happiness. I shall soon be independent, free to do as I please."

"I hope you will do what is right," said Miss Greenwood. "My prayers will go for your happiness," thus saying she left them alone and walked away.

Rasili and Ratan Nath sat together for a long, long while, breathing the fragrance of love and dreaming and planning a future over which rested sunshine and clouds.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

Kheri District, Oudh.

CURRENT EVENTS

The speech with which Lord Islington opened the proceedings of the Public Service Commission at Madras made an excellent impression upon the Indian community. Pessimists and congenital sceptics commonly assert that Commissions are appointed in order

**The Public
Service.**

to shelve delicate and difficult questions, or to seek shelter behind a crowd of witnesses holding divergent opinions. Lord Islington's speech prepares the Indian public to expect substantial changes in the way in which the Civil Services are recruited, and perhaps in the prospects of the recruits. The Secretary of State's good faith in instituting the enquiry cannot be disputed, but the evidence given before the Commission discloses such a variety of opinion—a variety too, which runs closely parallel to racial lines—which cannot but cause perplexity to the Commission and to the Secretary of State. As a rule, Europeans are opposed to the holding of simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service, while Indians are mostly in favour of the change. A few witnesses have taken up the extreme attitude that in the present circumstances of the country the masses have more faith in European administrators than in the educated men of their own country, and it is not desirable to afford any facilities to Indians to get into the Indian Civil Service. Most European witnesses, however, have expressed the view that the expansion of the Indian element in the Service must be gradual, and that inasmuch as it is gradually expanding with the spread of education, the wearing away of prejudices against foreign travel, and the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the educated classes, it is unnecessary and inadvisable to provide for a sudden or rapid influx of Indians into the highest Service by holding the examination in India as well

as in England. The expense incurred in sending young men to England without any certainty of reaping an adequate return does not probably strike Englishmen as a great piece of hardship, because they have themselves to send their children to England for education while serving in India. In their case, however, the hardship is inevitable, and, to a certain extent, compensated by the comparatively high salaries which they receive in India. The law of parsimony requires that inevitable hardships should not be unnecessarily multiplied. The opposition to the proposal to hold simultaneous examinations is generally inspired by the fear that the Indian element may grow excessively large if the expense of the preliminary English education is spared, and the character of the administration may be changed, not to speak of the danger to the stability of British rule. This danger, if real, may no doubt be provided against by ensuring an adequate proportion of the British element in the Service, but many shrink from such a direct and straightforward solution of the difficulty, because they are unable to suggest any principle on which the minimum can be based. One may suggest the principle that the proportion of the European officials in a district should be so fixed that they may be always able to come in contact with the leaders of the Indian community, but it is obviously inexpedient to state with precision the proportion of appointments which Europeans and Indians may hold at the centres of authority and in each department. It should not, however, be impossible to make a rough initial estimate of the proportion of the British element that would be necessary in the Service in case simultaneous examinations bring in a large influx of Indian recruits, but the time will not arrive for some years to come to face the difficulty. Notwithstanding the aptitude of Indians to pass examinations, it will take some time before the machinery to prepare candidates for so difficult a test as the Civil Service examination comes into existence, and it may be doubted whether it is incumbent on Lord Islington's Commission to do anything more than reserve specially for future consideration the adjustment of the different elements in the Service when the equilibrium is upset, or is threatened in future years when simultaneous examinations are held, or indeed even if they are not held.

Analogous to the question of maintaining a definite proportion

of the representatives of the British race in the Service is that of securing a due representation of the various Indian communities who have no faith in one another, and who, at any rate, consider it just that the opportunity to serve the Government to the highest capacities should be given not merely to those who can compete successfully in a literary test, but must also be extended to other classes who have other qualifications not less valuable to the public in carrying on the work of administration. The Hindu caste system is believed by its apologists to be based on a theory of natural aptitudes. Assuming that these innate qualities exist in the different classes, their exclusive and invariable possession by the individual members of each class is doubtful, and class representation in the public service can be advocated, if at all, on a theory of conflicting class interests rather than of natural aptitudes. The Government of India has for years past tried to secure in the public service a fair proportion of competent members of all Indian communities. Thus in the instructions issued to the Local Governments on the recruitment of the Provincial Civil Services, judicial as well as executive, it is laid down that the rules must be adapted, on the one hand, to obtain thoroughly efficient candidates and, on the other, to secure the due representation in the public service of the different classes of the community. The classes that generally succeed in the competition have constantly raised the question whether the rejection of the more successful competitors in an examination to provide for inferior men of other communities, or, in fact, the recruitment of the services on any other principle than that of competition, is consistent with the Queen's Proclamation of 1858. The Proclamation states that, so far as may be, the subjects of the British Government of whatever race or creed will be freely and impartially admitted to offices in its service. The intellectually backward classes argue that this promise is intended to open the door impartially to all races and creeds and, to remove any disabilities which might have been created on the ground of race or creed, and that the policy of securing the representation of as many communities as possible in the public service is more in conformity with the intention of the Proclamation than the rejection of intellectually inferior candidates by the exclusive adoption of the competitive test, so long as the candidates are found qualified by their education, ability and integrity duly to discharge the duties of

the offices which they seek. If there is nothing wrong or inconsistent with the policy of securing a due representation of the different classes of the Indian community in the public service for one reason, it would be equally justifiable to secure a due representation of the British community for another. Political considerations, on which the European community will necessarily lay stress, as well as the consciousness of conflicting interests among the various classes into which the Indian community is divided, give rise to very delicate and difficult questions in connection with the composition and recruitment of the public service.



It is much to be regretted that the wounds received by H. E. the Viceroy in December have not healed as speedily as was at one time expected. A second operation under chloroform had to be performed for the extraction of small particles of wood and metal.

**The Outrage and
its lessons.**

Notwithstanding his weakness and the pain of the wounds, His Excellency opened in person the first meeting of his Legislative Council at Delhi with a speech charged with kindly and noble sentiments and a weighty appeal to the people of India. His Majesty King George V, on his accession to the throne, graciously declared that he would commit himself and the Queen to the care of the people. His Majesty's highest representative in India has from the commencement of his Viceroyalty followed the policy of committing himself and his noble consort to the care of the people of India. His visit to the Calcutta students unattended by his usual retinue was an indisputable illustration of the confidence which he had resolved to place in the inhabitants of Bengal. Unfortunately India is not England. The perpetrators of the outrage upon him at Delhi have not yet been detected. The rewards offered for giving information which would lead to the detection, both by the Government and by some of the Indian Chiefs, were handsome and tempting, and a consolidated reward of no less than a lakh of rupees has since been offered. The police may have obtained clues which are necessarily kept secret; and the prospect of making a fortune and of obtaining smaller rewards will undoubtedly induce every one who has any information of any value to communicate to the police to come forward and

help in the detection of the culprits. The profound mystery that shrouds the crime seems to prove that the anarchical movement works in the most obscure recesses of society. That it is alive and active is almost certain. The notices reported to have been put up in more places than one justifying the outrage upon the Viceroy afford clear evidence of the survival of the anti-British sentiment here and there, notwithstanding the policy of trust and conciliation followed by Lord Hardinge, in which no other statesman could have surpassed him, consistently with the dignity of his office and the prestige of Government. In Karachi, which was recently visited by H. E. the Governor of Bombay, the materials for making a bomb are reported to have been discovered in a temple, and the story adds that someone, with a suspicious-looking bundle about him, was enquiring the whereabouts of the Governor. Lord Hardinge and Lord Sundenham are alike unable to believe that the crime of the 23rd of December could be the independent act of an isolated fanatic. The attempt to wreck Lord Carmichael's train some months ago, the murder of a police officer at Dacca, the outrage at Delhi, together with the subsequent indications to which we have referred, seem to confirm the lesson derived from the past history of anarchical outrages, that the perpetrators of such daring crimes do not work single handed, but are aided by other conspirators. The difficult task of hunting down the enemies of Government must be left to the police; and in view of the secrecy with which the conspirators work, and the terror of vengeance which they inspire in possible informers, we are afraid the police will not receive the help which, it seems, they receive in other countries in the detection of crimes. While the police must be tracking the criminals after an outrage is committed, the lovers of peace and safety of life, the friends of Government, and the upholders of authority are bound to consider the etiology of political crimes. Having reversed the partition of Bengal and tried in every way possible to endear himself to the people of India, Lord Hardinge at last finds that anarchism could not have found support or excuse in India in temporary grievances, real or fancied, such as he could remove and it is now time for the people to consider whether the intemperate language often used by the critics of Government, and the questionable doctrines popularised among the rising generation consistently with the law of sedition, do not

prepare the ground for the conspiracies which result in violence. A suggestion of this kind will not indeed be readily accepted in many quarters, and it may even be resented. Even if it is accepted, it will take a considerable time before criticism, accustomed to a certain groove and tone in the past, can adjust itself to the requirements of a generally appreciative attitude towards the official world, and of cordial fellow-feeling for the British race, and attachment to the British Government. Yet after the appeal made by H. E. the Viceroy to the people of India to consider earnestly the grave questions suggested by the attempt upon his life, they cannot long defer an anxious and impartial examination of the methods of political criticism now in vogue, and the political ideals preached to the young.



The month of February begins with a rather gloomy outlook.

The negotiations for peace between Turkey and the Balkan allies have been broken off, and war has been resumed. Some of the European statesmen are reported to have told the friends of Turkey plainly that the future of the Ottoman Empire must lie in Asia Minor, and the Sultan can have in Europe only a nominal footing. There has been a change of ministry in Turkey, and the responsible statesmen will undoubtedly realise that radical changes in the administration of the Empire will be needed, and they must be carried out with the help of foreign organisers and experts, if necessary. Turkey was not prepared for the war when attacked by the Balkan allies, and her pecuniary resources cannot stand a long strain. There does not seem to be much hope in the circumstances that she will emerge out of the struggle with flying colours. The despair of Turkey will throw the Mahomedan community in India into a correspondingly despondent frame of mind. The Government will have to be watchful, and the anxiety caused by the situation may tell upon the health of the Viceroy, whose health is already weak, and whose wounds have not yet healed. In England, the House of Lords, as expected, has thrown out the Irish Home Rule Bill, and a general election seems to be inevitable. If a different party is returned to power, the probability of a constant conflict of opinion may add to the Viceroy's anxieties, though a wise Secretary of State may smooth

all difficulties for him, and the two may pull together amicably as in the days of Lord Morley and Lord Minto. Altogether the time is one of uncertainties and anxieties.

Indian architecture has been studied by many enthusiastic scholars ; much valuable literature has been published upon the subject, and a whole Government department devotes itself to the study and care of ancient monuments. Did the Hindus study

**A Book on
Orissa.**

architecture or engineering as a science ? How could they otherwise bring so many admirable temples and other durable structures into existence ? A few works on the *Shilpashastra* of the Hindus have already been published, and more are likely to see the light of day. But few scholars appear to have taken the trouble to study the works and ascertain how far the existing buildings conform to the directions given therein. Mr. Mano Mohan Ganguly is perhaps the first Indian who has studied the architectural remains of Orissa from a scientific point of view. Besides giving a minute description, with critical comments, of certain famous temples, Mr. Ganguly discusses the general principles followed by the architects in the light of the ancient literature on the subject and the elaborate measurements taken by him with modern instruments. Mr. Ganguly has thus given to the students of Indian architecture a work of great scientific value, and broken new ground in a direction not yet generally pursued. The writings of certain European scholars are popularising the belief that stone buildings were rare, if at all known, in India before the days of Asoka, who employed foreign architects. General Cunningham has recorded that at least one stone building nearly 250 years older than the date of Asoka is still in existence at the old Rajagriha. Mr. Ganguly argues that as some of the caves of Orissa are at least as old as the invasion of Alexander, and some elaborate ones are little later, and as the excavation of a cave temple requires greater skill and experience than the construction of a building, entailing a manipulation of isolated stone blocks, the Indians must have been familiar with the art of building stone temples long prior to the Greek invasion. Another theory which Mr. Ganguly challenges is that the smaller caves must have been constructed before the larger ones, and they testify to a gradual

evolution of the art. In Mr. Ganguly's opinion, the size of and the labour bestowed upon, these abodes of the monks varied with the means of the charitable and pious persons who provided such forms of shelter to the ascetics, and size was independent of chronology. The presence of obscene figures in sacred places has puzzled many. Mr. Ganguly endorses the popular explanation given to him that their object was to avert the evil eye. With all the minute study which the learned author has made of the ancient technical works, he has not been able to find a clue to the mechanism and means employed by the old builders in hoisting stone blocks and iron beams to great heights. He rejects as improbable the explanation that the builders resorted to the contrivance of the inclined plane made of sand as a statical machine, and that the blocks had to be dragged along the line of the greatest slope. He thinks it can be safely asserted that some sort of staging was made, over which the blocks were hoisted by means of winches, and that the Hindus must have been acquainted with the use of some sort of pulley, however crude it might have been in design. He has not, however, come across any technical term for a pulley, or a winch, or any description thereof. The builders of these temples did not care for economy; They aimed more at durability. Utilitarianism is a grand name for selfishness, and it would have been out of place in temples where the worshippers must stand in admiration and awe, and must not think of sparing pice or pains.

"Poems of Life and Form," by L. F. Wynne Ffoulkes.

(Methuen & Co., Ltd, 36 Essex Street, London, W. C.)

It has often been said that it is originality of character and thought, and not of form, which modern poetry lacks. There are innumerable forms which the diverse poetical practice of ages has put at the disposal of versifiers, and whoever has anything to say can find it possible to say it strongly, newly, and entirely in his own way, within the limits of accepted and familiar standards of versification. It is the impoverishment of subject-matter which is the chief cause of decadence in any art, and poetry is likely to suffer most from this impoverishment, unless the votaries of the art conquer the entire province of thought and learn to

express in metre and rhyme the emotions that are stirred by all the living ideas and ideals which move the modern intellectual world. Considered from this point of view, the book of verses before us is not only a triumph of form but also a good attempt to express in poetry thoughts and sentiments which usually fall within the domain of prose. Various forms have been used, forms that are not in common vogue, such as the "Virelai," the "Kyrielle," the "Roundel," the "Triolet," the dainty "Villanelle," and others, and all have been handled with skill and delicacy. With the sonnet, Mrs. Wynne Ffoulkes is peculiarly happy, and in it she is seen at her best. The language, too, is choice and refined, and the verses are marked by graceful expression and a vague but sweet tunefulness. It is, however, the number of subjects chosen that will interest her readers even more, for they are wide in range, and her thoughts are as clear as they are full of originality and force.

Many of the poems are dedicated to the charms of Nature, and display a subtle combination of beauty, movement, and fine workmanship. We may not find in them all that comprises the highest lyric—the keen, emotional delight, the mental thrill, the glow of soul, the yearning for some abstract spirit of beauty and loveliness—such as, for instance, we find in Shelley. There are also lines here and there in her poems which verge a little too much on the prosaic; but in between come brilliant examples of cleverness, magical use of words, proofs of sound learning, and just those touches of the mystic's delight in Nature which lift poetry into the regions of true romance. For example, what can be more suggestive than the closing lines on "Night":—

"Mankind would be in sorry plight,
If glimpses of Eternal Light
Come only with the Sun's warm ray,
And, in the night-time, would not stay,
So, in the dark 'Abyss of Height,'
I welcome thee."

Or what more beautiful than this image:—

"And then, again, I've seen the water sprite,
Gleaming in phosphorescence rich and rare;
Dipping and floating in the pale moonlight,
Folded in lily leaves, and wondrous fair."

There are also poems of deep intellectual thought, spontaneous expressions of the religious mind. Matthew Arnold has said that "more and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." It is this kind of poetry that is found largely in the volume before us. It is poetry which appeals to the brighter side, the higher possibilities of the modern man. The series of Sonnets headed "Ab Initio" and also the Sonnets on the "Seven Principles" of man, as understood by the Eastern schools of thought, are especially in point. They deal with abstract principles and philosophic ideas; and the diction is stately and dignified, well-suited to the theme. The following are only a few specimens:—

"Forthwith, the inextinguishable Spark,
The Master Essence of the All-Divine,
Issued, transcendent, from the Holy Shrine,
To penetrate the realm of utter dark!"

Or this:—

"Immortal Word of Life! Concealed, Divine,
Perfect, and Manifest on Earth to be;
Type of all Types, Supreme Epitome,
Whose Love the Boundless Space shall not confine:
Beloved Master of Supernal Light,
In Thee, O Radiant One, there is no Night!"

Here is a splendid apostrophe to *Buddhi* or the Spirit of Wisdom:—

"Wisdom and Love Supreme! Truth's Boundless Sea!
Concrete in Manhood, and revealed to sight!
Communicated Power, to live aright
Through One Eternal Channel ceaselessly!
Soul-life! that broodeth o'er the things that be,
Mysterious Rapport! Mystic dawn of Light,
The Magic Touch that probed Earth's darkest night;
And pierced the cloud that veiled Eternity."

"Immortal" may not be the word one can use of the verses we have here reviewed, but accomplishment at its best can almost be a substitute for immortality, and this gifted lady has achieved it with conspicuous success. Almost every poem in the volume shows

her a true singer. She never wholly misses beauty, though perhaps she never achieves a beauty that one would wager to be time-proof. Yet Mrs. Wynne Ffoulkes sings with rare delicacy and charm of expression. She carries her emotions into a rapt contemplation of the Universe without chilling or turning our speech to cold, scientific jargon. At times abstruse, sometimes prosaic, often resplendent, always refreshing, her work leaves behind a lasting impression on the thinking mind, and we recommend her poems specially to our Indian readers, for they are replete with Eastern lore and breathe the spirit of deep, philosophic thought and unceasing inquiry after the truth.

B. J. W.

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POLICE ATROCITIES IN INDIA.

THE gravest charges against our Indian Police are being reiterated in the most persistent way both by politicians in England and by the Native Press in India. It is said that the police systematically employ tortures, often of the most diabolical nature, in order to extort confessions from suspected persons. So far as Lord Curzon's famous Police Commission is concerned, its only effect seems to have been to increase the virulence and the number of these charges. If these accusations, so wide-spread and so incessant, are even approximately true, the only conclusion is that they constitute an appalling blot upon British administration, and that the most radical reforms are instantly demanded. The good name of the English Government cannot be entrusted to an agency which so grossly abuses its powers.

I, in common with other European Police Officers in India, have very good reasons for holding that although isolated instances of torture may, and do, occur, yet in the great majority of cases the charges are absolutely false, and that the constant repetition of these monstrous accusations constitutes a gross libel on the police force which we have created in India. The insistence on these odious charges cannot but deprive officers and men alike both of their self-respect and of the public confidence. It is, in short, rendering police work impossible.

One way or the other, whether, on the one hand, the charges are true, and we have in our employment men who are destitute of honour and conscience, or whether, on the other hand, the good name of an honourable body of public servants is besmirched and befouled by a campaign of unparalleled vituperation, the position is

nothing less than a public scandal which it is imperative to put an end to. My immediate object in writing this paper is not to enter upon a discussion as to the truth or the falsehood of either hypothesis, but to show that whatever be the facts, there is a very simple remedy by which the present intolerable series of accusations and rejoinders may once for all be effectually terminated. But before I proceed to state the reform that is needed, it is necessary to sketch the conditions of the existing controversy.

That the traditional procedure in India prior to the establishment of British rule was to beat or otherwise torture a suspected person until he confessed, will not of course be denied. Equally, I hope, it may be admitted that the object of our administrators has been to prevent the occurrence of such acts of barbarism under our Raj. Section 330 of the Indian Penal Code is sufficiently explicit. It enacts, *inter alia*, that whoever voluntarily causes hurt for the purpose of extorting from the sufferer, or any person interested in the sufferer, any confession which may lead to the detection of an offence, shall be punished with imprisonment for a term which may extend to seven years, and shall also be liable to a fine. The Code adds the following "illustration." A, a police-officer, tortures Z in order to induce Z to confess that he committed a crime. A is guilty of an offence under this section. One of the main objects of appointing an European Superintendent of Police to each district is to insure that his subordinates are not guilty of any such mal-practices. I need hardly say that European officers regard with horror the acts referred to in the above section, while at the same time they are ready to defend their men when charges which, upon investigation, prove to be unfounded, are brought against them.

What happens over and over again is just this. Some villagers are prosecuted before a magistrate on a charge, say, of house-breaking and theft. There is a certain amount of evidence against them; witnesses testify that they saw the accused lurking about the complainant's premises, and some brass pots and so on are produced which were found in the possession of the accused and which the prosecutor alleges to be his. All this is not very conclusive. For one thing brass pots are remarkably like each other; and to establish identity satisfactorily is not easy. Then to strengthen the case there comes in the prisoner's confession. That

confession has been recorded by a magistrate strictly in accordance with law. No police officers were present while it was being made. In the Bombay Presidency for many years past it has been ordered by Government that a confessing person is to be specifically asked by the magistrate if he has any complaint to make of ill-treatment by the police. Nay more, the magistrate has to examine the person of the accused to see if there are any marks of torture upon him. To my knowledge, a magistrate usually directs an accused, who is brought before him for the purpose of having his confession recorded, to sit still for an hour or so, and think it over quietly before he makes any statement. All these precautions have been scrupulously observed. But when Govind or Rama is undergoing his trial, perhaps a fortnight after the confession was taken down, he says that there is not a word of truth in it, and insists that he only made it, because the police tortured him. The scene then changes. A side-issue has been introduced. A red herring has been successfully drawn over the scent. It is no longer Rama and Govind who form the subject of the inquiry, but the police. The whole of the evidence in the case is now regarded as tainted. A withdrawn confession ! That damns the case for the prosecution. The accused are released ; and an investigation of the high-handed proceedings of the police drags out its weary length for weeks, with the probable result that the charges against them are neither completely proved nor disproved.

The whole matter is of such immense importance that it is necessary to quote in full the sections of the Criminal Procedure Code which relate to confessions. Section 162 lays down that "No statement made by any person to a police-officer in the course of an investigation shall, if taken down in writing, be signed by the person making it, nor shall such writing be used as evidence." Thus no confession recorded by the police can be produced in court by the prosecution as part of the case against the accused. Section 163 says, " No police officer or person in authority shall offer or make, or cause to be offered or made any such inducement, threat or promise as is mentioned in the Indian Evidence Act, 1872, section 24." This means, any inducement, threat or promise whatsoever. " But no police-officer or other person shall prevent, by any caution or otherwise, any person from making, in the course of any investigation, any statement which he may be disposed to make of his own free will." Section 164 says, " Every Magistrate,

not being a police-officer, may record any statement or confession made to him in the course of an investigation, or at any time afterwards before the commencement of an inquiry or trial. No Magistrate shall record any such confession unless upon questioning the person making it, he has reason to believe that it was made voluntarily; and when he records any confession, he shall make a memorandum at the foot of such record to the following effect :—

“ I believe that this confession was voluntarily made. It was taken in my presence and hearing, and was read over to the person making it, and admitted by him to be correct, and it contains a full and true account of the statement made by him.

(Signed) A. B.—
Magistrate.”

How would it be possible to design ampler precautions against any irregularity or misconduct? And yet the result is fiasco after fiasco, the release of numbers of offenders who ought to undergo imprisonment, scandalous waste of time of the courts, reluctance of witnesses to give evidence, because their trouble will most probably go for nothing, and the paralysis of the police force. The situation has become intolerable.

That in some cases the charges against the police are true I have already admitted. This is what Mr. Montagu M.P., Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India, wrote to a correspondent in September last: “ The annual average number of convictions for torture during the last six years is nine! This, out of a force of 177,000, is a record, of which many European forces might be proud.” But what is asserted by Members of Parliament in this country, and by scores, not to say hundreds, of Indian newspaper editors, is that the figures given by Mr. Montagu represent an infinitesimal percentage of the actual cases, and are, in fact, entirely misleading. Question after question in the House of Commons implies the belief that all, or practically all, the charges brought against the police are true. Mr. Montagu in the letter, from which I have quoted, speaks of “ the cruel and unfounded suggestion that British officials try to hush these cases up.” ‘Suggestion’ is perhaps hardly the right word. One Member of Parliament writing to a daily paper on “ the common practice of extorting confessions and procuring the evidence of accomplices as informers,” proceeds as follows: “ My

complaint is that when the judiciary call attention to the police having probably tortured witnesses, the only steps usually taken by the Executive are to institute secret *ex parte* inquiries by police officers who can hardly be impartial ; with the result in the great majority of cases that the policemen not only go unpunished, but remain in the service of the Government, and the administration of justice is brought into contempt. Even that is not the worst. Police officers, who have been publicly the objects of grave judicial comments, are, without having been publicly exculpated, selected for special honour by the Executive." Another gentleman, writing from the National Liberal Club, in connection with the same subject says: " It is the encouragement, I should say support, given not only by the English District Superintendent of Police, but by the whole English executive staff of the district to the police that emboldens them to do whatever they like with the people. I can relate instances in which the words of a police constable or inspector, though false and mischievous, were believed by the executive officer against the impartial words of honourable and highly educated gentlemen of the place." A recent number of *India*, a paper published in London, is full of accusations against the Indian Police of torturing men to death in order to obtain confessions. An English Judge in India a few years ago recorded that " hundreds of extorted confessions are daily received in evidence in the Indian Courts. The proof of this is to be gathered statistically by a reference to the charges of judges to juries, and the view which the juries take of confessions. There are nameless and abominable tortures which leave no traces on the person."

It would be easy to elaborate the accusations against the police. Sufficient has been said to illustrate the multiplicity of the accusers, the *gravamen* of the charges, and the magnitude of the oppression that is said to exist. The police is the very essence of our administration in India ; and if the indictment against it is approximately accurate, it is clear that the reforms which followed Lord Curzon's Police Commission have hardly touched on the fringe of the evil. I, for one, entirely disbelieve the great majority of the charges of torture ; but my opinion, based on quarter of a century's work amongst the police, will of course be regarded as biassed. I will, nevertheless, endeavour to present my side of the shield. Before doing so, I venture to repeat my statement, that on whichever side the truth lies, or even if it lies between the two, the

existing situation is one whose existence can no longer be tolerated.

The question as to whether a criminal caught red-handed is likely to admit his guilt or not belongs to the realm of metaphysics. Let us consider the case of Achan. "And Joshua said unto Achan: My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me. And Achan answered Joshua and said: Indeed, I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done."

Why did Achan confess? Until his guilt was discovered, his conscience was at ease. He enjoyed a comfortable feeling of success; and the sense of wrong-doing did not trouble him. Of a sudden, all is changed. The glare of publicity is upon him. He realises the enormity of his offence. His emotions are stimulated; a sense of shame overwhelms him, and his soul finds relief in the outpouring of confession. Is this dramatic story to be regarded as an exceptional instance, foreign to the laws by which human nature is governed? Does it not rather appeal to us as the most natural and probable thing in the world? Is it not exactly what Govind and Rama would be likely to do in similar circumstances?

Achan was promptly stoned. What would have been the sequel, had he been dealt with under the Indian Code of Criminal Procedure? His emotions would have time to cool down. He would begin to consider whether he had acted wisely in confessing. Why risk a very unpleasant and lengthy term of imprisonment, when he might be a free man? While he is in custody, and awaiting his trial in the Sessions Court, old jail-birds manage to have occasional conversation with him. "What a fool you were to own up!" they would say. "What evidence is there against you? Did anyone see you take the swag? Were your foot-prints identified where you helped yourself to the spoil?" These questions Achan can answer cheerfully in the negative. But he points out that there remains his confession, and the finding of "the accursed thing" hidden in the earth in the midst of his tent. How can he get over this? "A mere trifle," says the old jail-bird. "Tell the court that Joshua's police tortured you to make you confess, and that they buried the goodly Babylonian garment and the shekels of silver and the wedge of gold in your tent. That's what we always say when the police find stolen property in our houses. We will help you to make some marks of beating on your body, and then the

court is sure to believe your story, especially if you give them a long and detailed narrative of the fiendish atrocities of the police. Say that the inspector had made overtures to your wife, and that because she declined them, the police have revenged themselves upon you in this way. That is sure to go down. Then you will be released, and the police will go to jail." An excellent plan that has often succeeded !

I may be permitted to relate an experience of my own. I was in camp in the Dharwar district of the Bombay Presidency, when, in the middle of the night, I was aroused by a man who insisted upon seeing the Sahib at once. He was in a state of great excitement. He informed me that he had had a quarrel with another man, and that in his anger he had killed him ; and he had come to give himself up. This was the first intimation of the occurrence to any police officer. I was the first to be informed. Nevertheless, when this man's sting of conscience had cooled down, he changed his mind ; and before the Sessions Court he withdrew his confession and gave the most circumstantial account of the tortures inflicted upon him by the police in order to make him admit the crime. The gentleman was good enough to refrain from including myself amongst his torturers ; but I have known others who were not so considerate. In the case of the late Mr. Jackson's murder at Nasik, there was the usual retracted confession with the charge of police torture ; and the perpetrator of the infamous cruelty was alleged to be no less a person than the European officer conducting the investigation, an officer who was in the highest rank of the police service. In this case the time of the judge was taken up for days in investigating the truth of this complaint. The allegation was proved to be entirely groundless. I could quote numberless instances in which these charges have, upon close inquiry, been found to have no basis whatever.

Be the reason what it may, the retracted confession with the accompaniment of charges of torture forms a standing dish in every Indian Court of Justice ; and the scandal resulting from this state of things admits of no denial. It has been engaging the serious consideration of Government. The letter of Mr. Montagu, to which I have already referred, contains the following important statement : " The most dangerous natural imperfection is the tendency to rely on confession, which inevitably involves temptation to apply pressure. The maxim, *optimum habemus testem*,

confitentem reum, formerly generally recognised in Europe, still appeals to the Indian mind.

"The magistrate's part is important, and with a view to seeing that it shall be performed adequately, the Government of India have recently collected the various orders dealing with the matter in the different provinces, in order to prescribe uniform and efficient procedure and to eliminate opportunity for abuse by interested officers. In future, the power to record confessions will be confined to (a) magistrates having jurisdiction in the case, (b) first-class magistrates (magistrates of high standing and large powers) or, (c) specially selected second-class magistrates. Owing to considerations of time and distance, a certain elasticity is necessary, but third-class magistrates will no longer record confessions. The Government of India has further prescribed that the Bombay rule which enjoins the examination of a confessing prisoner should be invariably adopted. The police interested must be declared out of court, the accused must be asked whether he has been ill-treated, and if there is reason to suspect ill-treatment, there must be a medical examination.

"There is, moreover, to be an exhaustive inquiry into the conduct of lock-ups with a view to obtaining proper supervision. The police are already forbidden access to the gaols, and the Government of India are considering the possibility of a rule that no prisoner who has confessed should be given back to police custody, and also that no confession should be recorded until the person confessing has spent one night out of police custody.

"So much for preventive measures. It must be remembered that the restrictions on the police are, especially as regards remands and confessions, already far greater than in England. There is a maximum of precaution beyond which it is impossible to go without crippling the force. We must not, in our anxiety to prevent opportunity for occasional and isolated abuse, render the police impotent, and detection difficult or impossible. Nor must we refuse a confidence which the vast majority of the Indian Police thoroughly merits. If we refuse confidence, we kill all sense of responsibility, all zeal for improvement, and sap the loyal energy and *esprit de corps*, upon which we must rely for the preservation of peace."

These suggested reforms are not likely to affect the situation in any appreciable degree. The person who is to make a confession

will have to trudge a weary long distance to a "first-class magistrate" instead of appearing before one of lesser jurisdiction who is generally nearer at hand. For the rest the revised procedure is merely an exemplification of the familiar process known as putting new wine into old bottles. Further, the stigma applied to the police by the additional precautions which it is proposed to introduce is such that the force is bereft of all character and reputation. No ; another remedy is to be sought.

Of what value are these confessions that are made, retracted, and wrangled over *ad nauseam* ? In some cases, convictions are obtained on the strength of confessions, even if retracted, which would otherwise have ended in acquittal. This much may be admitted. But in how many more cases does an undoubtedly guilty thief, robber, dacoit, or murderer, find himself released, because he had made and unmade an admission of an offence, and accused the police of unspeakable cruelty ? The unwholesome Oriental tradition of leaning upon confession encourages the police to overlook other evidence which a little perseverance would in most instances bring to light. Confessions and eye-witnesses are what the Indian Police rely on ; and circumstantial evidence, which the late Lord Brampton tells us is the best evidence, is too often neglected. In the Dickman, the Crippen, and the Stinie Morrison cases, there were no eye-witnesses, and no confessions. Whether, had these cases been tried in India, eye-witnesses would or would not have been forthcoming, is another story. In the absence of eye-witnesses the temptation to the police to obtain confessions to strengthen the case, considering the trifling value which they attach to purely circumstantial evidence, might have proved irresistible. The confessions would, in due course, have been withdrawn on the plea that they were only made by reason of torture ; and three murderers would have been let loose upon the world. The conclusion of the whole matter is this : Although confessions recorded before the trial of accused persons may occasionally strengthen the case, yet in a far greater number of instances they materially weaken it. They constitute an everlasting source of disrepute to the police ; and the whole system is, in short, nothing less than a curse to the force.

There is one reform, and one only which will meet the case. The sole remedy is to get rid of the whole thing once for all. The recording of confessions by magistrates *before a trial* must be made

absolutely illegal. If an accused, when he is being tried, chooses to plead guilty and make a confession, well and good. This would probably not be of frequent occurrence. At first some few cases which, with a confession, might end in conviction, would, without it, result in acquittal. But this would not last long. The police would be put upon their mettle to secure real and trustworthy evidence. They would learn that they must put the court in possession of all the circumstances of the case, including all antecedent facts which led up to the crime. Points of motive, which are too commonly neglected, would be systematically worked up. If the police cannot obtain sufficient evidence against a suspected person, apart from his confession, to send him up for trial, he ought not to be sent up for trial at all. Above all things the police would retrieve their position, and regain their lost character. Their statements would carry weight before a magistrate or a judge, which they cannot hope to command so long as their reputation is sullied and soiled, and their integrity jeered and mocked at, by reason of the prejudice inseparable from confessions and charges of torture to extract them. If there is no confession, there is no temptation to torture a man to make him confess. If confessions cease to be made, recorded, and retracted, the charges of barbarous cruelty, which now blacken the name of the police, will automatically cease to be possible. This is the only remedy. There is none other. I, as an old Indian Police Officer, as the friend, not the detractor, of the police, urge this reform with all the force that I am able to express. Whether the constantly reiterated charges against the police are true, or whether they are false, this one drastic, yet simple alteration of the law, will cause these charges to cease.

The alteration that I advocate must be absolutely sweeping, and cover all possible devices for juggling with the law. In a fairly recent case in the Punjab, a case which obtained considerable notoriety, the police, knowing the prejudice of the courts against confessions, hit upon the following ingenious plan. A woman, named Gulab Bhano, was accused of murdering her husband. She made certain admissions to the police; and the police without converting these admissions into a confession before a Magistrate, recorded them in the case diary. This was clever; but the police over-reached themselves. The Judges of the Chief Court advanced this as one of the reasons for the woman's acquittal; for, they

argued, the police placed so little reliance on her admissions that they never took her before a Magistrate to have her admissions recorded as a confession ! Any reference to any admission or confession in any police diaries or records must be authoritatively forbidden.

My own opinion is, as I have said, that most of the charges against the police are fabricated. I could quote numerous instances in support of this view, but I will limit myself to one which is related by Major-General Fendall Currie in his delightful book, "Below the Surface." The circumstances occurred some years ago in Oudh. On Saturday, June 11th, three persons were arrested for house-breaking and theft. One of these was a boy named Gunnai, aged about sixteen. He confessed and pointed out where the stolen property was concealed. On the Saturday evening the accused were placed before the magistrate. Owing to pressure of work the court could not take up the case for some days, and the prisoners were remanded until the following Thursday. On the day appointed, Gunnai complained to the magistrate that he had been severely tortured by the police to induce him to confess. He stated that he had been laid on the ground face downwards, and his back and legs daubed with the end of a sweeper's broom dipped in boiling oil. There was no doubt that he had been burnt. The question was how, and by whom. Now on the Saturday, Gunnai had walked in twenty miles. He was not lame ; he did not limp ; he made no complaint. The jail superintendent had, in accordance with the usual procedure, examined his body, and entered in the register that he had certain moles and warts ; but there was no mention of marks of burning. It was beyond dispute that at that time he was whole and sound, and had no injuries. What had really happened was this. The three accused belonged to the gang of one Putti Singh, the ringleader of all the budmashes (scoundrels) of the neighbourhood. In order to get his friends off, Putti Singh hit upon the idea of heavily bribing the hospital assistant, or apothecary, at the jail, to blister Gunnai, who was to withdraw his confession and swear that the police had tortured him. If the court believed this, the accused were sure to be all acquitted. On Sunday night in his cell, Gunnai was blistered with oil of vitriol. After a careful inquiry the truth was elicited, and the hospital assistant, together with some other jail officials, was sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment.

I hope that I have said enough to show that the truth is at all events not confined to one side ; and that the magnitude and vital importance of the question, which compromises our good name in India, demand immediate and complete remedy, the one reform that will have any effect at all being the abolition of confessions prior to trial.

EDMUND C. COX.

England.

AT LAST.

Come, my Love said, light is breaking
Why in darkness stay ?
Let us see the shores of Heaven
Through the face of day.
I was kneeling, weary feeling,
Head bent down to pray,
So I miss'd the shores of Heaven
Through the face of day.
Sad eyes pleading, gently leading,
All the thorny way,
Watch'ng for the shores of Heaven
Through the face of day.
Breath of morning, birds were calling,
Still, clouds black and grey,
Hid from me the shores of Heaven
And the face of day.
Veil'd those eyes were ere the dawning
Light chased night away,
But they see the shores of Heaven
Far—so far away.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

ZAIBUNNISA.

THE POET-DAUGHTER OF AURANGZAIB.

THIS gifted and enlightened Princess of the Royal House of Baber was the eldest daughter of that most erudite, though not the wisest, of the Moghul Emperors, Aurangzaib. She was born on the 10th of Shawal 1048 A.H., (5th February 1639, A.D.). Her original name was Zaibanda Begum, but she subsequently became famous as Zaibunnisa.

It is notorious what strange, and often disreputable, tricks some European travellers and writers have played with the names and character of Indian historical personages. Zaibunnisa was not destined to escape their calumnious notice, even though what little notice has been taken of her by them is brief and fragmentary. Thus, according to Niccolato Mannucci, Zaibunnisa, or as he chooses to call her, Zebetnixa Begum, was the daughter of the Chief Sultana and died in 1681 A.D. Now, as a reference to the "Maasir-ai-Alamgiri" will show, Zaibunnisa died in 1701 A.D. This does not agree with Mannucci, nor did any daughter of Aurangzaib die in 1681 A.D. Roshanara, the famous sister of Aurangzaib, died in that year and Mannucci apparently confuses the two events. Bernier and Mannucci, again, have made some very unworthy remarks against the character of a daughter of Aurangzaib whom they call Fakhroonisa (who is, really, no other than Zaibunnisa)—remarks which have not only no foundation in the authentic records of the times that have come down to us, but which are also disproved by the verdict of history on Zaibunnisa. But an impartial inquirer will form a true and just estimate of this princess from the few but significant lines which Elliot quotes from the "Maasir-ai-Alamgiri" about her. "Owing to the king's teaching," says the author of this book, "she became thoroughly proficient in the

knowledge of the Koran and received as a reward the sum of 30,000 ashrafees. Her learning extended to Arabic, Persian, to the various modes of writing and to prose and poetry. Many learned men, poets and writers, were employed by her, and numerous compilations and original works were dedicated to her. One of these, a translation of the تفسیر کبیر Tafseer-ai-Kabeer (a commentary on the Koran) called زب القفسیر Zaibul-tafseer "was the work of Mulla Saifudin Ardbaili, attached to the service of this Princess."

She was brought up according to the custom of the Moghul Court, having as companions the female children of the noblest families in the State. Her childhood passed in the atmosphere of infinite beauty. It has been told how the little three years' old child would sit for hours together besides its nurse listening, as it would appear, with rapt attention to the latter's reading of the holy Koran, and how, when the nurse was busy offering her prayers, it would watch her movements, while its own little intelligent eyes glowed with the keenest wonder and the most evident pleasure. Her father, himself a great scholar and lover of learning in his own way, lavished the greatest affection on this daughter in whom he perceived the signs of future literary greatness. He, therefore, spared no pains to see that his most beloved daughter had the advantage of the training of the best teachers the resources of his great empire could command. It thus became the special feature of her training that, though a princess, her education was based on the lines of that given to the most promising male members of the Royal Family.

Some idea of the extraordinary intelligence of this apt pupil can be formed from the fact that at the age of four she began the reading of the Koran and before she was 8 years old, she had become a Hafez (a Hafez, it may be mentioned, is one who has the whole of the Koran by heart; and most readers will readily call to mind the most popular poet of Persia, who for the same reason called himself Hafez.) On this occasion the happy father rewarded her with 30,000 ashrafees as already mentioned or, as others say, distributed this sum among the nobles and the commons in the true Oriental fashion. And it was not long before she mastered the greater and more important part of Arabic and Persian literature, theology and the principles of philosophy.

But all this erudition was but a means to a nobler and more

unselfish end. She did not wish to be a mere pedant. Nor did she love to play the part of an intellectual recluse enthroned on the sunlit pedestal of literary glory. Before her, Moghul Princesses had played a leading part in the affairs of the Empire. The example of Nur Jehan was sufficient to inspire any royal princess to emulate her exceptional and brilliant achievements; and Zaibunnisa had a living inspiration in the person of her own aunt Roshanara Begum—the Begum Saheb of history—the sister of Aurangzaib, to whose efforts on his behalf he owed his crown and who remained, until her death, a formidable power behind the throne.

Zaibunnisa, however, was one of those finer spirits who are not satisfied merely with the transient pomp and glory of such material influence on the workings of the State. To such power as she did wield, she sought to add the more abiding influence over the minds of the people, which comes not only by personal character and achievements, but also through the willingness as well as the capacity to encourage the intellectual growth and to promote the literary greatness of the people. The life she led, and the work she achieved, show, as few things have shown, the proper position that is woman's by inherent right, and also that it is not by man's condescension, but by the right of her own achievements that woman claims equality with man.

It is said, apparently with sufficient authority, that poets are born, not made. The great poets of the world have certainly been those who felt within themselves a conscious necessity to speak out their thoughts and to utter their message. It was thus that Zaibunnisa felt strange longings within her, and was often surprised at them. Like Pope, again, she lisped in numbers "for the numbers came." Fortunately, circumstances helped her. Her tutor, Mulla Saeed, was one of those unconscious guiding spirits whom Providence often entrusts with the task of introducing genius into the world. He not only encouraged her shy attempts at poetic flights, with his intellectual sympathy and approval, but also prophesied a great poetic future for her. Prophecies tend to realise themselves. No sooner had the young princess acquired a perfect mastery of Arabic languages and literature than she found herself composing an ode in that classical language. This ode was duly shown to a great Arab scholar whose comments upon it were significant. "Though the technique and the metre," he said, "are faultless, the idioms are not properly used. Nevertheless,

for a non-Arab to be so skilful in the use of the Arabic language was nothing less than a miracle."

This just criticism served to divert the genius of Zaibunnisa to more suitable channels. She left off composing in Arabic and commenced to try her talents in the Persian language. As with most other Oriental poets it is, however, very difficult to trace the various stages of Zaibunnisa's poetic development. Thus it is that the biographical accounts of these poets lose a great deal of the personal interest which lends such incomparable charm to the minute and critical studies of the personality and genius of the Western poets. Their critic also, naturally, works under a disadvantage, for anything like a truly chronological account, or a carefully revised and collated edition of their works rarely exists. The critic, therefore, has to scent and gather, as best as he can, the blossoms and the flowers that lie hidden amidst the luxuriant growth of their poetic productions. There is, however, nothing so peculiarly tragic about Zaibunnisa as the fate of her "Diwan" (the collected edition of her poems); and it is all the more tragic when it is remembered that in the case of nearly all the Persian poets—though selection is generally unknown and interpolations not infrequent—it rarely happens that one should complain that their works have not been made public. But Zaibunnisa has not even adequately been represented in her printed works. What little of her work has seen the light of day bears not even a tenth-part relation to what she actually wrote.

It was her custom every morning—after prayers and the reading of the Koran—to study some masterpiece of literature. She would then take up any "Diwan" and compose a *ghazal* "ghazal" on the line of whatever "ghazal" in the "Diwan" struck her fancy. In this way hundreds of *ghazals* were written, but all of them, except a very few, have been lost to the world. Her favourite poet was "Hafez," and many a line and "ghazal" she owed to the inspiration of this inimitable poet of the rose and the nightingale. She also composed a "Mesnevi" of about 300 lines in imitation of that of the greatest mystic poet of Islam—Maulana Rumi—but, unfortunately, no trace of it is to be found anywhere. The best and perhaps the only explanation of the extreme paucity of her extant poems is to be found in history. Only a few years after she had closed her eyes upon this world, Fate executed a stern decree on the Moghul Empire. Dissensions, internal and

external, following upon the death of Aurangzaib and continuing for a century and a half, made it almost impossible that any careful attention could be paid to the hidden treasures of literature. Nor did anyone care, during all these years of literary stagnation of Muslim India, to collect what little could be found of her scattered productions until the year 1135 A.H., when her "Diwan" was published. Since then, in every subsequent edition her "ghazals" have been added, as they were discovered. Nevertheless, the collection still remains imperfect.

Before attempting an estimate of the character of her poetry, it will, perhaps, be interesting to mention a few more details of her life. The most striking trait of her character was simplicity. This simplicity was also seen in her dress; for endowed by nature, as she was, with all the graces of female beauty, she never had, except in very early youth, any attraction for the superficial charms of rich dress or ornaments. With this simplicity she combined a sweetness of disposition which made her the idol of the old as well as the young. That she never lost the serenity of her temper is best seen from a characteristic anecdote that is told about her. A maid once broke a Chinese mirror, which was a special gift to Zaibunnisa from her father. Realising what she had done, she came to her mistress weeping, and trembling with fear she said,

آئینہ چینی ت

(i.e., By an unfortunate accident the Chinese mirror has been broken to pieces.

The princess with an imperturbable smile on her face replied extempore:—

حرب ندا سباز خوردندی شکست

(It is well that the instrument of conceit (*lit.*, seeing oneself,) has been broken to pieces.)

The history of Nur Jehan's life and the great political power wielded by Roshanara Begum show that Moghul Princesses, so long as they were sufficiently veiled, had perfect liberty to take part in the affairs of the realm. And it is surprising to learn that even Aurangzaib allowed—subject, of course, to the strict observance of the "purdah"—the fullest independence of thought and action to his daughter, who, on her part, took a free and active part in the life of the court. Of the "Harem" itself, no better description has been given than that by Bernier, who says:—"The

Seraglio ("this enchanting place" he elsewhere calls it) contains beautiful apartments, separated and, more or less, spacious and splendid according to the rank and income of their female occupants. Nearly every chamber has its reservoir of running water at the door; on every side are gardens, delightful alleys, shadowy retreats, streams, grottos, deep excavations that afford shelter from the sun by day, lofty divans and terraces, on which to sleep coolly by night." Such a home might easily have been a paradise to a less ambitious and thoughtful soul than Zaibunnisa's. As it was, it can now only be sincerely regretted that for want of a freer and more intimate intellectual intercourse with the best and most gifted minds of her day, her genius did not attain its fullest development. As a tribute, however, to the memory of a noble genius, it may be mentioned that early in life she had come under the emancipating influence of her beloved uncle, Dara Shikoh, one of those rare and unfortunate spirits, whom a cruel Fate, as if in mockery of its own dispensations, most inopportunately removes from their proper field of action.

Amidst these beautiful surroundings, however, Zaibunnisa led her life of pure and whole-hearted devotion to the Muses until her death which occurred in the year 1130 A.H., or 1701 A.D. She remained unmarried all her life. This fact has given occasion for much idle speculation. It is said that her own consciousness of literary genius, combined with the praises of others, had made her too proud to accept the sacrifices of a wedded life; while others insist on the difficulties that usually lay in the way of securing suitable husbands for such princesses. "No Amir," writes a historian, "would willingly have married a daughter of the Emperor. She would have interfered in all his pleasures, ruled his other ladies with an iron rod and made him her slave for life." Though there may be much truth in these explanations of Zaibunnisa's resolve to lead an unmarried life, they are all contradicted by yet another explanation, which points to the eternal difficulty that "the path of true love never did run smooth." Early in life Zaibunnisa had become deeply attached and subsequently engaged to the son of Dara. But soon after his accession to the throne, Aurangzaib had him put to death for his own political ends. His daughter, who could not prevent this act, never recovered from the sorrow. The tragedy of the fate of her own works is deepened by the

remembrance of her solicitude for the preservation of treasures of literature and philosophy. Mention has already been made of her generous patronage of learning. It may be added that she had also gathered the most skilful calligraphists of the time to transcribe in rich and handsome volumes the learning and the wisdom of rare and precious manuscripts. But a forgetful posterity has not yet repaid its debt of gratitude to this generous princess by a more careful treatment of her poetical works.

It was natural that Zaibunnisa should follow the footsteps of the great masters of Persian literature. It is well-known to the students of Persian poetry that the best of it consists of the praise of Divine knowledge and of moral and ethical truths expressed in words of haunting beauty and passionate fervour : and the great names of Rumi, Saadi and others will be easily recalled. Even poets like Hafez and Omar Khayyam—though by most of their misguided admirers they are considered poets of lust and wine—have left us treasures of profound thoughts expressed in the peculiarly exquisite and melodious language, of which they were past masters. Of these two, Hafez was by far the greater poet. It would be impossible, with the scanty materials at command, to give to the readers an adequate estimate of Zaibunnisa's poetry. From her extant works it is evident that she did not lack the command of picturesque language and impressionist touch always, and justly, associated with Eastern poets. Nor is her poetry deficient in the rare combination of delicate and bold thoughts. But with all this, it often is less vigorous and less effective than the poetry of Hafez and Rumi, for instance. Though Zaibunnisa, again, cannot approach a Saadi with the maturity of his ideas and appropriateness of his diction, or a Sanai with his ecstasy and "fine madness," or a Hafez with the inimitable music of his songs, the best of her poems—which are unfortunately too few—have an indefinable charm of their own, worthy in every way of any one of these great poets. That her "ghazals" do not generally reach a very high level either of poetic thought, or of poetic diction, can partly be accounted for by the absence in her of a broader outlook on life, due, no doubt, to the limited sphere of her more or less secluded life.

It now remains to examine only the most brilliant gems of thought picked at random from her works. Hafez has most beautifully summed up his attitude to Humanity in the following line :—

مبادی در پی آزار هر چه خواهی کن — کم دشویمت مانده ازین گناهی نیت

i.e., Do anything you like, but never seek to do harm to anyone; for, in our religion, there is no sin but (greater than) this. But Zaibunnisa goes a step further, and, in words of true poetry, has given us the right view of our duty to our fellow-beings. It is not enough that we abstain from injuring them. We should, rather endeavour, by sympathetic words and self-sacrificing acts, to mitigate their sufferings even though we may not have caused it. She says:—

هر کجا بن مصیبت گوم گرد در جهان — در تکلم بلبل و در سوختن پر راس باش

i.e., Wherever you see acute suffering in the world, try to remove it by words as sweet as "the song of the nightingale" and deeds as self-sacrificing as "the burning of the moth" (in the flame of the candle).

It is only when we understand the exact significance which the "song of the nightingale" and "the burning of the moth" bear in the language of Persian poets that we can grasp the depth and intensity of sympathy and self-sacrifice enjoined.

We all know that lost honour is very difficult to regain, but Zaibunnisa's idea of chastity and honour is one which, even in these days, would be considered by some as too ideal.

آلودگی ز رامن عصمت نبرد — صد بار بآب دیده گریشت رشو گفتم

i.e., Traces of defilement are not removed from the skirt of chastity even though I wash it a hundred times with the water of my eyes.

Elsewhere she says

چو کام دل شود حاصل مرغافانم، ناگامی — ز روز نم بیدانم چو خود را شادمان بینی

i.e., When your desire has been fulfilled, do not forget that (often) you may be disappointed (in your aims), and on the day you are happy, recall to mind the days of your sorrow.

This line touchingly reminds one of what Keats says of Melancholy.

* "She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at the lips
Bidding adieu."

Though the frequency with which a poet's lines are quoted may be an adequate measure of his popularity, it cannot be absolutely maintained that it is also a just criterion for judging their value as genuine poetry. Nevertheless, it is a significant

fact that Shakespeare is not only the greatest of English poets, but he is also the most quoted of them. In Persian poetry, too, the most quoted poets are Saadi, Hafez and Rumi—the first being the great moral poet, the second the sweetest singer of “ghazals,” and the last the greatest mystic poet. But the characteristic Eastern method of quotation, without giving its source, is unfair to those poets whose works are not known to foreigners. There are many lines from Zaibunnisa's poems which have thus become every-day quotations, though the ordinary reader does not know from what poet they are taken. Here space can be found for only two of them:—

نروید نباید شدن از گردش ایام — هر تمام کم آید ز بی آن صبحی اوست

i.e., One should not be disappointed at the vicissitudes of Time : for every evening that comes is followed by a morning.

لذت درد محبت زاریه روان سپری — قدر محبت را بداند هر کم او بیاربت

i.e., What do those, who have never loved, know of the pangs of Love ? Surely, only those who are ill know the value of health.

Such was the princess, whose memory is still cherished by many with love and admiration—not as the daughter of Aurangzaib, but as the lover of poets, and a poet herself. Her life, to a great extent, represents and symbolises the lives of her Indian sisters of the present day—those unfortunate souls that have found their wings and are yet kept captive by the social system that surrounds them. On the one hand, her achievements show how, with little fostering care and encouragement, these women can become capable of rivalling men in all the higher spheres of human activity. On the other hand, the fate of her work, and the imperfect development of her genius merely represent the want of opportunity for and the general neglect of, Indian womanhood. It not seldom happens that even those of them who, waking up to the sufferings of knowledge, have striven in the path of literature to contribute their share for the benefit and progress of humanity, are welcomed with cold indifference, and are soon forgotten ; while the majority of them, who cannot do this, are worn out by unrealisable dreams. Perhaps, it is needless to add that this unreasonable reluctance—or, rather, this persistent refusal to regard these women as thinking, free and responsible beings—does not only involve an act of injustice, but a cruel waste of national energy.

A HUMANITARIAN RULER OF INDIA.

THAT principles generally supposed to be specially distinctive of Christianity should have been inculcated by an Emperor of India nearly three hundred years before the birth of Jesus, is an incontrovertible proof that those principles have their roots deeply implanted in human nature and that action founded on them is the surest means for the realization of the high ideal held up to followers, alike by the divine Teacher of Galilee and the Founder of Buddhism. The edicts recorded in the living rock by Asoka, who has been called the Buddhist Constantine and to whom the beautiful name of Pryadarsin or Pryadasi, signifying the Humane, has been given, breathe forth the very spirit of the gospel and of the four sublime verities of Guatama and are permeated by the faith which enabled their author to remove mountains of prejudice and to reconstruct society throughout his vast dominions on a new basis, that of the recognition of the equal rights of all men to the consideration of their fellow-creatures and the sacredness of all life, even that of animals.

The son of Bindusàra and the grandson of Chundra Gupta, the great military genius who founded and consolidated the mighty Indian Empire, Asoka was the third ruler of the warlike Maurya dynasty, and though the date of his birth is unknown, is supposed to have reigned from about 263 to 226 B.C. Of noble presence and courtly manners, he was from the first greatly beloved by those who were brought into personal contact with him, but at the same time his name was a terror to his enemies as well as to the evil-doers amongst his subjects, who were punished with the utmost rigour of the law.

There was nothing in the conduct of Asoka during the first eight years of his reign to presage the actions that were to give to him so unique a distinction. He was indeed, if possible, even more

eager for conquest than his father or grandfather had been, and in the year 254 he conceived the idea of taking possession of the Kingdom of Kalinga, which with its extensive seaboard on the Bay of Bengal would give him complete command of the Southern Peninsula of India. The expedition, that was led by the Emperor in person, was brilliantly successful, the people of Kalinga were completely subdued and the royal victor returned home bringing with him many captives and much spoil.

As a matter of course Asoka received a very enthusiastic welcome, and public rejoicings over his safety and triumphs were everywhere held. He himself however, strange to say, seemed unable to take any pleasure in the thought of his new acquisition. Often he was found brooding alone, and when asked by those whom he admitted to his intimacy what it was that troubled him, he would only shake his head sadly in reply. All the efforts made to cheer and interest him were unavailing, and it became evident that he had some heavy private trouble to bear. Could it be, it was whispered at court, that he had committed some crime, the remembrance of which was filling him with remorse or had he perhaps been disappointed in love? Whatever the cause, a radical change had come over his character and point of view, but exactly what that change was, was not revealed until a year after his conquest of Kalinga.

The gloom that had fallen upon the capital Pataliputra—that, by the way, occupied the site of the present Patna—gradually spread to the other cities of the Kingdom, but fortunately it was but the darkness that precedes the dawn, for it soon became noised abroad that the beloved monarch had regained the peace of mind he had lost. No unexpiated individual sin weighed upon his conscience, only a general sense of having misapprehended the duties of his position and of the falsity of the principles on which he had hitherto acted. In other words, Asoka had been converted from the Brahminical faith of his ancestors, and at the same time from the worldly ambitions that had actuated them, to the stern creed of Buddhism that exacts from its professors untiring self-sacrifice and discourages any conquests but those achieved by mercy and long-suffering.

Opinions are divided as to how the change of mind that was to have such vitally important results was brought about, some saying that it was through a sermon by a Buddhist ascetic heard

by Asoka during his absence in Kalinga, others through a vision vouchsafed to the Emperor on his return journey when the founder of the mystic religion of abnegation appeared to him in the midst of a blaze of glory, conferred on him some of his own miraculous powers, and ordered him to win over his subjects to the true faith. Whichever story be true, the position of Asoka when he realized how mistaken his previous course of action had been, must indeed have been a painful one. He had ever since his accession been a rigorous persecutor of the professors of a religion he was now eager to promulgate. He had been careless of human life, which he now looked upon as sacred, allowing the death penalty to be inflicted for trivial offences; he had been indifferent to the sufferings of prisoners and captives, and absolutely callous to those of animals, hundreds of whom had been daily slaughtered for his table and that of his dependents, whilst many others had been offered up in sacrifice to gods he no longer believed in, yet had but recently thought it a sacred obligation to propitiate with blood.

Self-conceited as he was, it was no wonder that the Emperor should have been for a time overwhelmed with sorrow for the past. He realized how gigantic was the task before him, for he was no private individual whose opinions concerned himself alone but the ruler of many thousands, who looked up to him as a god, and for whose earthly and eternal welfare he felt himself responsible. He of course knew that he could order his subjects to accept his own belief, but he was far too enlightened not to recognize the worthlessness of lip-service without the conversion of the heart. Moreover, his clear judgment convinced him that a considerable time must elaps before he could hope to win the really cordial co-operation of the officers on whom he must rely for the carrying out of the measures he considered necessary, but which they would look upon as mistaken and revolutionary.

In spite of all the difficulties he foresaw Asoka yet determined to begin at once, and it speaks volumes alike for his courage and for the potency of his personal influence, that he should have been able in four or five years to reverse his previous policy, transforming a military and aggressive empire into a peaceful land, governed in full accordance with the benevolent *Dharma* or Buddhist Law of Piety, one of the leading principles of which

is respect for the rights and toleration of the opinions of others. Missionaries were soon sent out in every direction, even to the far distant border tribes, with instructions to win over the people by gentle means to the true faith, and elaborate arrangements were made for the teaching of its tenets to the young, the various enactments displaying the extraordinary attention to detail that appears to have been one of the chief factors of their author's wonderful success as a proselytiser. By the thirteenth year of the Emperor's reign, thanks to the constant and strenuous efforts of the so-called *Dharma Mahamatra*, or Censors of the Law of Piety, Buddhism had become the religion of the whole country; those who were false to its teaching being dealt with mercifully, but firmly, rich and poor having in every case to submit to the same discipline. To secure the wide dissemination and preservation of the various edicts issued by him relating to the right conduct of life as he now understood it, and other matters of importance for the well-being of his people, Asoka caused several copies of them to be engraved on rocks, stone pillars and on the walls of caves at different places throughout his dominions, many of which inscriptions still remain to bear witness to his wisdom and zeal. One and all breathe forth the spirit of the true humanitarianism that only within the last few decades has begun to leaven the West, and at the same time bring into prominence the leading characteristic of Buddhism which was from the first never to employ force, even to resist encroachment.

To quote even the chief of these remarkable pronouncements in a brief magazine article would of course be impossible, but a portion that issued soon after the conclusion of the Kalinga campaign must be given here, so specially typical is it of the yearning of a noble human soul after the divine, and so touching is its revelation of the remorse felt by the Emperor for deeds done in ignorance before his conversion.

"His Majesty King Priyadarsin in the ninth year of his reign conquered the Kalingas.

"One hundred and fifty thousand persons were thence, (*i.e.*, from their country), carried away captive, one hundred thousand were there slain, and many times that number perished.

"Ever since the annexation of the Kalingas, His Majesty has zealously protected the Law of Piety, has been devoted to that Law, and has proclaimed its precepts.

" His Majesty feels remorse on account of the conquest of the Kalingas, because, during the subjugation of a previously unconquered country, slaughter, death, and taking away captive of the people, necessarily occur, whereat His Majesty feels profound sorrow and regret.

" There is, however, another reason for His Majesty feeling still more regret, inasmuch as in such a country dwell Brahmans and ascetics, men of different sects and householders, who all practise obedience to elders, obedience to father and mother, obedience to teachers, proper treatment of friends, acquaintances, comrades, relatives, slaves and servants, with fidelity of devotion.

" To such people dwelling in that country happen violence, slaughter and separation from those they love.

" Even those persons, who are themselves protected, retain their affections undiminished : ruin falls on their friends, acquaintances, comrades and relatives, and in this way violence is done to those who are personally unhurt. All this diffused misery is matter of regret to His Majesty. For, there is no country where such communities are not found, including others besides Brahmans and ascetics, nor is there any place in any country where the people are not attached to some one sect or other.

" The loss of even the hundredth or the thousandth part of the persons who were then slain, carried away captive, or done to death in Kalinga, would now be a matter of deep regret to His Majesty.

" Although a man should do him an injury, His Majesty holds that it must be patiently borne, so far as it can possibly be borne.

" Even upon the forest tribes in his dominions, His Majesty has compassion and he seeks their conversion inasmuch as the might even of His Majesty is based on repentance. They are warned to this effect : Shun evil-doing, that ye may escape destruction ; because His Majesty desires for all animate beings security, control over the passions, peace of mind and joyousness.

" And this is the chiefest conquest in His Majesty's opinion, the conquest of the Law of Piety, this also is most effected by His Majesty both in his own dominions and in all the neighbouring realms . . .

" Even in those regions where the envoys of His Majesty do not penetrate, men now practise and will continue to practise the

Law of Piety as soon as they hear the pious proclamation of His Majesty issued in accordance with the Law of Piety.

"And the conquest which has thereby been everywhere effected . . . causes a feeling of delight.

"Delight is found in the conquests made by the law. Nevertheless, that delight is only a small matter. His Majesty thinks nothing of much importance save that which concerns the next world.

"And for this purpose has this pious edict been written, to wit, that my sons and grandsons, as many as they may be, may not suppose it their duty to effect a new conquest, and that even when engaged in conquest, by arms, they may find pleasure in patience and gentleness, and may regard as the only true conquest that which is effected through the Law of Piety, which avails for this world and the next*."

In this and other similar sermons in stone, of which there are still in existence thirteen chief, and a large number of minor examples, can be clearly traced the gradual progress of Asoka's own education in the Law of Piety after, to quote his own words, his entry in the path of true knowledge. Certain of the edicts, for instance, record the successive measures taken by their author to enforce the recognition of the sanctity of animal as well as of human life. In the eleventh year of his reign, the initial step was taken in this new direction by the abandonment of the pleasures of the chase, as noted in Edict VIII, in which His Majesty informs his subjects that, "whereas his ancestors used to go out on tours of pleasure, during which hunting and other similar amusements were practised," he had now exchanged them for "tours devoted to piety . . . the beholding of the country and the people, proclamation and discussion of the Law of Piety." This reform was soon succeeded by the forbidding of the indiscriminate slaughter of animals, the Emperor announcing to his people that "though formerly in his kitchen many thousands of living creatures were slain to make curries, at the present moment only two peacocks and one deer are killed daily . . . and even these creatures shall not be slaughtered in future." Somewhat later, the royal

* The renderings given of the famous Rock Edicts by Oriental Scholars differ slightly in certain important respects. The quotations from them in this article are those adopted by Mr. Vincent A. Smith, who is universally acknowledged to be an expert authority on everything connected with the early history of India.

reformer went considerably further in his interference with the reckless destruction of animals, for he put a stop to the offering of any of them up in sacrifice in his capital, although he still permitted it in the provinces for some little time longer, recognising the necessity for preparing the minds of the people for so radical an innovation. That the living were no longer to be fed by the living became, before the end of Asoka's reign, a rule universally accepted, so that the Emperor may justly be said to have anticipated the most advanced vegetarians of the present day.

Not content with what may be called negative legislation, in which rules as to what should not be done were laid down, this truly enlightened and humane ruler bestirred himself also to improve the condition of the poor and suffering, to prevent oppression, and to promote what he defines as the "true delight, the joy to be found in the conquests made by the Law of Piety." His Censors were instructed to prevent wrongful imprisonment or chastisement, to remove hindrances out of the way of those with large families, to minister to the infirmities of age, to allow the relatives of condemned men access to them, and when justice prevented the commutation of sentence of death, to do all that was possible to secure for those doomed, salvation in the next world.

No details were too trivial for the consideration of this most enlightened ruler who, to quote his own words again, "had banyan-trees planted on the roads to give shade to man and beasts, groves of mango-trees planted, wells dug, rest-houses erected and numerous watering-places prepared for their enjoyment." Moreover, he gave much attention to the cultivation of medicinal plants, importing healing herbs for men and animals from abroad, and sometimes sending useful roots to neighbouring monarchs to encourage them to follow his example. Noting how much time was often wasted in useless and meaningless ceremonial, especially by women on such occasions as weddings, the birth of children and the departure on journeys, he dwells on the differences between the customs observed by them, and those recommended by the Law of Piety, remarking sententiously: "The ceremonial of this world is of doubtful efficacy, perchance it may accomplish the desired end, perchance its effect may be merely of this world." The ceremonial of piety—which includes kind treatment of slaves and servants, honour to teachers, respect for life, and liberality to ascetics and Brahmins—on the other hand, is, he declares, "not

temporal: if it fails to attain the desired end in this world, it certainly begets endless merit in the other," and he naively adds, "If it happens to attain the desired end, then gain of two kinds is assured, namely, in this world the desired end, and in the other the begetting of endless merit."

It is in the Edicts on True Charity and Toleration, dealing with fundamental principles rather than unimportant minutiae of practice, that the well-named Priyadarsin best displayed what may be called his grasp of ethical truth; the former being a kind of anticipation of the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, the latter of the amplification of that teaching in certain of the Epistles of the New Testament. The Edict on True Charity begins with the significant statement: "There is no such charity as the charitable gift of the Law of Piety, no such friendship as the friendship of Piety, no such distribution as the distribution of Piety, no such kinship as the kinship of Piety," and goes on to say, "The Law of Piety consists in these things, to wit, kind treatment of slaves and servants, obedience to father and mother, charity to ascetics and Brahmins, respect for the sanctity of life."

The Edict on Toleration opens with a tribute of respect from its author to men of all sects, and goes on to explain that His Majesty cares not so much for donations or external reverence as that there should be a growth of the essence of the matter in all sects. This growth assumes various forms, but the root of it is, restraint of speech. . . "A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another for trivial reasons. Depreciation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sects of other people deserve reverence for one reason or another."

In what are known as the Minor Rock Edicts, too, are enshrined many beautiful gems of thought expressed in most incisive language, such as "personal adherence to a man's own creed is the chief thing," an assertion that strikes at the very root of religious persecution; "innocuousness, many good deeds, compassion, truthfulness and purity are the essentials of true Piety"; "rage, cruelty, anger, pride and jealousy are of the nature of sin"; on the practice of piety depends the growth among men of compassion, liberality, truth, purity, gentleness and goodness, sentences that are all alike instinct with the spirit of modern humanitarianism, making it difficult to believe that they were indited more than two thousand years ago at a time when the chief

ambition of Asoka's royal contemporaries was to promote their own glory and worldly advantage.

Another noteworthy characteristic of Priyadarsin's rule was that he applied to his own conduct the stern restrictions he imposed upon his subjects. To quote but one case in point, he gave orders that the old restrictions concerning access to the ruler of the kingdom should be rescinded. "For a long time past," he says in one of the chief Rock Edicts, "business has not been disposed of, nor have reports been received, at all hours. I have accordingly arranged that at all hours, and in all places—whether I am dining, or in the ladies' apartments, in my bedroom . . . in my carriage, or in the gardens—the official reporters shall keep me constantly informed of the people's business which . . . I am ready to dispose of at any place. And if perchance I personally, by word of mouth, command that gift be made, or an order executed, or anything urgent is entrusted to the officials, and in that business a dispute arises or a fraud occurs . . . I have commanded that immediate report must be made to me at any hour and at any place, for I am never fully satisfied with my exertions and my dispatch of business."

That, in spite of the exalted view he took of his responsibilities, Asoka was not altogether above human weaknesses is proved by the naïveté with which he occasionally praises himself, as when he says, after dwelling on the difficulty of performing good actions: "Now, by me many good deeds have been done. Should my sons, grandsons and my descendants after them follow in this path, they will do well," and again, on one of the seven Pillar Edicts issued towards the end of his reign, he remarks, after yet again defining the essence of the Law of Piety, "The gift of spiritual insight I have given in manifold ways, whilst on two-footed and four-footed beings, on birds, and on the denizens of the waters, I have conferred many benefactions even unto the thoughts, even boon of life, and many other good deeds I have done."

Of the Minor Edicts, His Majesty contrasts with his own advantage the kings who had lived in past times, and considers at considerable length on all he had himself done to secure the best that this world and the next could give them. The ceremony, however, that the real humility that underlay and servants, they, however, that the real humility that underlay to ascetics and fully seemed like boasting constantly crops up, and

that the remembrance of the past before the true light was vouchsafed to him, was never obliterated but coloured all his thoughts even when he was in his happiest moods.

It has been claimed that the constant references in the Edicts of Asoka to the next world imply his belief in a personal God, but there is absolutely no foundation for this conclusion, his teaching being in strict accordance with that of his master, the Sakya sage, of which one of the most distinctive features is its insistence on the fact that it is by his own exertions that man must work out his salvation, not with the aid or strength from above. Neither is it possible to determine, as some have tried to do, what was the enlightened Emperor's idea of the heaven he aspired to, but there can be little doubt that it was wholly unlike the conception of Christians, and was not incompatible with the doctrine of successive re-incarnations so widely accepted in the land of his birth.

Before Asoka passed away, Buddhism, as interpreted by him, had become the prevalent creed of the whole of his dominions, which extended from what are now known as the provinces of Madras and Travancore to the Himalayas, and included the valleys of Nepal, Kashmir and Swat, with Afghanistan and certain outlying districts. It seemed indeed as if a new era of peace and goodwill, not only for men and women, but for all things that have breath, was about to begin in the East. Yet, in spite of the brilliant distinctness with which the figure of Pryadarsin stands out, and the wide influence for good he undoubtedly exercised, the beautiful fabric of a kingdom, with its roots deep in the hearts of the governed, founded not in force but on truth and justice, melted away after his death as if it had been some magic castle of the Grail only to be seen by the pure in heart. That Asoka had sons and daughtersf can be historically proved, but what became of them, and which of the former succeeded him, has never been ascertained, but out of the great silence that fell on the land he had ruled so long and so well when his inspiring presence was removed, his voice still echoes across the ages in words as piercing as ever, proving how false is the assertion that the dreams of the humanitarian can never be realized.

FROM THE NORTH.

SEVEN years ago the writer was privileged to give some account in *EAST & WEST* of a hurried visit which she paid in company with two friends to Scandinavia. In 1912 she was again in that region, and this supplement to the experiences of 1905 may find grace in the sight of the Editor.

Lena was not with us this time. Theresa and myself were alone : perhaps a sign of increasing Emancipation ? It was a soberer visit, altogether. At thirty, one's thoughts were set on Life. Now, it is a larger Life that they look to.

We crossed from Folkestone in the admirable " Princess Juliana," with the baby princess presiding in effigy over the saloon. Little need exists to detail the journey through the Low Countries and Hanover. Only this reflection may be permitted : what if Hanover had repudiated the Salic Law and stuck to Queen Victoria in 1837 ! Luxemburg has solemnly thrown over the Salic Law ; and a Grand Duke who only reigned in virtue of it is now succeeded by his daughter, the reigning Grand Duchess. If Hanover had, in William IV.'s time, done the same, and Victoria had been its Queen, it would certainly not have been absorbed by Prussia in 1866. Indeed, the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 could hardly have taken place at all. And Britain, to-day, would be established on the flank of Prussia.

Such speculations are vain. We whirled through the undulating Hanover country, with its big, high-roofed farm-steadings, so different from the plaster box-like structures of Rhenish provinces, and in due course arrived at the sea cities of Bremen and Hamburg. From Hamburg, we journeyed to Kiel, where we arrived " one clear day " (as the lawyers say) after leaving London.

Kiel is the Portsmouth of Germany. But, indeed, it is like nothing in England ; for, besides being Germany's Portsmouth, it is its Cambridge as well ; or, say, its St. Andrews. Besides being a naval station, it has a flourishing University. Moreover, it lies at the head of a beautiful sea-lake, like Belfast Lough ; and we shall not easily forget the hospitable German friends who entertained us on its shores, nor

the charming Town Park, tall hills and valleys, exquisitely timbered. Yet here again were problems. Had Britain stood by the Danes to whom Kiel belonged in 1864, so would France—and would Prussia have been mistress of Kiel and the Kiel Canal to-day? In Denmark we heard a great deal of plain-speaking on the subject, to which it was difficult to reply except by silence.

We left Kiel on a wet August night, and after purposely traversing Schleswig-Holstein in the dark, with interludes of strenuous wrestling with strange languages in the effort to catch trains at Neumunster, we found ourselves for the first time in Denmark. Deposited at Lunderskor junction at day-break, we munched biscuits disconsolately until a train condescended to carry us to Eslieryg on the West coast. And so, after two more changes of carriage, to the strange, wild sands of Jutland : so lovely and white, pine-fringed and heather-carpeted. Our friends drove us to a plateau which seemed exactly like a crater of the Moon : edged with sharp rocks, desolate, white with strewn sand. Emerging from it, between walls of heathery stone, one saw far beneath one a magnificent stretch of beach, limitless in sandy length, on which the North Sea was quietly breaking. Not a soul was visible. Tourists may visit Fano, to the south ; for the rest, West Jutland is silent and alone with her Maker and the Sea.

The sand she is trying, successfully, to keep within bounds, by the plantation of millions of pine-trees. An unhewn monolith of grey schist commemorates the work of a director of this afforestation. Surely, if it is a victory to make two blades of corn grow where one grew before, it is conquest to make corn-fields of a desert ! But we must not linger in Jutland : another journey, crowded with interest in the shape of carriages, brought us to the East side of the Peninsula, on the shores of the Little Belt, and we felt that our face was fairly set towards the North. At Fredericia (prettily placed in the embrace of water) we took the ferry. Fredericia is memorable as the place where Bismarck was for once rendered speechless. He is said to have been riding into the place in 1864, with Moltke, who knew it well, and to have remarked with a wave of the hand, " That is a good house : I shall use it as my head-quarters." " Very appropriate," drily returned Moltke ; " it is the town jail !"

The ferry takes us across the river-like Little Belt to Strib—we dash for seats in the train, and in a couple of hours we reach Nyborg. A splendid steamer carries us on across the Great Belt (where it can be rough) to Korsör in Zealand (whither we might have voyaged direct from Kiel). Here my invaluable Theresa secured, with her long swift paces, two comfortable corner seats, depositing luggage on them. But the race is not to the swift. Coming back to our seats a

moment later, we found the compartment in possession of an excessively rude couple, with children, who simply laughed in our faces. Solution—under the guidance of a Scottish friend who fortunately acted as *deus ex machina*, to take refuge in a first-class carriage!

Little can we see of Copenhagen: it is dark as pitch, we have to change stations and take tickets, and we have *minus* ten minutes (and no Danish) to do it in. A taxi, therefore, please, porter! We present ourselves, in quivering heaps, at the booking-office; we tender untold gold (if untold means uncounted) to the clerk (who asks us, in excellent English, to use that dialect); and we are bundled into a smoking carriage; there sit two Danish merchants consuming much tobacco and speculating why the train is so late in starting. They speak perfect English, are extremely kind to us—and tell us about Kiel!

At Elsinore it is dark and damp, and neither Hamlet's Castle nor his father's spirit are visible. Again a ferry (comfortable, as they all are) takes the traveller to Helsingborg, across the Sound. We find a sleeping car for Gothenburg, and fall asleep in our beloved Sweden. But it was a very wet and dripping Sweden the next morning, nor did prosperous Göthenburg look her best. The weather improved as the day went on, and we set sail for Marstrand in good spirits. The grey rocks were laved by a wild grey sea, which, just as it did seven years ago, heralded wildly our departure from the Lion and Crown Forts. It swirled about us and our little ship in a somewhat chilly fashion until, after two hours' sail, we reached that lively watering-place. Marstrand lies on the inner curve of a crescent strait. It is clean and bright and presents a curious mixture of the primitive and the sophisticated. Dominated by a great square castle, it strays up a rocky hill, on the far side of which is loneliness and ocean. After a good—but not a cheap—night's rest, we embarked in the coasting steamer for Norway; and a glorious day we had. The gale of yesterday had left a long Atlantic swell sweeping into those bays of the Vikings, illuminated by the clear sun, so that no sense of monotony was possible—even had we not been constantly turning corners from one set of sea channels and islets to another. Lysckil, smiling across its broad loch; Hunnebostrand, nestling under its mighty red cliff: these are two of the names that remain with us yet. And everywhere there were great motor fishing boats. Unlike the unadaptable Celt of Ireland and Man, who clings pathetically to the cockleshells of his ancestors, the modern Viking clubs up and invests in these expensive motors—there are 1000 of them, and they cost £500 apiece—which make him and his catch independent of carriers and extortionate charges.

The long delightful day wore to a close, and we came to rest in the harbour of Strömstad. Strömstad seemed more inviting than

Marstrand. Something like it in situation, it is quieter and more dignified. Its prospects are wider : its sea-walks more stately. By way of drawback, it has a railway : yet that is not all uncompensated damage. There are dark hints, as we turn in for the night, that the sea may prove to be heavy off the open coast on the way to Norway. One experienced traveller observes that the wind is off the land, and that therefore " there is not much danger " ! We think of the railway, and contemplate abandoning our voyage. In the end we stick by the ship ; our confidence is rewarded by a sunny morning and a bright passage to Christiania.

Seven years independence has not changed Christiania much. The Town Clerk is Mayor : the Grand Hotel is rebuilt and civilized : otherwise little is changed. People tell us that the political fervour which was formerly bestowed on the question of Independence has flowed disastrously into the channel of Socialism. They say that the menace to capital—particularly landed property—is causing serious anxiety to all who have the welfare of the country at heart : there is no sense of security. We refrained from pronouncing judgment. Four days' residence is not sufficient for dogmatism. But what does appear to be a legitimate conclusion—for we hear it, not only in Sweden, but in Norway as well—is that Norway would not be sorry to return to the Union. In the presence of Germany and Russia as near neighbours, Norway, with her 3,000,000 population, feels uncomfortably small. In the north, the Russians creep round in frenzied hunger for an ice-free port. In the south, German cruisers flaunt the Iron Cross and take soundings as though in Prussian waters. Norway feels a little chill ; her big sister Sweden was a comfortable companion when bears and black eagles were about ! Sometimes I think, in a flight of fancy, that a Northern Federation, in which Sweden, Norway and Denmark, and perhaps Holland, would join the British Islands, might not be a bad thing. Certainly, the Briton is popular in all these regions in a way, which cannot be said of the German. Or were the Vikings only flattering us ?

Leaving these speculations, and bent upon scenery, we took the night express for the Fryken Lakes on the Norse-Swedish border. They are interesting and pretty, but fall far short of Cumberland and Scotland.

Our next objective was Stockholm—always beautiful, always hospitable, always stately and bright ! The rain poured, but what does it matter, in Stockholm ? It gave us a hint to inspect the Nordiska Museum, a perfect compendium of Swedish life and history. The vast hall with arms and banners is imposing. But even more interesting is the gallery of rooms each furnished in the style of successive periods.

which trace the progress of Swedish culture from the Middle Ages to the various decades of the current centuries. One is transported in a flash to 1880 or 1850 at will. Pathetic, too, is the wonderful collection of toys and dolls'-houses of all periods as their dead owners played with them, years ago. Over the great hall presides a gigantic Gustavus Vasa, and before the building are two obelisks, with the proud verse—"From our ancestors it came, to our descendants it shall go—this inheritance of ours, as long as there are hearts in the North!" There is force in Sweden yet.

Is it known how Sweden dealt with her general strike that broke out in 1909? A corps of National Service was formed by the middle classes; they kept the lighting and food supply on foot; and in spite of obvious inconvenience which it necessarily caused, the strike failed to effect a stoppage in the business of the nation. No more hopeful example of the way in which the difficulties of modern times can be faced is known to me. The proletarian menace was fairly met: the middle classes said, "Well, we can do without you!" and they did. The sabrings of Berlin; the intrigues of London; the mobilizations of Paris—how do these look in comparison? We may yet see Sweden play a great part in politics.

But why are all the Scandinavians so uninventive in the matter of steamship nomenclature? In the British isles, we should have, besides the *Margate* and the *London*, our *Eagles*, *Snowdrops*, *Dianas* and *Waverleys*. This is picturesque and interesting. But in these countries, when they have exhausted such interest as is afforded by the Royal families (as in the *Konung Oskar*, etc.), they can only fall back upon the names of neighbouring places. When these places happen to coincide with the destination of the ship, the effect is painfully flat. When they do not, the result is not so flat, but simply distracting. If an owner thinks of a place-name that he really likes, he cannot bear to part with it—so we get a distressing iteration of *Karlstad I*, *Karlstad II* *Karlstad XV*! Honourable exceptions are afforded by the classical titles of the *Sodra Sverige* line, and the star-names of the *Bergen* s.s. company. But we look in vain for a *Narva*, an *Emerald*, a *Vasa* or a *Seraph*.

I said something in my former article about the popular resorts of Skansen and Drottningholm. On this visit we went rather further afield, and explored the waters of Lake Mälär to the west, and of the Baltic to the east. Mälär is island-dotted, with a blue haze on the water like Copenhagen pottery, and reminds Theresa of the waters between Skye and Rosshire, only that there are no Coolin Hills near. The voyage ends at Gripsholm Castle. It is a historic and perfectly preserved edifice: square-set, glowing dull-red, tipped with

cupolas. Portraits, old furniture, armorials, occupy the visitor's attention, and the time allotted to the visit slips rapidly away. The views over the lake are magnificent, notably that from the gorgeous Grand Saloon, a room decorated with the full-length portraits of all the monarchs of Europe—the Sultan included. Gripsholm, like Hampton Court near London, was built in Tudor times, and remained inhabited until the nineteenth century—so that a great variety of styles are to be studied in its many apartments. The saloon just mentioned is one of the most recent, but of greater historic interest is the fine oak-paneled chamber where the great Gustavus veritably may have walked.

On board our returning steamer we find a party (with children) of our dear countrymen, ingratiating themselves, as their habit is, with the company by the calm appropriation of the best parts of the steamer as a British possession—delimited by frontiers of waterproofs, umbrellas and projecting boots.

We do not reach Stockholm until after dark: the lights of the city and its bridges as we approach the quay are a dream of jewelled loveliness.

For the Baltic excursion we had a splendid fine Sunday. The big white *Ostana* threaded her way through a mystifying archipelago of islands and straits, touching every now and then at a landing-stage to deposit city friends come to spend a few hours "doon the water" (as they say in Glasgow). And the enthusiasm over these lost sheep! Probably they were here last week; probably they will be here again, next: but they are one and all received with fluttering handkerchiefs and a rapturous enthusiasm which must be very gratifying. To the further and most primitive spots emotion goes still further. A young man in tidy black coat and clerkly bowler hat steps ashore; he is seized by an ancient lady in peasant dress, and she slaps his cheeks heartily in pure pleasure at recovering him! High or low, the excitement is the same. It is not vociferous, but expressed in act and gesture. And it is repeated still more fervently on the return voyage—except at one place. There are two girls there who do not smile: and one does not speak—only shakes her head a little when addressed. She does not wave at the steamer when it splashes off, but looks hungrily after it. One wonders why.

And now it is time we left the Swedish capital. Motor-cars and picture-theatres have left their trail here as elsewhere. Yet the cars are carefully driven, and automats and cinemas together doing their worst cannot spoil Stockholm. Just one more picture. It shall be, not of the changing of the guard in the Palace Square—not of the busy cafés in the Strandvagen—but of the sailing of the Russian packet at dusk. The *Bore*, looking larger than she is, with her two

yellow funnels and long line of teak deck houses, is crowded with a cheerful and polyglot company. As her bell rings peremptorily, motor after motor dashes up to the broad gangway and discharges a flurried fare. Surely, one thinks, this will be the last on board! But no; more breathless motors arrive, more bells are rung. Passengers come ashore: passengers' friends go on board: last bargains are struck for bags of apples, and one urgent customer completes the negotiation from the gangway. A furious conversation goes on in all languages under the sun: for this is one of the main highways into Czardom. At last the gangway is hauled away: the siren sounds a warning. It is quite dark now, but the brilliantly lighted decks disclose a light-hearted crowd waving from stem to stern the inevitable pocket-handkerchiefs. "Suomi!" (Finland), shouts an irrepressible youth on the quay. "Suomi!—Suomi!" shout back shrill silhouettes on the forecastle. The forest of waving cambric slips slowly back from the shore. Then the *Bore* turns, and glides down stream to the Emperor's dominions.

After a last drive round the illuminated, water-channelled city, we took the sleeping-car for Malmö, away in the South-west. We had meant to visit the "town of roses and ruins"—Visby in Gothland, a Baltic island, of old the emporium of the rich trade which used to pass between the East and West by way of Muscovy and Syria. But the season is too late. At Malmö you are just opposite Copenhagen; and it is a little difficult to realize that the Sound is not exactly a river, and that Copenhagen is to all interests invisible from the Swedish shore. It is quite an hour's journey across, in the huge ferry, where one can breakfast *al fresco* in a gallery somewhere amongst the funnels.

Copenhagen does not impress one like Stockholm, or even like Christiania, although the biggest of the three. Its streets are narrow and winding, and it has an air of mid-Victorianism, or even of the mediæval. It would, I think, be a friendly and intimate city on close acquaintance; somewhat like Paris, which in its air of having seen better days it much resembles. But I believe it is throwing out shiny new boulevards at its outskirts. Certainly Theresa and I walked for something like two hours in one direction without exhausting the

of houses. But one wet day is scarcely sufficient to estimate Copenhagen. And of the morning we had to leave the clean new station (whose beauty can on the meritedly praised), and take an amphibious voyage to Rostock. waters bet Copenhagen in the morning and pass southwards through near. The the train. Then, crossing two narrow straits bodily perfectly prestho coaches pass down the island of Fehmern,

and are run on board a truly magnificent ferry-boat for the two hours' passage to Germany. Here, in the open Baltic, it was rather rough. The great ferry-boat plunged bluntly into the crests of the seas. From the bridge, amid showers of flying spray, one could see the waves break against her bows as on rocks. She could not but pitch a little, but was a wonderfully steady P. S. "*Mecklenburg*," considering the weather. At Warnemunde, near ancient Rostock, she glided safely into dock—our carriages were trundled off, and we were soon on the iron road to Hamburg, packed like herring in a barrel, but dry and comfortable. What a singular thing that the channel-ferry cannot be worked on these lines. True, there is little or no tide in the Baltic, and the difficulties of level in landing are minimized. But, after all, this is a matter of degree, and could surely be dealt with by competent engineers.

The comfort of remaining in the train, and having no damp scramble for carriages at the ferry transit, is scarcely to be calculated. No strategical objections attach to the project as they do to that of a Channel tunnel. Who will be the capitalist to run expresses from London to Paris without change of carriage?

Speaking of tides recalls one striking feature of all the Baltic and even West Swedish seaside places. All have a strangely trim and clean appearance, very pleasing and surprising to us who are accustomed to our own tangled foreshore. It seems as if it were always full tide, with the brimming sea covering up all imperfections. In fact, it is always full tide. That this should be so in the enclosed Baltic, as in the Mediterranean, may not be surprising. But why in West Sweden and the Christiania Fiord?

A brisk run through unexpectedly beautiful Mecklenburg—lovely, with lakelets and reminiscent of Northumberland—and then we had a long and chilly wait at Hamburg, diversified by a visit to a café where a band was discoursing very emphatic and very frequent music. Then, the sleeping-car, a welcome rest, and a lively but exhilarating passage home in the steady paddle-ship which has H.R.H. Prince Henry of the Netherlands as sponsor, and our flight to the North is accomplished.

Can we co-ordinate any general impressions? Shortly, these. That Swedish towns, and even coast-towns, are very clean; that train-ferries are blessings, and paddle-boats steadier, if slower, than turbines. That Sweden has an unsuspected reserve of moral and material strength—unsuspected, perhaps, even by herself. That Norway is three-fourths inclined to repent of 1905; that German *brusquerie* is not appreciated abroad; and that Denmark, despite agricultural co-operation and afforestation schemes, is still in the 'sixties—(no bad period!). Our fellow-travellers from Copenhagen to Elsinore were just such

delightful people as figure in Dickens and Lytton ; the creatures of an ampler age than ours.

But these are only the conclusions of a three weeks' tour and of an imperfectly educated tourist !

IONE.

TO M. K. GHANDHI.

Sweetly radiant, thou beautiful Star,
Home of glory in a welkin of gloom,
Cross of the South, in thy beauty and bloom,
Lighting a land so foreign and so far.
Legions of Cæsars, and Ciceros again,
Dear Friend, thy name and thy fame shall survive ;
With arms of steel and brazen tongues they strive
• To rend Creation's Robe, by might and main :
Not so, thou Saint, and sainted hero's soul,—
Martyr no less in deed than in thy will !
Men who long to reach the Son of Man's goal,
Shall flock from far and near, again and still,
To learn anew from India's swarthy son,—
That selfless life, and deathless life, are one.

Lucknow.

M. C. ROY.

THE DEVOTION OF AN AHOM PRINCESS.

LITTLE—very little indeed—do the people in other parts of India know of the small province of Assam, except this, that it forms a Chief Commissionership in the north-eastern corner of the country. Yet there is hardly any other province in India that can, within such a narrow compass, furnish so much of interesting matters—archæological and ethnological, historical and geographical, linguistical and sociological, botanical and zoological.

It is not, however, the scope of this small article to deal with any of the items mentioned above: the story of Jayamatī, the devoted wife of Gadadhar Sinha, one of the Ahom kings of Assam, is our subject. But for the information of the readers who—as I have already said—generally know little of the province, we must give here so much of its history as would be deemed needful for the introduction of the story.

The name of Naraka occurs in the Rāmāyana and the Mahābhārata: in the latter epic that of his son Bhagadatta (and even of Bajradatta, the son of Bhagadatta) is mentioned: and the kingdom they ruled over was called Prāgjyotisha. In the Purāṇas and the Tantras—especially in the Kālikā Purana and the Yoginī Tantra—the name of the kingdom is stated as Kāmarūpa as well, the capital being “Prāgjyotishapura” (modern Gauhati) on the Brahmaputra. The line of Naraka and Bhagadatta continued to rule over the kingdom during mediæval times as is testified by Yuan Chwang and also by several copper-plates lately discovered.

A great commotion appears to have taken place by the twelfth century A.D., which raised to power the aborigines such as the Chutiya and the Kacharis; but by the latter part of the thirteenth century, the eastern part of the Brahmaputra valley came under the dominion of an offshoot of the Shans of Burmah, that went by

the name of "Ahom," and it is this people that has given the province its present name of "Assam." In the sixteenth century the Brahmaputra valley became divided into two powerful kingdoms—the eastern half was under the Ahoms, and the western under the Kochas.

The Yoginī Tantra declared that the founder of the Koch kingdom of Kāmarūpa was a son of the Mahādeva, and that the ancestor of the Ahoms was Indra. The Kochas, who lived nearer the Hindu centres of Bengal and Bihar, became thoroughly Hinduised, whereas the Ahoms who did not cut off all connection with their original religion, remained bi-religious, conforming to the Hindu and their own ancestral creed simultaneously, though, in course of time, they were more and more drawn towards the Aryan faith.

The incidents we are going to narrate, relate to the last part of the seventeenth century when the Ahoms were powerful enough to drive away the Mussalmans from the eastern part of the whilom Koch kingdom of Kāmarūpa, and as the district of Kāmarūpa, which was all along the centre of culture in this part of the country, fell into their hands, they became masters of the whole valley of the Brahmaputra as far as the precincts of the Bengal district of Goālpāra.

Though the Ahoms were hitherto marching steadily on the course of conquest, yet this was a time when their progress was arrested by internal dissensions. King Udayaditya, whose short but brilliant reign of about three years (1670-1673) was remarkable for the expulsion of the Moghul invaders from Assam, died a violent death brought about by his rebellious brother; and the history of Assam for the next eight years is a narrative of intrigues against the lives of the occupants of the throne—numbering not less than six—almost all of whom were mere puppets in the hands of over-ambitious ministers and courtiers. The last of these, who bore the Ahom name of Sulikpha but has been known in history by the Assamese nickname of "Lorā Rājā" (child king) either on account of his youthful age or more probably for his child-like immature judgment, became king in 1679.

This king, though weak in intellect, could understand very well that his position on the throne was insecure. The first step was therefore the removal—of course, from the face of the earth—of those very nobles whose intrigues had eventually raised him to

power : and then he took steps to see that there were left no claimants to the throne. There were certain clans of the Ahoms, the members of which had the privilege of becoming "king" by succession or election ; and it was also necessary that the individual to be raised to the throne should have no deformity in person. So this "Lorá Rájá" either killed or maimed hundreds of persons belonging to these royal clans who might have the least pretension to the throne, so that, for want of a qualified successor, nobody would think of his dethronement.

One individual however, escaped somehow from his clutches, and he was Prince Gadápáni, son of one of those unfortunate kings who had, during these fateful years of constant changes of rulers, been raised to the throne by some intriguing ministers to be soon after put down and assassinated by other rival aspirants to power. The Lorá Rájá could not be in peace until this formidable rival to the throne was captured and either maimed or put to death ; but in such a race, when one is running for his life and the other is trying to overtake his victim, the latter is generally worsted : so Gadápáni got out of the reach of the king, and his whereabouts became absolutely untraceable even for the hound-like spies of the watchful despot.

We now come to the heroine of our story. Princess Jayamatí—herself a scion of one of the royal clans—was the wife of this Gadápáni. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady : and her hand was sought for by many an Ahom Prince, including the Lorá Rájá. But she chose as her partner in life Gadápáni who was reputed to be the bravest and the strongest of the Ahoms, a race that had at that period of history been well known for its invincibility, having baffled the march of conquest of the powerful army of the Great Moghul. When Jayamatí saw that the Lorá Rájá was bent on seizing the person of Gadápáni, she entreated him to leave the territory of this wicked king and pass a few days somehow in disguise until, as was fervently expected, exasperated by the imbecile atrocities of the Lorá Rájá, the nobles now belonging to his own party would rise against him. and if the Raja were dethroned, the chances would be in his favour to get the kingdom as by that time the royal clans would be denuded of members eligible for the throne. Gadápáni at first refused to hear the counsel of Jayamatí, as his chivalrous nature revolted against the idea of leaving his dear wife and two small children to their fate in order

to save his own life : but when she convinced him that however wicked the king might be, he would not lay violent hands on a female and her helpless young ones, he quitted his family home and went to the Nágá Hills, where he passed many anxious days among the Nágás, some of whom he occasionally sent as spies to gather information about the welfare of his family members and the condition of the kingdom.

Thus being baffled in his attempt to capture Gadápáni, the Lorá Rájá at first intended to give up the pursuit, as he thought that the self-exile of Gadápáni gave him much security. Out of sight, out of mind : and the nobles who might conspire against him, might not have Gadápáni in view. But a vicious king is never without wicked counsellors : and the Lorá Rájá was persuaded to believe that as long as there was Gadápáni's wife living with her children within his territory, Gadápáni would have hold over the minds of the people : and so they advised him to seize the person of Jayamatí with a twofold object, viz., that she might supply information as to the exact whereabouts of her husband, and that even Gadápáni might come up if he heard of the disgrace of his consort.

After some hesitation, the Lorá Rájá gave his assent to the proposal, and Jayamatí was brought before the King in his Durbar Hall. She fully understood the object of the visit, and made up her mind as to what was to be done in these circumstances. The courtiers coaxed her to give the requisite information; but she kept silent. Her studied reticence incensed the king who then, flinging away all thoughts of gentle coercion asked her in a harsh tone : " Well, woman, where is thy husband ?" Fain would she maintain silence, but such a rude treatment was too much for the princess who had once contemptuously rejected the amorous offers of this despicable king, and summoning up all her courage she replied : " The mean-hearted person who can accord such a treatment to a helpless woman deserves no reply from the wife of a chivalrous and magnanimous husband : I shall never say anything regarding my valiant lord—and am ready to take the consequence."

This answer was not wholly unexpected, as the once disappointed lover knew of what stuff Jayamatí was made. Though he knew fully well that no persuasion or persecution would be of any avail, he ordered the Chawdángs (the Ahom lictors) to take Jayamatí over to the execution ground, and to apply slow and pro-

longed torture with the ostensible object of extorting information of Gadápáni from her, but with the covert motive of drawing the fugitive prince within his clutches. For days together the diabolical instruments of torture were applied to her person: she was whipped; her flesh was squeezed; needles were pierced into her body; and when screams, often involuntary, came out of her mouth, it was gagged. Oh what a horrible scene! Never was such a sight seen in this holy land of Bhárata, nay, not even in those days when it became almost a custom for the claimants to the throne to imprison their fathers, to put out eyes of their brothers, or to poison their own dear relatives. Never was such violence done to a female in India nor perhaps in any civilised country which has a history. Joan of Arc was no doubt similarly treated, but her persecutors honestly believed her to be a witch. The news of this barbarous persecution travelled far and wide, and after a few days it reached the ears of Gadápáni. His indomitable heart broke at the news: what he had feared came to be true. He at once left his hiding-place, and assuming the guise of a Nágá, he came to the Ahom capital. By some means he approached Jayamatí and, as the Chawdángs never let her alone, he addressed her in the uncouth manner of a Nágá, saying, "O woman, why art thou suffering thus? Thou canst easily tell where thy husband now is and be free."

Jayamatí at once recognised who was addressing her: she saw that all her attempts to save her dear husband's life, at the sacrifice of her own, would go in vain directly the king's men recognised him. She at first kept silent: she knew not what to say: but when Gadápáni begged of her thrice to reply she said, "What dost thou mean? There is no hope of my life being saved even if I be free now: and I shall die soon—very soon: but I die happy since my dear husband is safe, and he will avenge my death. Man, go to thy own place; what business has brought thee hither?"

Gadápáni thought of surrendering himself to the Lorá Rájá to save his dear wife's life, but the moribund state in which he found her and the sensible words she had spoken to him, convinced him that his surrender would only mean a sure ruin to himself without saving her life. Nay, he should live—live to avenge Jayamatí's death—to save his paternal kingdom from ruin at the hands of the present atrocious usurper—to deliver the people from the oppression of this wicked tyrant. He lifted up his hands towards the heavens

and exclaimed : " O ye Gods—let me not be a partner to the sin of the death of this chaste woman : as soon as I heard of her persecution, I hastened hither to save her : but she is past saving. Give me strength to avenge her death."

After sixteen days of most cruel torture, Jayamati died and went to that part of the Heaven which is occupied by Sítá, Sávitri, Damayanti and other devoted wives, whose accounts had surely given this Hinduised Ahom Princess strength to her nerves and stimulus to her mind to bear with uncommon patience all sorts of suffering for the welfare of her husband.

Her martyrdom did not go in vain : the immediate effect was that as the cup of iniquities of the Lorá Rájá became now full to the brim, the people, headed by the nobles, became wholly alienated from him and they were seriously thinking of placing Gadápáni on the throne in lieu of this wrong-headed, base-hearted ruler : only an opportunity was waited for.

The Lorá Rájá then sent his emissaries even to the Nágá Hills, and so Gadápáni had to leave that abode of safety : he was hotly pursued by the royal army and often escaped from their hands very narrowly, and sometimes rather miraculously. Better days, however, soon came to him, when he succeeded in making his escape to a place near Gauhati, wherefrom he could hold communication with his friends and relatives—the Viceroy at Gauhati being his brother-in-law ; and with their help he easily drove away the unpopular Lorá Rájá and took possession of the throne (1681). The death of Jayamati was soon avenged—her persecutor being killed after a prolonged torture.

Out of deference to his devoted consort, Gadápáni—now Gadádhar Sinha—took unto himself no other wife. He applied all his energies in restoring order in the kingdom that had suffered very much from misrule during the troublesome period of eight years that preceded his reign. What he began was completed by his son Rudra Sinha, who may be styled the " Ahom-Akbar"—as the Ahom rule attained its highest glory during his administration (1696-1714). He was the elder of the two children that Gadádhar had by Jayamati. One of the first acts that Rudra Sinha did was to build a tank, making the spot where his mother was tortured its centre ; the tank measures about 132 acres, and is the biggest of the several huge tanks that exist in Assam. It was named

"Jayaságaranand," and on its bank were built several temples by a Bengali architect specially imported for the purpose from Koch Bihár which, along with the tank, even now remind the people of the martyrdom of Jayamatí.

The moral effect of Jayamatí's devotion was also considerable. Gadádhara Sinha, who probably looked on his wife as Siva thought of Satí, showed his inclination to the *Sákta* creed, and as a practical proof of his piety, he made grants of land to the Brahmins and built the temple of Umánanda, the Bhairava (*i.e.*, the guardian *lingam*) of Kámákhyá, the most famous *Sákta pitha* in the whole of India. Rudra Sinha also built several other temples, besides those on the banks of Jaya-Sagar, which he dedicated to the gods; made grants of land to the Bráhmans, and imported a pious Bengali Bráhmaṇa from Nadiyá to take *Sákta mantram* from him. He died however before initiation: but his son Siva Sinha took *mantram*, became the most pious of the Ahoms kings before and after, excavated the Siva-Sagára, which has given name to the town as well as the important district of Sibságar, granted extensive lands to the Brahmanas and built several temples dedicated to various deities. Such acts of piety on the part of these illustrious Ahom kings served to elevate the social status of the whole Ahom race; as, since then, they have gradually passed into the Assamese Hindu society almost as a clean caste.

And all these for Jayamatí, whose very name is glorious.

Assam.

PADMANATHA BHATTACHARYYA.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.

"Before a truly passionate feeling can exist, something is necessary that is perhaps best expressed by a metaphor in chemistry, namely, the two persons must neutralise each other, like acid and alkali to a neutral salt."—*Schopenhauer*.

JONAS SEXTON sat alone in his dismal chambers, and in a very dismal frame of mind. His attitude, as he crouched over the fire, was that of a man who had a grievance against Creation in general and Humanity in particular.

Why had he been made so nearly ugly, with an insignificant figure, and a nervousness that defeated all efforts to be agreeable? And to make matters as bad as they could be, he was desperately in love with a beautiful and intelligent girl.

She must have been beautiful, for everyone said so, and intellectual—as she took such an interest in the conversation of that scientific lecturer Professor . . . and was even this evening going to hear him discourse on dynamics at the Faraday Hall, and he, Jonas Sexton, knew nothing of dynamics, and detested the Faraday Hall, loathed all German scientists, and hated the beast that had offered him a ticket.

What were dynamics? And why had he fallen in love? Why was that brute handsome? He would not—but—yes, he would go and dress for the lecture.

And, as if nature had not been sufficiently unkind, there was a prominent scar upon his forehead. By experimenting, he had found it just possible to arrange his hair so as to hide this disfigurement. But it was always a matter of doubt whether this should be done.

Was he proud of it? No. Ashamed of it? Why should he be? And yet any reference to this defect put him in a strange dilemma. He could not explain, and as no one knew its history, the inquisitive saw it, and from his reticence formed various conclusions.

To-night, he brushed his hair right back, and went to the lecture defiantly.

What a crowded room! And Hilda was so hemmed in by sisters and admirers, he could not get within rows of where she sat, and those two men he knew in front of him, must have been similarly disappointed. They were talking too, and he was quite sure of Hilda and himself.

"No," said one, "such a thing would be much too ludicrous. Fancy that girl marrying a deformed chimpanzee."

But here, turning his head, and discovering Sexton's scarred and homely face, he went very red.

Clearly, he should not have come to the lecture.

And when the proceedings began, the intense interest Hilda displayed completed his misery, and with a smothered imprecation, he left the Faraday Hall in a rage. But he could go away—and, yes, he would call and see Hilda the next morning for the last time.

This, and no thought of dynamics, was in his mind that night as he closed his eyes and slept.

But now in his dreams, it seemed he was at the foot of a grassy slope. He commenced climbing up and up. The distance appeared interminable. Far as eye could see, with gradual ascent, rose this green hill, and, possessed with a mad desire to reach its summit, he was pressing on and upwards. Would it ever end?

And yet, curious to relate, he felt no weariness, and more strange still, the sensation of difficulty in climbing quickly passed away, until, though mounting higher, there came a feeling that he was going down. Indeed, the further he went, and steeper as the hill became, the faster grew his progress. The law of gravity had been reversed—that was all, and now, with a strange dread of falling uphill instead of down, he found himself skimming the surface of the earth. Faster and faster the ground rushed past his feet. Then dizziness overpowered him, and his mad climb ended, he was brought to a sudden standstill, and to hear a voice cry merrily:—"Hullo, I've got you at last."

He was next conscious of a musical humming as of wheels in rapid motion, and a sound like multitudes of voices, distant and subdued, yet rising and falling with charming crescendo and diminuendo effects.

On opening his eyes, he found the speaker of those words, a bent white-haired giant, of great age, clad in long white robes,

seated upon a marble throne, and in front of a stupendous and glorious spectacle.

Large rings of glistening gold, rotating round an invisible axis, and disconnected, rose to an inconceivable height—ring above ring, until lost in the perspective and the sky of misty blue. And within those myriad circling wheels flashed scintillating diamonds, that fell upon the earth like drops of coloured rain.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the giant. "You don't know where you are, do you?"

"Indeed, I do not," answered Jonas, "I might be at the North Pole for all I know."

"And that is just where you are, my friend."

"But, I do not feel it cold."

"Cold! I should think not—for I live here. Cold! Why I am Chronos, and King of all the World, and have been so, long years before one chilly breath had touched this globe. Nevertheless, as venturesome men have learned to their cost, around my seat of government there is that barrier of snow and ice. And long may this be so, or how could I be left in peace to warm or chill the hearts of all on earth, as is my sovereign will?"

"You! I do not understand," said Jonas.

"Then we will teach you. Eros! my son!" he cried, "come here. Here is a mortal whom you have hit."

And quickly the little god of love, winged and naked, with bow and quiver, driving a golden hoop and blowing a horn, danced with roguish steps before the throne.

And at the signal, from all directions came Nymphs in multitudes, Dryades, Orcides, Napœ—a galaxy of beauty, whilst upon the crowded scene hurried in countless numbers still more and more beautiful and radiant virgins—Oceanides, Nereides, Naiades, who, in answer to the call of love, with every charm and grace of form and motion, had left their grottos, woods and seas.

"Light for the mortal!" cried the giant. "Vibrate the ether! Are all the storms upon the solar photosphere exhausted?"

And then in answer came a scene of glory in the heaven above and around, as all the coloured lights, the northern lights of the Aurora darted through the firmament. Hither and thither they played, lighting up the lithesome dancing throng; faster whirled those golden wheels, brighter flashed the diamonds.

"What are those brilliant gems?" asked Jonas, for he felt,

with so much that was strange and unaccountable before him he must begin somewhere.

"Those are tears of joy in love. Watch my son."

And here he saw the little god of love, as if weary of his game; throw up that hoop of gold, which rose in the air and shot far beyond the ken of mortal eye.

"Another ring of love," he cried.

"Who are they?" asked old Chronos.

"A blind girl and a sculptor."

And then from the distant height of those golden wheels, there came a chord of softest music, echoed first but faintly, and increasing as it descended through the chain—to end in one loud harmonic peal—while all the nymphs in chorus sang.

"One more."

Then there was silence. And presently, as from some unseen agency, another hoop flew to the ready hand of little Eros—and again he threw this from him.

"Another ring of love."

"Who now?" asked Chronos.

"A musician, and a girl whose voice is harsh."

Again this ring soared heavenwards to be followed by that distant harmony, falling through those golden wheels, the long cadenza increasing in its volume, until all voices took up the sweet refrain.

"One more."

And now little Eros was very busy, shooting his arrows, catching and throwing away his hoops, and in answer to old Time's questioning, added to his list:

"A vulgar man of wealth—a sweet unselfish woman;" "a silent melancholy youth and a brilliant wit;" "a cripple and a lover of the dance;" "a poet and a coquette;" "a son of Hercules and a delicate maiden."

Finally, seizing a hoop with more alacrity than usual, he cried in triumph: "A handsome scientist, and one who only cares for pleasure."

"Their names!" cried Jonas in excitement.

Immediately the dancing ceased, the choir paused in silence. Eros stood amazed.

"Their names! What matter is it?" And pursing his lips in scorn and pirouetting, as he gaily shot another arrow, he cried: "Names! What are names, wealth, looks, charms of feature,

gifts of mind or any other thing, compared with love? I can rival Mars, and laugh at all the thunderbolts of Jove."

And then through space his arrow whistled swiftly.

"It is all a mystery to me," sighed Jonas, and he bent his head in despair of finding any solution. Then a beautiful Naiad touched his hand, and gently lead him nearer to the throne. And old Chronos, leaning forward, whispered kindly:

"What is it that puzzles you?"

"I was wondering how it is that such different people love and marry. Is it true?"

"True as the laws of any science."

"Is it possible?"

"Listen," said Chronos, "why did you not stop at that lecture?"

"I hate the lecturer and detest dynamics and all such things," pleaded the young man.

"Had you done so," continued the old giant, "you might have learned something of that law of analogues on which the universe is founded." As a philosopher once said, "Nature is always self-similar."

Jonas now almost fancied himself back at the Faraday Hall once more, for this style of things seemed strangely familiar. This made him shudder, but then he remembered it was only a dream, and felt comforted.

"You might have heard at such a time," continued Chronos, "that according to the laws of that science you despise, 'with every action there is ever an equal and contrary reaction.' So we see apparently suitable partners will often have a feeling of repulsion."

Jonas Sexton was getting interested by this view of dynamics, and now felt grieved to think it all a dream.

"Then," continued Chronos, "you might have been told that 'a pair of equal and oppositely directed forces when acting' may rotate a body, as with the rings of my son Eros, and such is called in scientific language "*a couple*," and the product of either force into the distance between those lines of action is called the *moment of the couple*. Such is love. Then, I daresay your scientific lecturer has often spoken of other mysterious forces of nature, their working and discovery—wireless telegraphy, for instance?"

"Oh! Yes, indeed," gloomily responded Jonas.

"From that take heart, my friend. Hidden for ages has been that secret! So with love. Know you not that besides the medium *the air*, which will produce audible sounds, with vibrations, varying from 16—the lowest, to 40,000—the highest—per second, there exists an inner medium, *the ether*, with vibrations, amounting to trillions—whose waves from a transmitter might travel round this globe eight times in one short second. And here does Eros show you his transmitter; waves from the innermost and most subtle medium of all vibrate hence throughout the world—nay, through space and eternity itself. Such is love."

"But why do people love?"

Jonas was practical in his desperation.

"I am Chronos," said the giant, "old as the everlasting hills, and since Eros was born, there has been no other law than this. Just as with those wireless messages that fill all men with wonder, when the medium, the ether, may be vibrated, but no sign comes from the 'coherer,' because the 'wings' are out of tune; so it is with love. The voice of your musical string vibrating waves will have no answer from another unless they are in tune. Syntony is their law—and such is the law of love! Given sympathy, what is space? Nothing to the power of waves of that inner medium, the ether, and there is another medium still. No prison walls or rocks, mountains, seas or desert wastes can stay the message of this innermost sense. Such is love. Its ethereal language passes through all barriers. It is a reality. Similarity or dissimilarity in appearances, talents, pursuits, physique, agreement, station in life, intellect, beauty, are all nothing to this inner force—when the wings—the wings of love are tuned. And here as Eros throws his golden wings to Heaven itself, is stored the energy, the energy of love. "Eros, my son," he called out, "have you no other arrow left!"

"'Tis gone!" was the answer, as he threw another hoop.

"Whither this time?"

But here there was a pause.

Jonas thought the boy was looking at him. Would the ringing Peal of joyous music never end. And of whom did that shining Dryad remind him? Would Eros never answer?

In an agony of anxious expectation the vision of it all then vanished—and he awoke from this, his dream.

He did call on Hilda that morning, with the intention of saying goodbye—at least so he said to himself.

As usual, after a formal greeting, there was an awkward, a very awkward pause.

He was mainly conscious of the difficulty his hat caused him. What should he do with it? Would he never sit down? was Hilda's chief concern. But at last even this was accomplished.

The hat was, however, subjected to a curious circular movement, and Hilda's mobile mouth showed unmistakable signs of not being quite under control.

Finally, to save herself, she ventured, "You did not come to the lecture last night, Mr. Sexton?"

"I did, but, er——left very soon."

"Oh!"

"And I have come to tell you that I am going away."

She never even said that she was sorry, but observed, "You are really very erratic; I thought you would see us home last night, or at least into an omnibus."

"I did mean to do so," he stammered, "but unfortunately——"

"Oh, well, of course if you are going away, no doubt you had to make preparations."

"I hope you enjoyed the lecture, Miss——"

"Enjoyed it?" she could not wait for him to finish, "Oh! it was most interesting, Professor . . . is the clearest and most delightful exponent of difficult subjects. I never enjoyed anything more. He made it all so clear, describing Newton's laws of motion first, and then what is meant by the mass, density, momentum, acceleration of momentum, the work done on a body, the kinetic energy, the force and how a force does work when it moves a body. Then he went into statics and kinetics of a particle, he also explained the condition of equilibrium, which is, as perhaps you know, that the sum of resolved portions of forces coming from anywhere is zero, but owing to the tridimensional nature of all around it, it is enough to show that the sums of the resolved parts in any three co-planar directions are zero."

Here her eyes sparkled with excitement—but Mr. Sexton dropped his hat, for quite other forces were working in his mind.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hilda, I don't think I quite understand."

And then for his complete discomfiture, a kitten that had

demurely stationed itself near the chair on which he sat, darted upon his hat, and in an ecstasy of feline playfulness, gave an example of kinetic energy by trundling it about the room.

A peal of laughter from the kitten's mistress. How could she help it? But she seized the hat.

"I must be going, Miss Hilda"

And with a feeling that all must now be over, his dream notwithstanding, and inwardly cursing dynamics and all cats, he rose, very awkwardly indeed.

"Going?"

"Yes, but before I do,—I—" despair seized him. "I am glad you so enjoyed the lecture. How you must love science—and—I wish, I wish you would give me my hat."

Her heart beat wildly. He must not go.

"Do sit down, Mr. Sexton, for you haven't even told me where you are going. Is it very important and secret? You love secrets, I believe. So do I—that is finding them out. But you were saying I love science—Yes, I do indeed!"

"Nothing more?" he ventured.

"Yes, I do." And she placed the hat where he could not reach it, and fondled the kitten. "Do sit down.—Yes, I love science."

"And scientific lectures?"

"Yes."

For some reason the kitten scratched her.

Both hearts were beating faster now

"Perhaps—perhaps—you are specially interested in the lecturer?"

"Indeed, I am!"

"Then perhaps you will give me my hat"

But there was that in her eyes which checked him as she said: "You must not go until I say something. Do you know how much interest I take in Professor . . . ? I have studied his books and enjoyed his lectures—but never taken the trouble to find out—say—where he lived. Such a thing never interested me. And women are naturally inquisitive, Mr. Sexton, and I am no exception to the rule, and though you have never told me, I can tell you where you were born, where you went to school, where you used to live—in Northampton, was it not?"

The kitten was on the floor now, and Sexton trod upon it.

"Yes, in Northampton," she continued, "and as I have a friend there, a very dear friend, I know a good deal about Northampton, and nothing has been withheld from my curiosity. I know a certain street there, a certain house, where there was once a fire, and you know I love light and heat, I love all science, but some things more—and Oh! Mr. Sexton, forgive me, do, but I could not help finding out about that fire—and so found out what caused that scar upon your forehead—and I love it—who could help it? And—and——do speak, and say you will not go to Northampton just at once!"

Truly now the "wings" were tuned.

And then he told his dream. And with it, both fancied they could hear those rings of Eros, and the chorus of the Nymphs; but whether it was so, or no, this much is true, that from their hearts vibrated those ethereal waves which, though still eluding any scientific test, defeating all efforts of research, unnamed and ever hidden as they are, from all time have been transmitted and received, when the wings, the Wings of Love, are found in perfect tune.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

THE RELATION OF ART TO SOCIAL WELL-BEING.

A TALENT for any art is rare ; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art ; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. " The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living." So speaks the German artist-poet Platen ; and this sentence gives the gist of the whole discussion of the relation of art to social well-being. Well-being may be defined as a state of life which secures, or tends toward happiness ; it comprehends physical as well as moral welfare.

Social well-being, therefore, means a state of life which best fits one for society, for companionship with one's fellows.

Friendly relations must be regarded, and all the fine instincts of men subserved, as also their capacity, not merely to enjoy themselves in high and pure ways, but to bring the highest and purest enjoyment to those with whom they mingle. In other words, social well-being means social morality, and this can be secured only by the practice of the purest ethics, and the laws of right-living.

So the relation of art to social well-being resolves itself at once into certain simple questions.

Does art, in any of its forms, stimulate ethical conduct ? Does it induce the moral state that is essential to happy relations in society ? Does it awaken slumbering possibilities ? Does it induce intellectual activity ? Does it bring members of society to realize that deep, true religious life, which, after all, concerns happiness more than any other one element, by teaching love to our neighbours, by making sacrifice easier, by stirring the soul to the loftiest contemplation of creative power ? Do Raphael's Madonnas inspire

right motives? Is the great Liberty Statue in New York harbour an aid to upright democracy? In short, does art help to make the true man and the true woman?

These questions must be considered from a sociological standpoint, comprehending the whole range of art as it centres into the industries and amenities of life.

We must keep in idea the view that it is in a man's spiritual nature, as it is now expressing itself in his social activities, that the true relation of art to social well-being is found; for we must conclude that art has its positive influence, not only in developing character, but in making life sweeter, better, and more useful. This influence is shown, too, in the application of art to industry. It is there that we recognise the power of the industrial arts in fitting men and women for social relationship. The average life is influenced quite as much by the industrial arts as by any of the creations of purely artistic genius; the genius of production makes itself felt in the production of pretty calicoes and chintzes, neat oilcloths, and fine paper-hangings; in fact, in the ordinary, every-day energy which animates the great manufacturing, mechanical, and engineering pursuits, there is an embodiment of the highest genius, which has a moral influence, and at times something even beyond this, an influence that may be called religious in its bearing. One need not discuss the distinction of creative or imaginative art, for all things in art which in any sense stimulate innocent emotion are good in themselves and beneficial in their influence, whether an etching of Whistler, Watts' "Hope," or a backyard with some pretty roses. There is nothing progressive which does not constitute some form of art, or some expression of the creative power. Every work of creative art is a revelation of divine beauty; hence it is of the deepest significance to religion, and to every element of social well-being. Even the lowest forms of artistic expression, so long as they embody art ideas at all, are beneficial, and especially among the common people, by which phrase I mean no sense of reproach, is this true. The cheap print that adorns the humblest home, even the rude portraits cut from newspapers, have an uplifting influence, and must be considered as positive evidence of the existence of an aspiration towards something better. But a word or two on this follows later.

The line of march from savage existence to civilized life is

marked all along the way with progressive developments of art ideas. When the savage adorns himself with ornaments, no matter how crude, even to the tattooed painting of the barbarous man, he is giving evidence of an aspiration after the beautiful.

No matter how rude or ugly his work may appear to the cultivated taste, to the savage it is art and beauty, and he fancies that he is making himself more presentable, more attractive, in the eyes of his fellow. It is in the infantile expression of the inherent love of art, that we find the foundation of all art.

Music, too, the purest of all fine arts, has its beginning in the same natural instinct.

Cheap reproductions of works of art help to educate and beautify the lives of the masses of the people.

The writer chanced to be in a crowded car one day, beside a girl whose coarse clothing and rough hands indicated that she came from the mill or the shop. Her whole attention, however, was engaged in studying a popular magazine, and it was impossible to refrain from watching her face and learning the subject which was attracting her; she was reading an article relative to some of the great works of art, and studying the engravings which accompanied it.

At the cost of a small coin, she was bringing into her life, at the close of her day's labour, the company of some of the world's greatest artistic geniuses. She was forgetting her hard life, and drinking in some of the inspirations which enabled the artist to bring forth his highest creation; she was ennobling her own mind by the ennobling influences of the work of others; she was fitting herself to insist that in her home surroundings there should be something to cheer, to attract, and to inspire; and could she have been followed to that home, there would undoubtedly be found some evidences of art production, cheap and possibly common, but nevertheless a sure indication of the existence in her own soul, of an aspiration after something higher than the drudgery she was compelled to follow. Will you stop a moment to consider the *vital importance* of this outlook on life, for the girl resident of any poor and congested neighbourhood? Something in the home, *to cheer, to attract, and to inspire*.

In these days girls marry early, often *before* the fatal attraction of the cheap amusement resort has ceased to exercise its potent spell upon the young man she espouses. Can you not see,

without further words, the relation of social well-being to art, in such a case? Something to cheer, to attract, and to inspire.

How far the appreciation of architecture may be developed is well shown by the little boy, who was being told of the fine buildings in some foreign countries. "Oh, tell me about the folks. I know just how the buildings look."

It was a fact that he already knew the beauty of the Houses of Parliament, he knew the shape and form of St. Paul's, and of Notre-Dame, he knew the Rialto, and the palaces of Venice, and had a mind-picture of the fallen Forum and Coliseum. This knowledge of the architecture of the world one can get through cheap reproductions, the results of an inventive art, which brings to the commonest understanding the beauties of the world.

The "common man," in no reproachful but in its literal sense, is a frequent term in relation to any consideration of social well-being, and the social unrest of this time, among the "people," hinges upon this very development of the masses, through the presence of educative forces, among which we must reckon art in every form, including music. The demands of the wage-earner of to-day are not for subsistence only, as formerly, but through the influence of civilization, as represented by education, as stimulated by invention, as fostered by art, the demand is for spiritualizing influences, beyond and above the mere necessities of life and existence. If social effort so called has a *raison d'être* at all, in modern life, it is to supply these extra cravings. It is this demand, more than any other cause, which brings about the social unrest, or the discontent of the present time. A wise Providence makes none of us content with our condition. Safety is to be found only through the knowledge that we are progressing, that we possess higher aspirations.

Discontent means the desire for higher things, it means the growing demands of labour, it means the moving spirit of progress everywhere. Without it, the world would stand still; with it the world moves on, and humanity is ever securing higher and nobler standards of living.

It is the function of the sociological thinker and worker to stimulate this "moving forward."

No sneers should stop the zeal for art and æsthetics, no cry of impossible clip the wings. Remember, the Utopia of to-day is

the realized condition of to-morrow, when a new Utopia will arise, still higher in its concept.

Boys and girls of the less fortunate classes, who get an insight into the great world of art, become discontented. Then steps in some pessimist, who sees no utility in art beyond its commercial value and says, "Do not these aspirations result in unhappiness, in the reverse of social well-being, in dangerous discontent?"

No; it is a divine discontent, broadening all the attributes of man, fitting him for better and greater achievements, and bringing him out of a contentment which simply means inaction and inertness; it is such discontent which drove the Greeks to stretch to the utmost the artistic powers of the human mind, such discontent which caused the Hebrew to see the beautiful in their spiritual heritage, and so to preserve it as a "world miracle"; it was such discontent which caused mediæval man to raze churches and erect beautiful cathedrals on the sites. Life is better with these things, even from the utilitarian point of view, for they stimulate industry, and industry and poverty are seldom found together.

See, therefore, again, its relation to the problem of stimulative philanthropy. Moreover, they stimulate employment of the mind, which is essential to good morals. It is the idle poor, equally with the idle rich, to whom one has to look for examples of debauchery and moral perversion.

Something spiritual must enter into our every-day lives, or we are savages. Invention and the development of the industrial arts have raised those coming into their influence, to a higher intellectual as well as to a more comprehensive understanding of all that makes for the best culture. There is a beauty in the rhythmic movement of great forces in harness, that has a reflex action upon the beholder.

If industry to-day had nothing more to do than the furnishing of the simple necessities of human life, it would have little scope for extension, and would offer meagre possibilities for employment. Life would be a burden, so dull and monotonous would it be. Trade, as we understand it, would cease, and commerce become unknown. But industry flourishes, because it is *not* limited to the production of things that are needed for food, raiment and shelter. It is because art has come in, to increase the wants of the human race, that trade and commerce flourish. Art carries industry

beyond our actual wants, and calls upon it to supply those things which make for social progress.

Looking beyond this, industrial art is a source of wealth.

True art itself is a wealth-producer. Take the Sistine Madonna from Dresden, rob Paris of its Louvre, despoil London of its National Gallery, or Antwerp of its Rubens collection, take the Art Museum out of Boston, the Metropolitan from New York, or the Rijks Museum from Amsterdam, and you will have depreciated the commercial value of all these places, far beyond the selling price of the *objets d'art* themselves. The rich, by their generous contributions in establishing art galleries, are doing something more than building monuments to themselves; they are offering to the poor man the means of improving the leisure earned by his hard labour, giving him an opportunity to find cultural occupation and æsthetic pleasure.

The tendency of civilization to-day, as men understand more what the development of society means, and are aware of the struggle which it has made to secure present development, is to lay bare everything good, all the time, and to obscure the bad at all times.

The moral nature of man needs encouragement, and it can be encouraged by opening to him opportunities for the cultivation, not only of his latent artistic tastes, but of his latent spiritual nature.

Moreover, to any who may think that this is too idealistic, it is just necessary to say this, that there is a reverse side of which we must not lose account. If the sight of beautiful things is a stimulus, the habitual presence of foul and ill-shapen things is a degradation. No one will forget that one of the mathematical studies in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" was Uglification and Derision.

The process of uglifying, especially in such purely industrial countries as England, Germany, and the United States of America, goes on steadily. Dirty streets are not merely inartistic, but they strike at the foundations of morality, for they violate the principles of order, and when once these are violated, moral chaos is the inevitable result.

The slum street, and house and room, is not only inartistic but it is a direct incentive to immorality and crime.

Social education, therefore, is working for art in its broadest sense, when it teaches cleanliness, order, by both precept and exam-

ple. But it can and should go further! The relation of art to social well-being is vital. It was the burden of all the teachings of the great philosophical sociologists like Ruskin and William Morris, who differing as they did, as to the organization of the basis of Society, yet equally insisted upon the *beautiful* as a vital influence in such regeneration.

There is a world movement, which is already being heralded in Europe, in America, and in the Orient, simultaneously, towards a cultivation of the beautiful, as an element in all well-ordered social life. Thank God, the appreciation of the higher life is still with us, and we may enter and converse with the spirits of the good, that "sit in the clouds and mock" the rest of the greedy world. Our heritage is the art of the past, glorious mementoes of the anxiety of our forefathers for the preservation of art and learning, hallowed by grateful recollections, by time, renown, virtue, conquests over ignorance, and the prospect of continuing to ennoble and bring glory to unborn generations. The relation of art to social well-being is finally a realization, that we live for other things than the accumulation of wealth, the distribution of commodities and the spread of empire.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

America.

RASILI. THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(Concluded from the last Issue.)

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Ratan Nath was gone, Rasili felt as if all radiance and joy had gone with him from her life. His letters which came regularly lifted her again into an atmosphere of love, hope and promise. She would often go out for a long walk, sit on the trunk of some tree and read and re-read his letters, till the words melted away and sublimated into a living idea—a vision of fulfilled desires and rosy emotions. How she wished she had the power to lose herself in her dream. She felt keenly for his poor wife, who shall never know the light of his love. Then she would feel for all the girlhood of India: bright, youthful hearts wasting their little lives in the choking gloom of man's selfishness and going to the grave, carrying all the radiance with them. What joy and brightness could they not bring if they were only free to live and love!

One morning she was sitting a little way from the roadside, under a *peepul* tree, lost in her thoughts, dreaming of love; the glory of maidenhood hung like a halo round her beautiful face. She was happy. The time of his return was drawing near. She was already anticipating the joy of their meeting when someone touched her and woke her from her reverie.

"What do you want?" she asked a woman who stood unveiled in front of her, as a shiver passed through her body.

"Pray do not disturb yourself," said the woman. "I am a Brahmani and wish to speak to you."

"Speak at once," said Rasili as her heart gave a big leap, as if apprehending danger.

"Give me my husband's life," pleaded the Brahmani. "It is this I have come to beg of you."

"I don't understand you," said Rasili deeply apprehensive.

"Listen, daughter. I am the mother of Ratan Nath. He loves

you. He wants to marry you. If you marry him, my husband will commit suicide and leave the sin of the murder on your head."

"I don't care," said Rasili with great strength. "I don't want you to come between us."

"Do you love him?" asked the mother.

"I love him intensely," was the reply.

"Won't you give your own life for his sake?"

"I will give it this moment, if it would add to his happiness."

"Do you think he will be happy if he marries you? His father and mother will die of shame and grief, and the thought of having killed them will cling to him like a nightmare. The desolate life of his wife, doomed to perpetual gloom, will hang like a dark shadow at your door. Do you think it will give you happiness? No. Ten thousand times no! You cannot raise the shrine of your happiness on the cremation ground. Our blood will cry from the other side of the grave for vengeance. Renounce him; you will no doubt be miserable, but you will give happiness to others and he will soon forget you. Time drowns all memories, its waves cover everything and catch flashing sunbeams.

"Forget me! Never!" protested Rasili staggering. "Pray leave me alone, I will do what is best."

"Give me the boon I ask," implored the mother, falling on her knees before her. "Look, the Brahmani asks for alms. Don't refuse me this boon"

"Go away," said Rasili with some effort. "You have done your work. He is your son. Go and leave me alone. I shall do nothing that is wrong."

But as the old lady did not move, Rasili fled to the mission compound and shut herself up in her room. When Miss Greenwood returned, she found her in high fever.

Rasili never again rose from her bed. Lying in her bed she thought of the unhappy lot of poor Indian women who live and die in darkness. Often she would lie unconscious, and when she came round, she would say or complain of nothing.

Miss Greenwood was all care and kindness. Her love endowed her words with some subtle power and acted like a balm on her bleeding heart. They lifted her into a larger life, of perfect love and untold harmony. She liked to hear of Christ, and His great love and His promise of the future. Often when she would feel depressed, she would talk of the sin and the madness of loving and bringing suffering to others. Miss Greenwood set all her troubles at rest, by merely saying "God is love." Then she would close her eyes and lose herself in a dream of love. How she wished that from

such a sleep there were no awakening. Life seemed to have lost all charm for her. Why live, why suffer, why remain in the domain of darkness, when one blind leap led to the realm of light, life and reality? She would have come even from beyond the grave if he wanted her, but did he want her? How could he find happiness if his father died? She would only add to his troubles and act like a cloud across his sunny paths.

What were a few years on this earth to life eternal, on the other side of the grave? Soul-life became more and more a reality to her. She almost felt that after leaving the body, she would be near him, soothing his despair, lightening his gloom and ministering to his joy, melting her own life into his to make it fuller and ampler. The idea was full of joy and hope, and she lost all desire to live. One fine evening as she lay in her bed with Miss Greenwood at her side shedding tears, she said:

"Why do you weep? Have you not told me that there is no death? Have you not spoken to me of a life that knows no change and a beyond . . . You have made it more real to me than this world. How can I ever thank you for what you have done for me? I know you need no thanks. Will you do me a favour? There is a small packet under my pillow, it is my last message to him, perhaps it may help him to know that I died in his love, that he was uppermost in my mind up to the last moment."

Miss Greenwood sobbed.

"Are you afraid?" she said in voice hardly audible and coming from the other side of the grave. "Do you think I am dying a heretic and will not be received by Christ. No. He is there asking me to come, I am already in His divine arms. Love is life. Love is all." She stopped, her heart gave one convulsive beat for life, and then she closed her eyes, never to open again on this fair earth. Her soul passed away, leaving its garment of flesh untenanted.

The same evening they carried her body to the cremation ground. The sky showered roses on her simple funeral, as the evening star appeared, promising new life, and the breeze brought all the fragrance from the flower gardens of nature. They placed her delicate body in a pyre of sandalwood, and the flames leaped up and enveloped her, resolving her fragile body in its elements.

Ratan Nath was sitting in the boarding-house alone in his room, racking his brains over the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," when the postman knocked and delivered to him a heavy packet. His whole body trembled as he took it. He closed the door and placed it on the table; anxious though he was to open it, something prevented his doing so, and he sat on the edge of his bed, lost in vague yet solemn thought.

At last he took courage and opened it, and found another sealed envelope within. The letter which forwarded it ran as follows :—

“ Dear Sir,

I have very sad news for you. Rasili passed away quietly thinking of you. She surrendered her soul to the “ Lord of love.” It is more than a week that she caught brain fever. Only yesterday she left her body, and we entrusted it to the flames. I myself saw her prepared ; roses and flowers that she loved I put about her. Now she is no more, her spirit has left this world for ever. I can never forget her. I helped to remove the talisman which holds under its spell the women of India ; but for me she would probably still be living. She would have known nothing of true love and the emptiness of life without it. It was thinking too much, loving too much, which consumed her. Her love was like the full moon coming out in perfection from behind the clouds, and drawing all the waves to itself. We who are born to a life, which she never knew, get used to it. To her it was all new, all fresh with the glory of a new morn. When you came and began to give her lessons, she gave her soul, her life to you, and now who knows but that she is near you, offering you consolation. I can write no more, her face haunts me. It was your mother who had a talk with her. I don’t know what she said ; but after it, I found her in high fever, which, in spite of all our care, never left her. I hope your people will now at least understand the sadness, the utter tragedy of an Indian woman’s life. They too have souls, warm, pulsating human hearts thirsting for life. What a shame it is to reduce the womanhood of a country to the passiveness of slavery. Be their advocate, and you will perhaps give her that joy which you were not destined to give her in this life.

I can live here no more. I am leaving for my own country. My thoughts will always turn to India, and I shall always place flowers before her photograph which is all that is left of her to brighten the jewel of a sweet memory.

Yours truly,
E. C. Greenwood.”

The young man read the letter, a cloud rose before his eyes, and tears trickled down his cheeks, and he fell back on his bed. It was for her sake that he was working night and day to get his degree, and secure his independence. How often he had conjured up the future, imagining the bliss which was in store for him, and felt himself lost in a dream of delirious joy. And now all of a sudden, all hope and all joy had gone for ever from his life. His religion offered him no consolation. The abstract philosophy seemed to mock him in abstract nakedness. If there was no life, no death ; if there was no killer and no one killed ; and the world a mere delusion, then why live and endure its torture ?

The thought flashed like a ray of light in his dark soul and in a moment a hunting knife gleamed in his hand ; a moment more, and he too would have snapped the cord of existence, when his eye fell upon the sealed, unopened envelope which lay near him. He flung the knife aside, fell on his knees in a reverent manner, and taking the cover, kissed it with all the madness of his love. Then he gently removed the seal and opened the cover, a few crumpled sheets opened in his hands, and a message of love spelt itself into his brain. With great effort he steadied himself and began to read. There was no date and no order, but short paragraphs written in a neat hand, and for him pulsating with life.

" My love ! My very own ! " it began, " I have seen your mother. Our union, she tells me, will kill her and your father and bring shame on your family. What she says is true ; then why should I stand in the way and bring sorrow to those who loved you first ? I wish I were near you, and could open my heart to you and show how you filled it, yet why do I write to you ? Are you not mine ? Don't you fill my very soul ? You are not separate from me, and yet sometimes I feel as if you are far above me, far away, where my feeble wings would not take me. Ah ! When shall I see you again ? My soul can brook no patience, my heart listens to no words of wisdom ; the boat of my life has broken its rudder and I cannot steer it. How I wish it sank deep into the waters, which lie about and beneath it in their infinity.

" I am growing weaker ; the fever never leaves me. Miss Greenwood is so kind, and is working for my cure, and giving me bitter mixtures. I take them to please her. Poor loving soul, she does not know that a heart on fire is only cooled by the balm of love. I have no desire to live. The separation is killing me. It is not illumined by a ray of hope. Can I live in this dark despair ? No. I would rather leave this earth and melt my life into yours, and become one with you. Miss Greenwood thinks I am ill ; the doctor calls it brain fever, but I know it is the fever of love which is sapping my life. How I wish I could write to you to come, but no ! I must not write. I must pass on in my own way, solitary and unloved, . . . no, not unloved, I know you love me. Even if you did not, is not my own love strong enough to fill my life with joy ? My head is aching, and I cannot sit up, so I close my eyes and dream of you. I wish I never opened them or opened them only to see you. Farewell. Why farewell ? You fill my body, my mind, my life, then why should I say farewell ?

" I rose this morning and managed to take a little walk, and sat

where we sat when I saw you last. Strange to say I felt as if you were sitting with me. As I sat, the sun rose far in the east, at first just peeping through the red clouds, a vague promise of rosy morning, and then all of a sudden it cast off its shadowy garments and shone out in all its glory. The birds twittered about me, the flowers smiled, and the orange flowers cast their fragrance on the sweet morning breeze. Who knows but that the sun of life may rise far beyond the grave in a fresher glory and more than fulfil the heart's desire! I lingered away as long as I could, the whole place seemed to be full of you, the perfume of your soul came to me from every leaf and flower, but then came Miss Greenwood, and I had to go to my room. She says it was wrong of me to come out so early. She talks of so many things that are not good for me. She forgets that it is not good for me to live. If she only knew what value I place on this poor life, she would not fret so much. And yet how kind she is. I can never repay her for all that she has done for me, for a poor famine-stricken girl, whom people only loved to persecute. She often sits and reads to me from the Bible. I think I understand Christ better than she does. That is why I am so happy to go. Perhaps you will think that I have become a Christian, but the word seems to me to mean nothing. I try to live, to feel, the life that He felt and realised, which many like Him have partly or wholly realised. That life is not confined by anything. Did not Nanak live the same full and ample life? I am beginning to understand the true meaning of religion, and am content. How I wish every one could know it. The key to it is hidden within every human soul. It is only found in the light of true love. Do you know, my love, that you are my real teacher, my real master? But for you, I would have died a pagan; a sleeping soul, with eyes unopened, still in the clutches of life and its affirmation, doomed to darkness, misery and suffering, but you have changed it all, and I feel so peaceful and free. May God bless you, my very own, my love, my life! We are twin souls and nothing can part us.

“ It is ages since I wrote to you last; my body now can hardly move from the bed, it aches, and is very stiff. I can hardly move and turn my sides. Strange to say I feel more free, more unfettered in spirit. I soar upon the wings of morning breeze, I ride on the rays of sunlight, and often watch my body lying there in the bed wrapped up in clean white sheets and supported on soft pillows in a state of utter helplessness. I am still linked to it by some strange invisible thread. How I wish I could write to you all the feelings of my soul, but my fingers won't move, the pen seems to be as heavy as a bar of iron. I think I must rest. But no, I will try to move the pen, and tell you that I have been just near

you. Oh ! how glad I am to know you love me. All my doubts are gone ; I saw you seated in your chair, poring over a book, and within your heart shone the light of love. I wronged you in thought when I thought you would forget me. How silly, how foolish it was of me to think so. But you know, the idea only flickered across my mind for a moment and made me miserable. I can see you now in your small room surrounded by your books. Shall I describe it to you to assure you that I have been really with you ? Your room faces the west, a door opens out on the verandah, and a window opens to the east on a green beautiful lawn ; there is a bed, a chair and a book-case in the room. Have I not correctly described your college den ? My hand is weary. I can write no more. Why is this body so completely out of my control ?

" I have been often wondering, why my body does not obey me as it did in the days gone by, but now I know the reason ; I used to fill my body before, it absorbed almost all my life, and now that I am slowly withdrawing myself, it is losing all mobility. This figure of clay, what can it do without the life of the soul ? Don't be sorry when it is broken. I will be nearer you than I am now. I will be with you for ever and ever.

" Miss Greenwood has been crying. She thinks I am going, and she is right. I often wish I could stay, but it is too late now ; the thread has grown weaker and weaker, and it can no more bind the soul to this earth."

Here the writing changed, grew feebler, and almost tremulous, the writing sloped across like that of a child. The poor little hand was no longer firm and steady, and the letters were unformed and irregular.

" My Love ! This perhaps is my last message to you on this earth. Grieve not that I am gone. I shall wait for you beyond the grave, where no man-made customs and laws stand between us. I am peaceful, nay happy, a strange calm has come over me, death has lost all dread. It has no significance. It is nothing, it is awakening into an ampler and fuller life. They who have wasted this life, reap the bitter fruit of the seed they have sown. Their despair and disappointment is in proportion to their sin, but they who have led calm, unselfish lives here, have the joy of it multiplied a thousandfold. I have done no wrong, and my love for you envelopes me in its heavenly radiance. I see you as I write, your face is peeping through the clouds and flowers. I close my eyes, and I am near you, nearer than I ever was before. Poor Miss

Greenwood, I wish I could make her see. Why is she crying and weeping? My heart grieves for her, she does not know what a joyful and grateful soul is leaving this earth. Come close to me, my darling, I want your arms around me, and your dear, dear eyes mirroring my face, your lips touching my lips. There, how good of you; so my love, that is how I want to sleep, sleep in the lap of love itself. Is that a tear for me in your deep black eyes? Let me wipe it. In your arms, dear love! In your arms for ever!"

The last words were hardly visible; he could see no more, neither that nor anything else. He fell in a swoon, and when he recovered, he passionately and piously pressed the crumpled pages to his lips, and the same day left the college for ever.

Ratan Nath did not return home. He ran away from the city, and went into the country, following any path that he came across, going where it took him, passing his nights under the village trees, living on the hospitality of people, reading and re-reading the missive of love, and walking and walking as if he could not rest. Slowly, nature worked towards his cure, the sight of the green fields during the day, and blue star-lit skies at night, soothed him and braced him for work. After a year's wandering, he turned back, determined to promote the education of women. He came to a town, started a school for the education of women, and calmly awaited the day when, on the other side of the grave, he shall meet her. And now he felt as if she was near him, feeling all the joy in his work supporting him in his moments of despair. His father and mother recognised their mistake, but too late. Their action brought no joy to themselves or to the poor girl who was married to Ratan Nath. They led sad lives, and often thought what a mistake it was to marry boys young, and to send them to school. They often worried Ratan Nath about his wife, but it was all useless; he could not love her, and that was all. He still works and waits for death, which will unite him with his beloved for ever and for ever.

THE END.

]OGENDRA SINGH.

Oudh.

THE SHINSHOOT.

(Continued from our last Issue.)

X

"YOU don't think there might be a difficulty in getting Miss Halket to consent to the arrangement," said Wyatt.

"In a matter of this importance, Wyatt, Miss Halket's wishes must of course give way to mine. Circumstances designate her unmistakably as the person through whom our experiment must be made."

Miss Clay's previsions were correct. Wyatt's suggestion had been accepted. He was anything but a diplomatist, but his doubt as to Miss Halket's consent had been dictated by instinctive diplomacy. It might be derogatory to Mr. Merrick's dignity to support his authority by a reference to Wyatt's advice. So it was not impossible that the part he had taken in the matter might not come to her knowledge. But the hope was a futile one. It was demolished by the very first words Mr. Merrick spoke when he sought Wyatt with the information that his plan was in full course of execution.

"I am glad to say her reason is convinced, Wyatt," he said. "She was impressed by the fact of your concurrence in my opinion as to the method to be followed in giving effect to Glaubrecht's directions. She was not unnaturally at first disposed to doubt the advisability of a course, the immediate effect of which will be to remove her temporarily from what she considers the post of duty. But she knows you to be without prejudice on the subject, and has had the courage to sacrifice feeling to reason."

"In fact," said Wyatt to himself, "she has submitted to a threat I have held over her head. She naturally thinks that if she objects, I shall use the power poor Jack's attack upon me has put into my hands. If I did, he would of course be put under restraint, and there would be an end of it. And I should. Whether I am acting like a scoundrel or not, those two shall be kept apart one way or another."

And the days went by. Wyatt constantly met Miss Halket and had

to admit to himself that nothing could be more absolutely free from resentment than her manner to him. But things were different. He had respected her silent prohibition, and that first moment of strange communion had not been allowed to become a memory to be acknowledged between them. In like manner she now ignored his recent action. But his airy claim upon her gratitude had vanished with her knowledge of his interference. They met on equal terms, each with a consciousness of the other's perception of the change.

Gerty Clay was discomfited. Her three days had gone by, and the outbreak she had predicted did not come. Nothing seemed changed. The only symptom of uneasiness on Miss Halket's part had been a request that Willet might have assistance in his charge. His duties were to a certain extent of course made heavier by her absence. According to him, Mr. Merrick said, help was quite unnecessary. A trained assistant, however, was written for to Torquay. She had in one respect made an alteration in her habits, taking the long solitary walks in which she delighted in the middle of the day, after receiving Willet's report in the forenoon. When she was at home, she joined quite simply in whatever chanced to be the occupation of the others. She was perfectly calm, Mr. Merrick was excitedly hopeful. There seemed to be nothing to fear.

Wyatt found it impossible to explain away the heavy oppression which weighed upon him. The suspense brooded on his brain like the knowledge of a coming calamity. His sleep was broken by dreams in which he was eternally overshadowed by the consciousness of some mysterious crime. Awake, he was haunted by the same feeling of helpless anxiety. He could still shake it off by an effort and for a time. But it was there, and he knew it. He knew it even while he talked to Gerty Clay. It had become part of himself.

It was the fourth morning after that on which Mr. Merrick's plan had been launched. The weather had been alternating between heat and heavy rain. There was a dim beauty in the day, in the sky slowly filling with warm mist drawn up by the heat, in the softened shadows and the strange intensity of colour always brought out by suffused light. By eleven o'clock, the sun could hardly pierce the hot haze that brooded over the hills. It was too hot for Major Merrick to be taken beyond the garden. Wyatt saw him being led up and down in the shady orchard walk. Willet's face showed disquiet when he went up.

"I wouldn't come no nigher, Sir," he said, when Wyatt was yet some paces off. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Wyatt, but the Major isn't not exactly himself to-day."

"It's this heat that trics him, Willet. Feels as if we were going to have an earthquake."

"I hope it may turn out right, Sir, but he's a bit awkward just now. I'm hoping to tire him out, walking of him up and down like this here. Perhaps you would be so good as ask the old gentleman not to come, Sir. He's better when he don't see no one but me anigh him."

"A most hopeful symptom," Mr. Merrick said. His brain must be affected, Wyatt thought. He left him and joined Miss Clay who was sauntering about under her sunshade, a picture of cool enjoyment. •

"Hot!" she said in surprise, as he met her with some allusion to the fiery atmosphere. "You call it hot? Well, I suppose it is, a little. I was intended for the tropics, and if everything else fails, one of these days I shall marry an Indian general. Well, how is he getting on?"

"Very badly" (shortly). "Willet looks uncommonly done up. I hope it's all right, Miss Clay, but I wish to God I had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, you coward. As long as Willet is on his guard, it is safe enough. Your friend is out of it at any rate," she added with malicious intention.

"The long and the short of it is just this, Gerty. I can't stand it any longer. I shall tell Miss Halket what my share of the business has been, and let her do what she pleases. I feel as if I had robbed a church."

"Do," said Miss Clay, with ironical approval. "The very best thing you could possibly do. Why you went over to the enemy (that's me, of course) and all about it. Confession is good for the soul. If you do it properly, you ought to make an impression. Oh, I beg your pardon, Paul. I didn't understand that your principles were speaking. But there seems to be a happy harmony between them and your wishes, doesn't there? And what are you going to do now?" (very crossly).

"I'll tell you. I am so done up with all this that I shall just go out, heat or no heat, and try and walk myself dead tired. Willet is going to bring him in by and by, and then he won't be out again before evening. I shall go straight up on the moor and see if I can't find a breath of air somewhere up among the tors."

"Well, when people are in such an unchristian temper, the best thing for them is to keep away from their fellow-creatures. And listen. Do you know that when we went up to Whinnery Tor, I managed to lose something. Something I valued very much, Paul," looking into his eyes with bewitching candour.

"Some poor soul's scalp, I suppose," said Wyatt. "What was it done up to look like?"

"Just a tiny little blue card-case. I didn't take it with me with the intention of leaving cards on your evil genii, but I have an idea it must have been there I dropped it. Do go up there and look for it, will you? And please come back in a nicer temper, Paul."

· XI.

To get away from other people was to be delivered up to himself. His mind went on and on in ceaseless round, justifying itself against some accusation that eluded all his attempts to look in the face, struggling vainly against an impalpable enemy. Over and over again he told himself that it was his actions he was responsible for, and that his involuntary longings would have found no expression but for Gerty Clay. And again and again the nameless horror settled upon his thoughts, wrapping him round with closer oppression after each futile effort to repel it, irresistible as the feather-like falling of the ashes which buried Pompeii.

Long before he reached the Tor, he regretted the irritated impulse that had shut him up alone with the second self that had somehow come into existence and seemed to be absorbing the first in its hateful being. The haze of the morning had deepened into gloom dark as a London fog. Not a breath of air came to stir the particles of heated mist which hung in the burning atmosphere. He stopped at the top of the steep ascent and looked back, listening in the hot silence to the throbbing of his heart. The boulders of gleaming quartz, with which the long back of the hill in front was bestrewn, were mere vague whitenesses floating in blue vapour, each looming fainter and more spectral as the distance deepened, like objects seen through depths of flowing water. The heather of the slopes on either side was indistinguishable except as blurring the murky air with profounder gloom. Beyond was—nothing.

He followed the turfy saddle of the hill until he saw the Tor rise mysterious in grey isolation, alone in an empty world. Its shadows were lost, and all that fronted the muffled light seemed to float unsupported in wavering mist. As he stood below it, the strange anxiety, that movement had in part dispelled, returned upon him with the dull pain of an aching wound.

He tried to exorcize it by making search for Miss Clay's card-case. In the thought of her was refuge. He looked here and there, trying to remember what she had said, speculating upon the souvenirs it might recall to her, clinging to her idea as if it stood between him and lunacy.

It was not to be found by the Tor, and he moved down to the circle with reluctance that only shame prevented him from yielding to. It was fear he felt, an unknown terror of the noon-day solitude of that lonely place. The little amphitheatre opened dimly before him as he went down into the hot darkness. On the hill above, a sheep or two had been feeding, a tiny whin bird had perched on the Tor as he stood beside it, in the air there was the faintest stir that kept stillness from stagnation. Within this grey circle, visible life was none. The atmosphere had the sickly sweetness of a room long unopened, of a vault in a tropical

cathedral. Over it all brooded the weary languor of the slowly dying past.

Exhausted in body and soul alike he sat down, his back resting against one of the fallen stones. Then he remembered that his face must be turned in the direction of the Longstonecombe.* Even the hill-side opposite was invisible in the gloom, and yet his eyes seemed to feel with a certainty beyond vision that they rested upon the Stone itself. He did not change his position but sat on, staring with dull persistency into the void.

Little by little, as he sat motionless, they seemed to lose the power of withdrawing themselves from the blank, on which they pictured a point of focus. Some such sensation rivets the gaze upon the disk, which the electro-biologist places in the palm of his subject. He knew where he was, and yet the idea of the Stone filled his mind with more perfect actuality than if he had been sitting beside it. The strange loathing it stirred in him had never been more palpable, never more tangible too had been its association with Alice Halket.

She, and the Stone, and the shadow of some nameless parting were all that the world seemed to hold. Inexplicable forebodings gathered over his mind like the fumes of charcoal. Sleep came without the flow of weary thought, intermitting or changing its channel. And consciousness seemed to remain. His will alone was in abeyance, paralysed by some strange influence that made him an impotent spectator of the involuntary workings of his own brain.

All at once he was back in waking life. The same spasm of terror he had felt in the little room clutched again at his heart-strings. He sat up staring, with hands extended as if to thrust away some threatening phantom. Then a voice spoke, out of his dream.

"It was not the Stone! It was a piano," he gasped out, as if in answer. "Miss Halket! I beg your pardon. I didn't——"

He jumped up and sat down again, dizzy and half-blind.

"Stay quiet a moment," she said gravely.

The same whirl and tumult of thought he remembered before. And again it seemed as if his dream were vanishing irretrievably. Infinite issues seemed to depend upon his holding it with his waking senses. He shut his eyes and strove desperately to force reality back, while he did battle with oblivion. Her presence belonged to both states of existence, and it was as though he were seeking in her mind for traces of what had passed through his own. And something came back: vague echoes and blurred shadowings forth of a dreadful experience. When at last he spoke, his own voice was strange to him.

And he said, "I thought——something had happened, Miss Halket. Dreaming, it must have been. It all seemed as if it was real, you know. And I

couldn't move. Not to help you when you were——My God, the horror of it !”

She sat down quietly upon another of the fallen stones.

“Would you mind telling me what your dream was about ?”

The impression his mind held seemed too hideous to be put into words. Then, as he spoke, some malign juggle turned it all into idiotic unmeaningness.

“I was in a crowd somewhere, Miss Halket. Burlington House, I shouldn't wonder. And I was looking at a picture of the Longstone as we should see it from here, if it wasn't for the fog. And——I didn't like having shooting-boots on and kept edging away into the corners. The heather grew high there and kept them out of sight. And then——everybody else did so too. There we were, all crowded together, and there was an open place in the middle and a grand piano. Then somehow I knew that someone was coming to play, and we were waiting, like that. And I got——frightened. Everyone was as still as death, and It didn't come. What we were waiting for, you know. And the piano was the Longstone, the Longstone just as we see it every day, with the bench and the old tree. And you were standing close to it, Miss Halket, and It was coming. And I wanted to get to you and couldn't move. And I called out and my voice wouldn't make a sound. And then I woke : it all sounds such idiocy, doesn't it, Miss Halket ? But I tell you that as you sit there at this moment, you are not half so real to me as you were, standing there with your head high and looking It in the face. And I——My God, I couldn't stir to help you !”

He pressed both hands against his side in the attempt to compress the throbbing pulsation that shook him through and through as he spoke.

“You were frightened about me the other day,” she said soothingly. “Willet told me.”

“I wanted——Miss Halket, you think I have been mixing myself up with your affairs. I couldn't help it. If I had been caught in a trap, I could not have been more regularly tied up. And for the last three days I have done nothing but think about it. I ought to have gone to you at once. Only——I didn't like.”

It was as lame as genuine explanations always are. But she seemed to understand.

“You wanted to respect my secrets even to myself. I ought to thank you. I do thank you,” she said very sweetly and gently. “That is all over and past. You have been thinking about me, because you thought I was vexed. And that has made you dream my dream.”

"Your dream?"

She laughed softly as if speaking of some amusing contretemps.

"Two or three times of late I have woken up like that, trying to confront—something. And the Stone or the Pen here has always seemed to give the "leit-motiv" to the long improvisation that leads up to—nothing. For I always wake too soon, just as you did. I am afraid you are paying the penalty of my coming to your help, that first day we met."

She spoke in the tone of a person suggesting a simple explanation of a curious coincidence. Wyatt felt as if a bare nerve had been touched.

"I—I know. You don't wake as I did just now, do you? I don't like to confess it, Miss Halket, but I believe in another second sheer fright would have killed me."

"I suppose one *would* feel anyone else's danger like that. It is more as if I were going into action, I think. It interests me, this insistence of the same impression. I wonder what it is about."

There was a level cheerfulness in her manner that goaded Wyatt to a sort of desperation. She was always like that: always pleasantly indifferent, like a Sister of the Poor who knows that she may be ordered at a moment's notice to embark for China, or go over to a case of diphtheria in the next street. It was horrible. Here was he, a man, trembling at this moment like a girl at the mere idea of the danger she had been running, and she chose to treat it as a matter of no importance. He felt the irritation that comes to us when we are brought in contact with intense selfishness. It came out in his tone.

"I tell you what it is about, Miss Halket. You've been living in a horrible danger. You've been going *on* living in a horrible danger. You don't think of anybody but yourself. It's all one to you if you live or die, I dare say. What is it to me? Think of that. If it had been you instead of me the other night—and *you* don't care. It is nothing to *you* to see a man who loves you on the rack—"

The nervous paroxysm that had been lying in wait for its chance for days, clutched suddenly at his throat. He turned from her as he sat and gripped the granite with both hands, silent but shaken visibly with the sobs it took all his strength to suppress.

There was silence. At last he mastered the spasm that wrestled like a wild beast against his will and turned round, dry-eyed and hot with shame.

She was sitting quiet and still, but the tears followed one another down the beautiful thin cheeks. He had been afraid of her. He had reproached her, with the feeling that no word of his could pierce that calm armour of sweet serenity. And she was crying.

"Miss Halket! Forgive me. I didn't mean—I had no right. It took hold of me. I was so frightened about you."

He stood in front of her, kept away by the memory of a fear that was dead. For he knew that he was her master, that if he took her in his arms, she would submit.

"I didn't know," she said brokenly. "I thought you didn't care. I thought I was so safe."

"Care! Do you think there is anything in the world I *can* care about but just you?"

A silence. Then she rose and stood with one hand resting upon the grey stone.

"We will go now. We will walk home—together. And then you will go away. Because I ask you."

"Alice," said Wyatt, with a sudden resolution, "this is my chance. My one chance and I won't lose it. Listen. You *must* listen. He is dead. You *know* he is dead. And I love you. You are offering up a live man as a sacrifice to a corpse. They may have done so on the Longstone once, for anything I know. You are doing it now. And it isn't only me. It is yourself. You can't deny it."

"No. I can't deny it."

They stood so a moment, face to face.

"It is you who must listen now," she said at last with infinite sweetness. "I will tell you, because I think you are good, and will help me. You know I am not—good, in the way Gerty understands it. I don't go to church, and I don't let people tell me what is right or wrong. My conscience and I, we are alone in——"

She gave a look round which seemed to fill the gap in her words. All round them was dense gloom. She and that in a blind universe.

"And what it tells me I must do. I am doing it now. What I tell you is a shame to me. But I tell you."

She sat slowly down.

"It is not easy for me to be faithful. To some women it is, I think. I fought my battle six months ago and I won it. Friends wanted me to go abroad again, to take up the old life where I had let it drop, to be again what I used to be before—dear old Mr. Merrick urged it upon me. I thought—what you have just said. I thought the love I had given him, was not the best I could give. It was all so reasonable. It came to me like a bodily devil tempting me, as I sat beside him. And I looked at him, looked at him, Mr. Wyatt, with almost the feeling I helped you to get over. I had been through that, and I knew. And then, all at once, it came upon me that there was this one thing left to him. Everything else was gone. Just my faith was left, only that. Not even my love. Fate had taken all away, but that one thing that was

mine. Mr. Wyatt, "he is not all forlorn, because a king hath buried him."

"*Qui veut la fin veut les moyens.* See," holding up her hand to the light, "I can almost see through it. I brought my body into subjection, like St. Paul, because it fought against me. I was blind while I did battle, even conscience stood aside, and would not give a word to help. Won't you do for me now, what even conscience refused when I was in my worst strait? Won't you tell me I am right, and send me on my way gladder than when we met? Not so much as that?"

"You are committing Suttee, and you want me to put the match into the faggots," said poor Wyatt.

"Will you do it, because I ask you? Perhaps, by and by, you will be glad to think you helped me. You were so sorry to think you had given me pain, these days past. See, I come to you and beg," she said, putting out her hand, palm upwards.

"Take it, Miss Halket," said Wyatt, conquered by a strange power that thrust aside self. "Take it. 'But it is all I have in the world.'"

They stood so for a moment, his pity between them. Then she turned silently, and they walked side by side across the 'little patch of magic ground,' between two stones that still seemed a gateway and so into the heather and the darkness. She turned as she left the circle.

"I have come here very often. Now I will never come again."

She led the way downwards, through heather and peat moss, by tiny runnels of brown crystal that twisted and twined through combellets, choked with gorse and ling, to where a broader valley opened dimly before them. Wyatt followed or walked at her side like a sleepwalker. His individuality seemed to have divided, and one half kept on wondering vaguely at the other. Then the parts were changed, and so it went on in endless oscillation. Now there was nothing but the exquisite purgatorial sense of cool waves of peace and pardon flowing over arid sands. Then all turned to mirage and bitterness, and hungry love stretching out hands to clutch at what it loses. There was no transition, one gust of feeling went by and the other succeeded it, like the scenes in a phantasmagoria.

She spoke sometimes, but his mind was wrenched this way and that by its own convulsive action, and he hardly knew what she said. And the only feeling that seemed actual to his sense was the knowledge that they were nearing the point, where their paths would part.

She had not said so, but when she spoke, he knew that he had all along known it. The track forked, one branch leading to the inn, the other to the stream where it issued from the mouth of the Longstonecombe.

"I must say good-bye here," she said gently. "I shall go on to the Stone and sit a little. I shall not see you again. Good-bye."

"May I not walk with you just as far as that? I could go in by the garden path."

"Please—not."

He saw tears rise in her eyes and heard the voice that had been so well controlled, falter and fail. Just for one second she was at his mercy, in the power of the man whom she loved. And the hand she stretched out in farewell was in his.

Paul Wyatt's life had not been a good one. But if he had afterwards been given the power of cancelling at will any particular five seconds of his existence, he would have chosen those that followed her words.

He seemed only to know that he had kissed her when she had turned away from him, and was moving with faltering steps down the slope. As long as she was in sight, his thoughts were rivetted to the hope that she would look round, that some sign of farewell would carry him her forgiveness. But she did not do so. Once she stumbled and he moved instinctively as if to follow and support her. But he did not dare. His strange terror of her had returned. She passed out of sight, and as she did so, it came back to him with all the yearning bitterness of remorse, that it was so he had seen her first, a grey figure disappearing in the grey dawn. Only two minutes ago and there was nothing between them. They stood side by side in a heaven of peace and renunciation. And now the old weight rested again upon his heart, and this time no place was left for repentance. She was gone out of his life, and his soul had no part or portion in hers. The separation was complete and for ever.

(To be continued.)

D. C. PFDDER.

England

CURRENT EVENTS.

One result of the wicked outrage that was perpetrated on H. E. the Viceroy in December last has been the amendment of the law of conspiracies in India, so as to bring it into line with the common law of England. Critics elsewhere have used this very awakening to a defect as a peg on which to hang a general condemnation of the criminal administration which has not been able to stamp out anarchism, while critics in this country have doubted whether it was the shortness of the arm of the law that made conspiracies possible in some parts of India. What effect the new law will have upon the activities of the anarchists remains to be seen, for one does not know where and how these enemies of the peace of the land work. If the police could only spot them and overhear them, or get evidence of their confabulations, it is difficult to believe that further success in frustrating their plans either by prosecution or otherwise would have been impossible in the past. We must at the same time add that the fear of false cases of conspiracy being got up, in the absence of the legal necessity for proving an overt act in pursuance thereof, seems to be groundless or exaggerated. At any rate it would not be more difficult to procure false evidence of an alleged overt act than of an alleged conspiracy. The mischief lies more in the conspiracy than in some inconsequential act which may follow it, and which ought to follow it in order to constitute abetment under the existing law ; and hence to strike at the conspiracy itself is the more logical course. A more contentious part of the amendment is that which makes a conspiracy to commit a civil wrong a criminal offence. This policy is defended in England on the ground that, though every wrong may not be dangerous to the

public, yet every coalition to promote wrong is manifestly of that character. The line drawn between a civil wrong and a crime has from time to time changed in every country, and when the authors of the Indian Penal Code resolved to apply the word "illegal" to everything which furnishes ground for a civil action as well as to an offence, they explained that it would be generally found unobjectionable to designate as illegal anything which affords ground for a civil action. And that definition is adopted for the new amendment. Even in the exceptional cases it is difficult to see why the State should allow only a private remedy where a number of persons deliberately combine to cause harm to another, and that too when harm has been actually caused, as if the conspiracy itself was of no moment to the public. The State need not, and indeed cannot afford to, take notice of little conspiracies to cause small injuries. The new law, even without the safeguards which have been provided to prevent harassment for petty conspiracies, would cause no hardship in practice in view of the salutary precaution which the Penal Code has taken to lay down that nothing is an offence by reason that it causes or is intended to cause any harm, if such harm is so slight that no person of ordinary sense and temper would complain of it.



Lord Crewe was rather premature in telling the leader of the Opposition that by pressing his scheme of preferential tariffs he was gambling away with the goodwill of the people of India. If the scheme of the Unionists is to abolish all duties in India on articles imported from the United Kingdom and to compel this country to raise revenue only by taxing foreign imports, Lord Crewe's warning was neither unnecessary nor exaggerated. But the essence of preferential trade is not to exclude any articles from taxation altogether, but only to favour some imports as against others. The goodwill of the countries placed at a disadvantage may possibly be forfeited, and retaliation, where advantageous, must necessarily be expected. But foreign countries have no reason to complain of favouritism within the Empire, nor can any country complain of the "wild kind of justice"—not too wild to be admitted within the pale of civilisation as it exists at the present day—known as retaliation. Any doubts which might have existed in England as to the trend of Indian

**Tariff Reform
in India.**

opinion on tariff reform will be dispelled by the resolution moved in the Imperial Legislative Council by Sir Gangadhar Chitnavis, in favour of considering a system of preferential tariffs for the purpose of increasing the revenue of the country and making up for the loss of the opium revenue. The nature of Indian exports is such that no fear of retaliation by foreign countries is seriously entertained. The Government could not accept the resolution for different reasons altogether. Constitutionally, the Government of India cannot adopt a fiscal policy opposed to the views of the party in power for the time being in England, and this is the greatest obstacle in the way of raising revenue by the plan suggested by the Indian member. From a purely administrative standpoint, the Government has the satisfaction that its revenues are sufficiently elastic, and its aspirations sufficiently modest, to forego the opium revenue without resorting to disputed methods of improving other sources of income. While the Liberals are not prepared to sanction in India any wide departure from their policy of free trade, it is doubtful how far the Conservatives will allow such departure. If the latter will care more for the consumption of British manufactures than for the interests of the Indian exchequer, the introduction of mere preferential tariffs may prove a delusion. No departure from free trade is likely to be allowed by either party to protect Indian manufactures against British competition, and such departure is worth little if the freedom to raise revenue is unduly fettered, and, while giving with one hand the liberty to tax foreign imports heavily, the liberty to tax British manufactures is taken away with the other hand. For the present Sir Gangadhar's resolution, which had to be withdrawn, will provide British statesmen with an authoritative clue to Indian opinion.



In the beginning of this month, Bombay will witness a change of Governors. The esteem in which Lord and Lady Sydenham are held in this presidency, for the good work done by them and their devotion to the well-being of the people, has been demonstrated by a series of entertainments given to them by the different communities; and a public meeting has resolved that the College of Commerce, to be established in Bombay, should be called after Lord Sydenham. This way of commemo-

rating his connection with the presidency is specially appropriate, because the outstanding reforms with which His Excellency's rule will be associated will be chiefly educational. In the early part of his rule, his Government had to cope with a wave of sedition, which swept over more or less the whole of India, and which is still silently corroding the foundations of peace and happiness in parts of the land. The educational policy of the whole of India is taking a definite shape, but the revision of the educational administration of the presidency may be attributed to Lord Sydenham's initiative. The salaries of teachers in primary schools were increased nearly four years ago; the whole system of secondary education has been subjected to careful examination, and the curriculum has been revised, so as to afford the youth of the presidency "a clearer grasp of facts and circumstances concerning India's position in the Empire, and a better chance of serving her economic needs." The introduction of moral instruction in schools has been decided upon, and suitable text-books are under preparation. The scheme of studies at the University has been simplified and rationalized; and besides the College of Commerce, the science institutes in Bombay and Ahmedabad will also serve as standing monuments to the educational zeal of the retiring Governor. The Legislative Council, which was enlarged and reconstructed under Lord Morley's scheme of reforms, owes its large non-official element to His Excellency's liberal views; and in the municipal administration of the presidency, he opened a new chapter by the withdrawal of much of the former official control, by conceding to all municipalities the right to select non-official presidents, and to urban municipalities the privilege of electing two-thirds of the total number of councillors. The forest conservancy in the Deccan had called for investigation, and it resulted in the restoration of several hundred square miles of reserved forest to the Revenue Department, and in the removal of other grievances. Every effort was made to popularise plague inoculation, and vaccination among the Musalman pilgrims to Mecca. The development of Bombay City and of Salsette made great progress in Lord Sydenham's time and, if the scheme of Back Bay Reclamation is carried out, his name will be more deeply etched in the history of the presidency than that of many another of his distinguished predecessors. By universal consent, he is acknowledged to be

one of the most capable and broad-minded Governors that England has sent out to Western India.

-306-

Sir H. H. Butler's idea of supplying every large province without a University with that need, in addition to the establishment of a teaching and residential University at Dacca, will not remain a pious wish on paper, but will attain fruition at an early date. The schemes of the Patna and Rangoon Universities are not yet published, but several lakhs have been provided in the Budget for the ensuing year to give effect to the schemes, which are evidently under effective contemplation. The Dacca University Committee's report has evoked some criticism, and it will, no doubt, be carefully considered in giving shape to the constitution and activities of the other new institutions. The existing Universities naturally do not much appreciate the invidious distinction drawn between the examining and federal Universities on the one hand, and the teaching and residential Universities on the other. The Syndicate of the Calcutta University protest that they have undertaken teaching work for advanced students and the promotion of research work. They doubt whether the residential system to be adopted at Dacca will produce better results than the control exercised by the older federal Universities over the hostels attached to the affiliated Colleges. They point out that the collegiate spirit of Oxford and Cambridge cannot be created in a country like India, where teachers and students are divided in so many ways socially, racially, and religiously, and that too close supervision by young professors lacking in tact may produce friction and ill-feeling instead of harmony and sympathy, and that a system, which limits and checks unaided individual effort, may fail to promote in a sufficient degree the habits of self-reliance and self-restraint so very essential in the students' future career. Undue restraint may exist under the present system as well as under the proposed scheme, and the caution recommended by the Syndicate is needed in the case of all college hostels. In their opinion, to allow students to pass examinations without appearing in all the prescribed subjects at one and the same time, as proposed by the Dacca Committee, would tend to lower the intrinsic value of University degrees. This way of relieving the

burden and strain on the minds of young men, however, has already been adopted in some of the older Universities. The principal objections to the Dacca Committee's report are those directed against the institution of what are called Islamic degrees and the establishment of a special College for the well-to-do classes. To place Islamic learning on a par with proficiency in modern literature and science, and to allow the holders of all degrees, whether in Oriental learning or in Western science, the same privileges in entering Government service and the learned professions, may result in reversing the policy associated with the name of Macaulay, and in reconstructing the foundations on which higher education rests in this country. It is doubtful, however, whether the Government will embark upon so radical a change of policy and obliterate the inevitable distinction between the old and the new, the progressive and the stagnant, the useful and the ornamental. A large body of opinion sympathises with the view of the Syndicate of the Calcutta University, that young men of the well-to-do classes should not be encouraged in any way to regard themselves as a special class, and to hold aloof from fellow-students of humbler means, and, as often happens, with better brains.



Crowned heads have ever been uneasy in the West as well as in the East, and the poets of India have given
A World-wide expression to that truth no less than the
Danger, greatest of England's poets. In recent times, they have found safety in a constitution, but the inveterate antagonism between established greatness and aspiring discontent shows itself in different forms in different ages. Crowned or not crowned, we seem to be living in an age when to be great is to be marked out for destruction by some, who have a morbid longing to attain notoriety by assassinations likely to be recorded in history. When the ex-president of a democratic country was not venerated, the King of the Hellenes could not trust the insane as well as the sane, the socialist as well as the aristocrat. The anarchist has given one more shock to the existing frame of society, and the murder of King George of Greece sounds one more warning to all rulers to be ever careful about their personal safety.

Messrs. Ganesh & Co., of Madras, have brought out the first volume of H. E. Lord Hardinge's speeches, delivered since his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. His Excellency's popularity needs no better demonstration, and the volume scarcely needs commendation to the grateful and admiring public. It is well printed and well got up, and deserves to find its way into every library.

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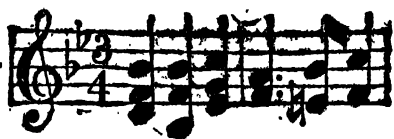
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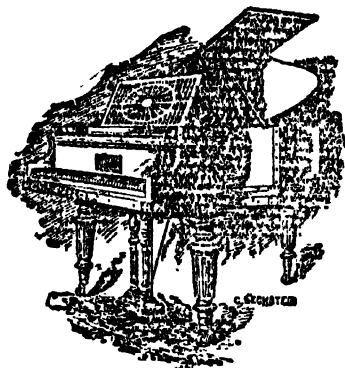
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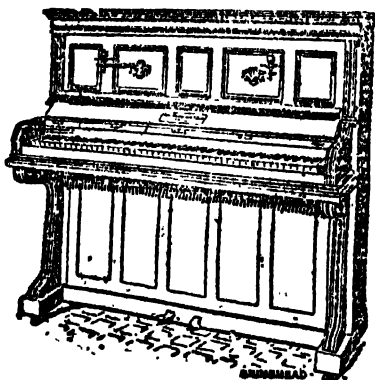
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EAST & WEST.

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THE THIRD ESTATE.

ALTHOUGH copied, more or less successfully, by most of the nations of modern Christendom, the English House of Commons is still as unique as it has been for over five hundred years. Ever since the English amalgamated with their Norman conquerors, there has been a persistent effort to make the nation, under its natural leaders, the main-spring of political action. From the time when the House of Commons assisted at the deposition of Edward II. in express vindication of the maxim *Vox populi, vox Dei*, it has constantly added to its power. Nevertheless, we should make a mistake if we supposed that it has ever yet been an instrument of pure democracy. Although there has never been that complete balance of the three "Estates," of which the vision misled Clarendon and frustrated his political career, yet the Church, the Peerage, and the Commons have all had their turn. Thus, the wild and want-driven impulses of the many have been as much tempered and regulated by the prudence of the few, as if the Government had been an oligarchy. Whenever a wise and patriotic ruler has appeared to control the selfishness of the great, or the madness of the multitude, the constitution has enjoyed the advantages of a monarchy: the voice of toiling millions has not been often raised, and has sometimes appeared to be neglected: nevertheless, in the long run, their wants have been considerably treated. Yet this mixture of the three elements, which Montesquieu and Delolme regarded as the peculiar virtue of the English constitution, has been only the ostensible harmony of a machine which had one central motive power. When the Peerage was supreme, the other powers were suspended. When the Crown

obtained full authority, then Parliament—in both Houses—became a mere instrument of tyranny. But the people preserved its latent capacity throughout. Sometimes in eclipse, sometimes acting in excess, the House of Commons, like the sun in the system of the universe, is the central force of our political cosmos.

To trace this persistent action, from its rudimentary appearance under the first Plantagenets, is the object of the present sketch. In all our best histories the process has been shown. But, so far as the writer is aware, there is no work which forms a monograph of the subject. It would be the office of a complete History of the House of Commons to disentangle this thread, from the complications of war and of personal biography with which general history, of necessity, has to deal, and to present the evolution of the "Lower House" from its rude beginnings as a fiscal delegation to the time when the reform of the electoral system enabled it to take its place, as the supreme and final depository of the will and power of the "United Kingdom." The present paper can only be taken as indicative of the way in which such a study should begin.

When Duke William had defeated the English at Senlac, he became "King of the English" by hereditary claim, by conquest and by at least a pretence of election. By accepting this last title he laid the foundation of that attention to form, whereby the germs of freedom have been preserved throughout all the vicissitudes of our island story. In the same spirit, while really an autocrat, the Conqueror preserved the show of a Royal Council. The older English Kings had ruled under some amount of control from an assembly of notables, or "wise men," taking counsel for the public good in peace and war. So long as there were no other subjects of deliberation but these, and perhaps the adjustment of private disputes between citizens who could not get satisfaction in local tribunals, the "Assembly of the Wise" may have been something like a modern Cabinet, and something like a highly distinguished debating society. How far the Norman *curia* took the office of the English Witan has been a subject of controversy among the best authors. Dr. Gneist is disposed to minimise its action. But at least we know that the Council sometimes sat. Thus, in 1085 there was a five days' session of what the *English Chronicle* still calls "the Witan." (G. M. Prothero, *ap Eng. Hist. Review*, January 1888.) For positive legislation there was perhaps little need. The "laws of Edward the Confessor" and the Dane

law had been confirmed ; the invading race had the feudal customs for their guide. With taxation also the infant society would have little or no concern. The King's feudal dues were well understood, and there was no national revenue distinct from his personal income.

Further, under the early Anglo-Norman Monarchy, the "Three Estates of the Realm" had not come into existence ; and there was no need for their representation. The Crown, as is well known, was not an Estate ; it was the apex of a military system. The Clergy obeyed the Papal rule, and acted in clerical synods, with appropriate laws and privileges. There was no middle class dependant on commerce, and the rural labourers were slaves. The only body which had the faintest control over the Crown or its devolution was composed of the territorial and military aristocracy. A Staff-Corps of officers were paid by grants of land ; the more powerful members followed the King in camp and Council, while the rest joined their little train of followers to the contingent of some royal feudatory, or lived at home to bear a part, perhaps, in local administration. This last-named function tended, no doubt, to give the minor freemen both weight and wisdom. Whatever were its precise details, it was the embryo of a power which would expand with the progress of the slowly growing nation. Earls and barons depended on the allegiance of these honourable followers ; and the power of the Crown was applied, with constantly increasing efficacy, to the regulating of their mutual relations. But the greater barons and the lesser barons, the tenants-in-chief and the subordinate freemen, formed at the Conquest—and long after—the only recognised class of persons directly or indirectly consulted in State affairs—excepting that the Prelates, by virtue of their monopoly of learning, were borrowed—so to say—from the Church for purely civil offices.

The system of the Conqueror was maintained by his earlier successors. The legislation was the act of the King alone : and it was chiefly confined to the maintenance of the common-law, symbolised in "the laws of Edward." That each reign began by a promise to this effect, has been usually taken as the result of the defective title by which those sovereigns were weakened : but it is also, perhaps, a sign that some degree of popular support was deemed requisite against the possible resistance of the baronage. In form at least the elective character of the succession was also preserved ; and it is a notable feature of English political life that

forms so preserved have tended to keep alive a genuine tendency or to assume a practical character on occasion arising. Add to this that the jurisdiction of the King was never allowed to lie idle. The great vassals claimed to hold their own courts, but the royal officers—both local and central—were constantly engaged in restricting the action of these courts and standing forth as protectors of the people. Lastly, the local popular assemblies continued to exist for fiscal and administrative purposes, as happened in Eastern Europe after its conquest by the Turks.

Of these local assemblies there were several: but the most powerful and durable were those known to the early English as *Scire-gemots*, and later as "County-courts." What the *Curia Regis* was to the old English Witan, that the County-court was to the meeting of the Shire, a true and natural successor. So much only need be observed here, because the subject has been fully treated by the best authorities. In pre-Norman times the Shire-mot was convened, (as they show), twice in the year, by the Sheriff, or Reeve of the Shire. It was attended by the local officials, by the landholders of the Shire, and by a representative Committee from each township. Its business comprehended the nomination of the grand jury, and the decision of appeals from the assembly of the hundred. Under the Norman Kings the County-court appears to have lost much of the judicial powers of its predecessor; it perhaps assumed in their stead an increased amount of administrative action. However altered, the County-court contained, in matters like the election of grand jurors, a germ of the representative principle; and it thus became the parent-cell of the developed constitution.

It was perhaps a mark of the need of popularity felt by the monarchs of that time that such institutions were not only left free, but were sometimes actually guaranteed by express confirmation, as already noticed. The sole legislative Act that can be certainly traced to Henry I. is the "Charter of Liberties" issued at that King's accession: in this were promised the abolition of unlawful exactions, the maintenance of clerical privileges, and the indulgent treatment of vassals. Creasy has shown that the collection of laws ascribed to this monarch is not of royal authority.* Stephen, a more complete foreigner than Henry I. and with a still weaker title,

* English Constitution, p. 115 (Ed. of 1868).

was fain to give the English two charters, and to confirm the laws of his predecessor as also those of Edward. This stage of development attained its climax under Henry II. That King not only issued the usual charter, but made the Acts to the root of the feudal system by establishing a standing army and founding a fiscal system, in which personal service was commuted for money payments. Under this King the land-tax and tax on moveable property became organized. The immediate result, necessarily, was to strengthen the power of the Crown and to weaken that of the nobility, as happened again at the beginning of the Tudor dynasty. But in both cases the ultimate consequence—seeing that the assessments could not be made but by public inquest—was an enlargement of popular power. The tax on land, in commutation of personal service, had the appropriate name of *Scutage* or shield money. From the inhabitants of cities and towns who were tenants of his demesne, Henry II took a property-tax somewhat akin to what was called *taille* in France down to the Revolution, and which in Norman England became known as *talliage*. The inhabitants of other towns were originally talliable to their respective lords; but by various means the rights over this class also gradually accrued to the Crown. As for the Clergy—who both in England and France were exempt from this burden—Henry made some attempt to bring them into subjection; and his action in submitting the Constitutions of Clarendon to a council of vassals is perhaps the first instance of what we now call “Parliamentary Government,” as it is certainly a first step in the direction of the Reformation.

His absentee son and successor had to leave the administration to others. He had less temptation to interfere with the liberties of the English and more occasion to demand their money. To feed his foreign wars every known fiscal resource was employed, taxation being extended to the property of lessees and subtenants, and to all personal property. A great step towards the merging of the Clergy in the community was taken; gold and silver plate being taken out of the Churches, and the members of the Clerical body compelled to submit to taxation by threats of outlawry. The direct tendency of such measures was towards the development of administrative machinery, while the constant and universal assessments of taxation must have brought out and strengthened the representative element in towns and counties. In the time of Richard I. the Mayor and Corporation of London make their first

positively certain appearance, and we meet with professional statesmen who are not clerics. Most important of all changes is the amalgamation of the conquered and conquerors referred to in Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The Norman warriors and their sons had died, many of them having married Saxon wives. Their successors had become English country gentlemen who, in the rising reign of law, were tending to side against the Crown and therefore with the purely native community. At the accession of King John England was consolidating, and no intelligent observer could have doubted that she was likely to become either a despotic monarchy, like France, or an aristocratic anarchy, like Poland. Few could have then dreamed of the latent principle, which was to determine the ultimate result in a third, and widely-differing, direction.

John, Count of Mortaigne, ascended the English throne in the last year of the twelfth century. It was a period of general movement in Western Europe : but as a Norman noble and the son of a French potentate, John was ill-prepared for the position in which that movement involved a King of England. Moreover, when all allowance has been made for the enmity of clerical chroniclers, there can be still no reasonable doubt that he was both a weak and a wicked man ; while his early training had not been such as to fit him for his new duties. Not only so, but the English nobility had grown to be quite unlike the *seigneurs* of Normandy, with whom he had been chiefly engaged. Accordingly, after vain attempts to keep him to the observance of the ancient laws, they had to undergo the humiliation of seeing him lose all the Continental possessions of the Plantagenets save the duchy of Guienne, and all the duchy of Normandy but the Channel Islands. Thus provoked, they resolved to compel him to give guarantees for the welfare of the kingdom that remained under his rule. Headed by Cardinal Langton they extorted from him, in 1215, that great Charter which became the foundation of our national constitution. We should err in supposing that this famous instrument contained an immediately practical body of governmental policy. It must rather be regarded as an ideal plan expressive of the beliefs and aspirations of its originators. Yet it has, beyond doubt, an intrinsic interest as showing the ideas of the greater minds of the age, and the direction which their thoughts were taking. No *scutage* was to be taken without the consent of the general Council of the kingdom—except in three particulars

too inherent in the feudal system to be at once excluded. This "*commune concilium regni*" (whose co-operation was needed for the taxation of the tenants-in-chief) was not, of course, anything like the modern Parliament of Great Britain: but it was the only substitute for that assembly which then existed. Cities and boroughs were by the Charter to have their ancient rights and customs, including access to the Council for purposes of assessment: and that was a further step towards the national enfranchisement. The constitution of the Council was also provided for; the Prelates, Earls, and Barons were to be summoned, in writing, for the assessment of scutage, which varied from twenty shillings per knight's fee upwards. And all tenants-in-chief were to be summoned to a fixed place of assembly, at least forty days before the date fixed for the meeting, the returning officers being the sheriffs of counties, the bailiffs in towns reporting to the sheriffs. The nature of the business to be brought before the assembly was to be declared beforehand, and the said business was to be transacted, at the time and place appointed, even although all those summoned should not be present. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that these principles were intended to lead to the establishment of a national control over the Crown, however rude might be the machinery provided for the purpose.

Parliamentary government did not, as we know, immediately follow: but a further development took place in regard to the representative principle already operative in the election of grand-jurors. By article 48 of the Magna Charta, Knights of the Shire were to be chosen for the purpose of discussing evil customs concerning forests and game-preserving, with a view to their correction. Moreover, the Third Estate in other ways received recognition. Knights who were tenants of the Crown had already been summoned to Oxford, two years before, "*ad loquendum nobiscum de negotiis regni*": this process was now declared perpetual in respect of assessment. The distinction between the greater barons—the holders of groups of knight's fees—and the mass of tenants-in-chief who met at the County-courts was made out clearly. The inhabitants of chartered towns were accorded a similar position; it may almost be said that the principle of elective representation was involved by implication.

Such was the ideal of Langton, who was thus the father of

the English Constitution. But that constitution was a posthumous child. Parliaments long continued to be much the same as in France, Supreme Courts of Registration and Appeal. It was not until June 1264, nearly fifty years after the date of *Magna Charta*, that the Commons are known to have been admitted to the deliberations of this Council : and the representation even then was confined to a partial deputation from the "minor barons" or holders of one knight's fee each : a circumstance in which we may perhaps recognise the origin of the title "Knight-of-the-Shire" afterwards given to the county member.

At last occurred the great epoch of 1265, when a complete summoning of representative deputies was ordered by Simon de Montfort. Yet this movement was hardly less premature than that of Langton : *tantae molis erat condere gentem*. In conditions of trial and difficulty the great leader of the 13th century conceived the idea of carrying out the principle of his predecessor in reform, by calling in the representatives of cities and towns to broaden the basis of his government and, for this, full credit has been deservedly given to him. If he did not actually establish the House of Commons, he observed the raw material and showed how it could be molten and moulded into an implement of State. Indications of this possibility were, doubtless, afforded him, not only by the conception of *Magna Charta*, but by the already-existing institutions of the grand-jury and possibly by the representative committees of demesne-towns in the County-court ; and thus the Third Estate came into organic existence, though only in a state of helpless infancy. For some time yet the Great Council monopolised the title of "Parliament," though its functions were not confined to what is now called Parliamentary work. The King-in-Council still initiated and granted the few legislative measures that seemed requisite, just as—within recent times—the Viceroy did in British India ; and when the representatives of the Commons attended, it was for the purpose of distributing assessments already determined.

A closely similar process was about the same time commencing in France, with which England was still closely connected by language, manners, and the possession of Guienne. Suddenly, in 1302, the growing difficulties with the Church in France led Philip the Fair to assemble the States-General of his Kingdom to consider the Papal Bull "*Ausculta mi fili*." But, while the general

French, in their headlong way, were thus hurrying on an institution, for which the time with them was not prepared, the happy mixture of Teutonic phlegm in the English character was causing the slower growth of an organism that was, and was to continue, suitable to its environments. The three English Estates did not meet, in those days, at the same time or place. For instance, the great Council attended the King's person and continued to be spoken of as "The Parliament." It was employed, judicially and quasi-judicially, in receiving petitions, alike from individuals as from the town-deputies. Private bills were passed there, almost like decrees in Chancery; while public business consisted chiefly in fiscal appropriations. The members of the Council taxed themselves separately, and at a lower rate than that imposed upon the citizens and burgesses. From a number of entries on the Rolls of the period we infer that this Chamber was still attended by the Knights-deputies, who thus had the benefit of the more lenient assessment for themselves and their constituents. The townsmen were compelled to tax themselves at a higher rate. The Clergy—who had now been brought under the fisc—were allowed to tax themselves, apart, in their own Convocation.

But, in 1295, Edward I. called a general assembly of all the Estates, enunciating his well-known maxim that "what touched all ought to be approved of all." This, therefore, is commonly regarded as the model Parliament, but it must not be forgotten that there was no immediate effect upon procedure. Each order was still taxed separately—thus there is a patent roll; (24 Edw. I. M. 22) in which are found the words "The Earls, Barons, and Knights . . . have granted an eleventh of all their moveable property, and the Citizens, Burgesses, etc., a seventh." The Clergy voted a tenth. About this time the town-committees appear to have generally usurped oligarchic authority—often, as in the Channel Islands to this day, bearing the title of "Bailiff and Jurats." The result was chiefly obtained—it would seem—by turning election first into co-option and appointment for life, and then—in many cases—by making the corporation-offices hereditary. The Act of 1835 restored the old democratic principle (*vide Eng. Hist. Rev.* No. 20, Vol. V. Art. by Mr. C. W. Colby). Whenever the post of Parliamentary representative became valuable, these usurping bodies would monopolise the elections.

In any case we are forced to conclude that the model set

by the great Plantagenet was not by any means complete. After his death, under the weak and frivolous rule of his unhappy son, the English Estates were less logically organised than their French contemporaries, though—as it was to turn out—they were upon a more practical path. In 1322 the right of the *communitas* to assist in legislation was, indeed, recognised in express terms by the English Government : but before that date the French Estates had already on several occasions deliberated and decided upon matters of high import : while, even after it, the town-deputies in England long continued to adopt a posture of extreme dependence. So late, indeed, as the “ Good Parliament ”—whose acts were what we shall presently see—we still find an assumption of humility by the Commons : they “ pray the King and his wise Parliament.” All through the troubled reign of Edward II., this was much more than a form : the Commons came to Parliament hat in hand, petitioning for various favours and content with any instalment of their demands. Thus in the eighth year, when the Commons prayed that writs of Oyer and Terminer should be restrained, they were told by the Council that such writs would not be issued save in cases of extreme gravity. In the subsequent crash the King was overthrown by his wife's friends, probably without any active participation by the Commons. It is true that, at the deposition, Archbishop Reynolds delivered a discourse in the Abbey (January 20, 1327) on the text, *Vox populi, vox Dei* ; and ten days later, when the new King was crowned, a medal was struck with the motto, *Populi dat jura voluntas* : but these sayings were premature. Even down to the middle of the reign of Edward III., we still find the Commons consisting of citizens and burgesses alone, and “ coming to the Parliament,” not as members but as petitioners and fiscal delegates. The *tallage* of towns continued to be levied apart, while “ the knights, freemen, and *communes* of the counties ” were assessed along with the “ Earls and Barons.”*

The first mention of a separate “ Lower House ” has been thought to be observable in the records of 6 Edw. III., but there is no clear statement of the distribution of the orders at that time. We only learn that the Bishop of Winchester opened Parliament with a speech, in which he enquired of the young King whether he would accept the counsels of “ the Earls, Barons, and

* In feudal law, “ *Communanté* ” applied to the tenants of the Crown not being Barons.

other grandees then present in Parliament"—where the word "Grandeess" probably means either the Prelates or the Knights, or both. Measures for the general welfare, endangered by recent events, were then read and approved by the said magnates, and afterwards adopted by the King, the Prelates, the Knights of Shires, and the "*gents du commun*"; and, finally, we seem to have all the orders giving a unanimous vote (*R. P.* II. 65). This is like a Statute prepared by the Privy Council, and then passed by a conference of King, Convocation, Knights and Burgesses; but it does not answer to any established or recorded form. In the same session a Fifteenth was levied on "the Commonalty," in addition to a Tenth to be taken from cities, boroughs, and the royal demesne: while "our Lord the King, by request of the Prelates, Earls, Barons, and Knights-of-the-Shire, and for the easing of the people", recalled the Commissioners who had been sent to assess talliage. Whatever may have been the exact nature of these proceedings, they show that the urban deputies were not yet in full possession of their seats as Members of Parliament and it may be presumed that the "Court of Parliament" still consisted of the King and Great Council, before whom the citizens and burgesses still appeared as suitors, and concerted their petitions as they walked about the Abbey precincts. In 1341, however, when the French war was causing anxiety, and the King had thrown his ministers into prison for not providing funds for his military expenses, "the Grandeess" were compelled to furnish an "Aid," while "the knights, citizens, and burgesses" were assessed separately. And, ten years later, we find these three classes meeting in one Assembly: that is to say that, while in the Rolls for 1350 "Parliament" is described as still consisting of "the Prelates and other magnates with the knights," in the following year the knights and townsmen are recorded to have sat together in the still-existing Chapter-house. In the previous session a commission to the Duke of Clarence had been read to "the Knights and the Commons who were present," which seems to show the very beginning of the fusion.

A sample of the procedure and principles of this, the first session of the actual House of Commons, will also show the original attitude adopted on the still burning question of labour-strikes and combinations. It is further interesting as illustrating the difference between Acts of Parliament and Orders-in-Council or Royal Ordinances, and the favour with which the last-named

species of legislation was then regarded. In *R.P.* 25 Edw. III. is this record :

“ A quen Vendredi les Prelats et autres Grandz ave les chivalers des Countiez somonez au dit Parlement si fut lue la commission Quele commission lue fut dit as dits Chivalers le communes que, etc.”

The opening speech was read by the Chief Justice to “ les Chivalers des countiez, Citoyens et Burgeys qui adongs furent presentz.” A petition to the King in Council was then brought up from the Commons, to this effect :—

“ Prie la comne., pur ce que les Labourers fuis la pestilence (the Black Death) ne voloient overer prnant, pour leur travail come acorde estoit p. ntre. Seigneur le Roi et son conseil, ne ils ont regard a Fynes ne a Redemptions, mes font de jour en autre de pire, etc ”; that the King and Council, with the advice of the Lords, would order corporal punishment in addition to fines for such behaviour. This was, in fact, a demand for an Order in-Council on the subject on the part of the Knights and burgesses. But at the close of the session, it was met, on the part of the Crown, by a reference to the Statute lately enacted (25 Edw. III. c. 47) in which fine and imprisonment were provided as the appropriate penalty for those who would not work at the rates fixed, without any mention of corporal chastisement. This transaction exhibits the Commons as an assembly of employers whose selfish hardness was mitigated by royal clemency ; and of this we shall meet with fresh instances in later history.

Great importance has been attached to the York assembly, but it was not a complete Parliament in the modern sense. As already shown, in 1327, the Commons had concurred in the deposition of the King on charges of incompetence : on which occasion a sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the principle that “ the voice of the people was the voice of God.” Nevertheless, this affair is not to be taken as a complete act of sovereignty performed by Parliament as we now understand it. In the first place, the name of “ Parliament ” was not then specially applied to denominate a two-chambered Council, whose so-called “ Lower House ” holds the ultimate power of the nation. The word in the earlier part of the fourteenth century meant sometimes the Privy Council, sometimes the Court of King’s Bench. We can only suppose, at the utmost, that the towns and

counties may have been represented by delegates who stood by, awed spectators, while the Barons drew up the articles and pronounced the King's sentence. The word "House-of-Commons" apparently indicates an original assemblage of *communitates* or "communes," representing the urban corporations by actual presence of some of their members. that seems the best explanation that can be discovered for this now famous expression. The people afterwards called themselves "the Commons," but that is a distinct idea.

It may be taken that henceforward the new organ of the constitution—however far from being a true representation of the people—was in working order; and the fact that it is now "after a lapse of more than six hundred years" so little altered, is a signal proof of the tenacity of English politics. Other nations have copied from England; but time alone will show with what success. When we turn to the case of India, we can speak more positively; no calculable period can be imagined, in which a united population, and what we call public opinion can pervade this sub-continent. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Maharatas, with the aid of European officers, made a strong bid for supremacy; had they, however, succeeded, the result would no more have been Indian unity than would unity have occurred in Europe had Napoleon succeeded in making himself its master. Moslem and Maharatta, the Aryans of Cashmere and the Dravidians of Mysore, and other jarring elements must accommodate their habits and traditions to one another before there can be any expectation of an Indian third estate.

The work of the Indian Congress, however interesting, does not appear to make much progress in the direction of reasonable reform. This can only be attributed to its being premature, a fault which it derives from its founder who was no inexperienced Baboo, but a Haileybury Civilian, the late Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B., a gentleman who is described in extreme terms by either side, but whose services to India are easily measured. In the early part of his career, he attracted notice as a good public servant: then came the Mutiny, when he displayed courage and resource enough to win for him the honours of the Bath, seldom bestowed even then upon members of the Civil Service. For some reason or other, he never got much further; and it was easy to represent him as an eccentric charlatan seeking by forbidden paths

the notoriety, which he could not obtain in the legitimate exercise of his profession. This was, of course, a mistake ; few serious thinkers would now question the doctrine, that the ultimate success of any Government involved the consent of the governed. Hume's real error lay in expecting to establish for India, in one generation, a political system which, in his small native island, with a comparatively homogeneous population, had been the work of long centuries and arduous evolution.

England.

H. G. KEENE.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE GREAT MOGHUL.

THE material available for an account of the foreign relations of the Moghuls is meagre in the extreme. It is not to be inferred, however, that there is a dearth merely of recorded incident ; as a matter of fact the paucity of material, to which we have referred above, is largely due to the lack of the incidents themselves—to the absence of any settled foreign policy which required to be consistently upheld, revised or modified from generation to generation, as between one head of the State and others. The Moghuls, however, were not alone in this respect. Foreign relations, in the international sense in which we understand the expression to-day, are a comparatively modern development of State-craft, necessitated mainly by the altered conditions of the social, political and economic life of the present age. In the epoch to which Moghul history belongs they were a spasmodic rather than a stable feature—relatively speaking—of administration in the various States. Empires and kingdoms, separated one from the other, more often than not, by the effective boundary of huge tracts of unexplored land, tended more and more to be self-contained. The Moghuls in India, perhaps, were exceptionally well situated in this respect. The natural and effectual protection which their empire derived from the physical geography of the country, at least on three sides, the undeveloped state of locomotion and navigation alike—again speaking relatively—and their own enormous defensive resources as against any possible or probable foreign attack, would of themselves suffice to render the Indian Empire unusually self-centred, and the whole outlook of the Moghuls was national rather than international.

Nevertheless, in spite of the foregoing circumstances, it is hardly to be expected that the Moghuls, controlling one of the

greatest empires of the time, could possibly have secured immunity from the obligation of carrying out occasional relations with other countries, or of extending courtesies to the heads of other States in the spirit of a neighbourly exchange of amenities. Before proceeding to consider the nature and occasion of these amenities and relations, however, it may be desirable to mention the most important feature of the foreign policy of the Moghuls—such as it was—*viz.*, their relations with Persia.

Persia, indeed, was the country with which, outside their own dominions, the Moghuls had the largest measure of direct intercourse, which they kept up long. The proximity of neighbourhood, as well as the ties of a common religion and culture, if not a common race, had helped to awaken a mutual interest between Persia and the Moghul Emperors which eventually ripened into a political friendship, which, for the most part, remained undisturbed, even if passive, for a long number of years. This political friendship may be held to have taken practical shape and effect from the time when Humayun, an exile from India, found hospitable asylum in Persia, and subsequently received material and splendid assistance from the Shah to recover his lost dominions from the Afghans.* It was only natural that the successors of Humayun should have been only too anxious to maintain and perpetuate this signal friendship between their House and the rulers of Persia.

Accordingly we find that the successive reigns of Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb are marked by the exchange of embassies between India and Persia. Besides being the outward token of the mutual esteem and goodwill between the two courts, there can be no doubt that they represented the genuine and strong desire of the Moghul Emperors, at least, to be on the best possible terms with the Shah of Persia. The embassies were not merely a matter of social or courtly exchange of courtesy; on the Moghul side, it is certain, the reception and despatch of a Persian ambassador was a settled item of foreign policy. Akbar† sent an Embassy to Shah Tahmasp, which was well received in Persia. In Jehangir's reign a Persian ambassador, named Mahomed Riza Beg, was sent, attended with a large retinue and bringing costly presents for the Emperor. He made a public entry into Ajmir and was

* Vide Janhar's "Humayun-namah" Vol. V.

† Badauni p. 264.

afterwards received in Durbar. A variety of reasons have been suggested as to the purpose and object of this particular embassy. One view is that Riza Beg came to negotiate for peace between the Emperor and the Sultans of the Deccan; another that he came to solicit the help of Jehangir for Persia against the "Great Turk." * Sir Thomas Roe, † in his journal, advances yet another version of the object of the embassy. According to him, Riza Beg came to India to negotiate for the cession to Persia of Kandahar—which had long been a source of contention between Persia and the Moghuls. It was indeed suggested that the Shah of Persia had helped Humayun to recover his sceptre on the understanding that Kandahar should, in return, be made over to Persia. ‡ It is to be feared that all these theories were more or less conjectural; at any rate, no immediate or tangible result of the embassy appears to have followed.

When Shah Jahan succeeded to the throne after playing havoc with his rivals, one of them, it appears, escaped to Persia. This was Bulaqi who, for a very short period, immediately before Shah Jahan's proclamation, was Emperor of Hindustan. § Shah Jahan sent ambassadors to the Shah of Persia demanding the surrender of the exile, but the latter, to his credit, refused, and thus vindicated the right of asylum for political refugees. This was also otherwise in the fitness of things, for there were a number of political exiles from Persia itself and other countries, at the Court of the Great Moghul.

In the second year of Aurangzeb's reign, an ambassador arrived from Shah Abbas II. of Persia. Aurangzeb, however, received and treated the envoy with considerable hauteur and, as it now appears, with a degree of tactlessness which could scarcely have failed to provoke retaliation. The sole explanation of Aurangzeb's conduct that suggests itself is that, having just ascended the throne, he felt insecure in his position, and dreading that his nobles of Persian origin might be up to some mischief, was

* Vide "Tuzuki-Jahangir." (Aligarh Edition)

† Vide Roe's Journal, Vol II (London),

‡ Gulbadun Begam's "Humayun—namah," M.S. in the British Museum.

§ The fate of Bulaqi is historically uncertain, and doubt has been expressed as to whether the individual calling himself Bulaqi who fled to Persia was really the erstwhile rival of Shah Jahan. However that may be, it is absolutely certain that such a refugee did make his appearance in Persia, and was personally seen there by the Duke of Holstein's ambassadors in 1637.

anxious to impress the ambassador, even to the extent of rudeness, with his own pomp and power. No wonder, therefore, that when several years later, after the death of the captive Shah Jahan, he sent an embassy to the same Shah Abbas of Persia with a request to be recognized as the Lord of Hindustan, and ostensibly to resume the diplomatic relations, the Persian King should have revenged himself on Aurangzeb by utterly disgracing the latter's envoy and practically challenging Aurangzeb to take the field against him. The Emperor, however, ignored the insult. He was too shrewd to risk an open rupture with the Shah of Persia, and had he acted otherwise, he would have deliberately abandoned the settled policy of his House to cultivate, as far as possible, and maintain an *entente cordiale* with Persia.

Persia was the only country with which the Moghuls can be said to have carried on an interchange of foreign relations in any sense of the term. *With respect to other countries and States there was no desire or occasion even for an intermittent intercourse—much less the pursuit of a settled policy—on the part of the Moghuls. Of course there were occasional episodes which come within the range of foreign affairs. Of these the most important was Aurangzeb's contemplated invasion of China. It was a project which did more credit to Aurangzeb's enthusiasm and ambition than to his practical wisdom and foresight. The expedition headed by Amir Jumla penetrated through Assam and almost touched the Chinese frontier. But its success was both initial and short-lived. The expedition was caught in a terrific deluge in the valley of Ghergong, the capital of Assam, and after suffering terrible privations, including the ravages of famine and pestilence for some months, returned home. There was no further talk of the conquest of China ; it was a kind of blunder that is not repeated.

In 1662 Aurangzeb received an embassy, with the usual accompaniment of costly presents, from the King of Balkh, its object being an expression of esteem and goodwill towards the Moghul Court, tempered by fear. The Emperor treated the envoys well and diplomatically, and sent them back home with suitable gifts for the King of Balkh. The gifts included *sarapa* (a set of robes) which, Manucci* points out, the Moghuls invariably sent to their vassals or subjects, and whose acceptance was

* Manucci, Vol. II (London).

equivalent traditionally to an acknowledgment on the part of the recipient of Moghul suzerainty. The Balkhi ambassadors were apparently ignorant of this, and accepted the gift in all good faith, so that Aurangzeb may be said to have achieved a diplomatic victory at their expense. Similarly, the Moghul Emperors periodically received embassies from different foreign States. Ambassadors from France, from the Dutch, from Ethiopia and from England presented themselves at the Moghul Court at different times, but they were never entrusted with any weighty political mission. They one and all sought to win the good graces of the Great Moghul, and with the European embassies the step was merely the means to an end, *viz.*, the securing of commercial concessions; and more often than not did they succeed in obtaining greater facilities and privileges for trade in the Moghul Empire. The most important of the European embassies, perhaps, were those of Hawkins (1608) and Sir Thomas Roe (1615) who were both well received at the Moghul Court, and have left important contemporary records of their observations and experiences in India.

The policy which the Moghuls pursued towards the independent kingdoms of the Deccan in the end proved fatal to the very existence of their empire. It is generally supposed that Aurangzeb was chiefly and *wholly* responsible for this suicidal policy. But this is not the case. Every one of the great rulers of the House of Tamerlane, from Akbar to Aurangzeb, has got his share of responsibility in this matter. Akbar carved out this new line of foreign policy for his House. Jahangir continued it. Shah Jahan vigorously pushed it forward. Aurangzeb succeeded in it though at the cost of his empire. This waste of energy and Imperial resources, to my mind, brought about, more than anything else, the downfall of the once glorious Moghul Empire.

Towards the end of his reign, Akbar entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Raja of Orissah, by which the Raja undertook to prevent Sulaiman Khan Afghan, the ruler of Bengal, from rendering any help to his relative, Ali Kuli Khan, who was in open revolt against the Imperial authority.*

Little remains for us to add in regard to the foreign relations of the Moghuls. The fact that the Moghuls neither felt the

moreover boasted several copper and clay pots, a low table and an unheard of luxury, a work-bag.

A tall graceful woman had lit a fire between two bricks, filled a saucepan with water into which she had put a dish of onions and a fat lamb's tail, while a pile of bread cakes stood on the ground. The supper had been ready for more than an hour, but no Ibrahim arrived. Well, there might be a good reason—overwork. After sitting another sixty minutes on her heels Fereda arose, lifted in the savoury mess, covered herself with a long blue veil which touched the hem of her other garments, and left the hut to find her only friend, old Gemma, who owned a sugar-cane stall on the other side of a small bridge known as *Pont des Anglais*; when the flood has been a high one a deep stream flows under it for a considerable distance inland.

An English Police-Officer with his wife and two children lived in a house slightly to the right which stood alone; everything about it was neat and fresh, being an important outlying station at that time. However, there were drawbacks, one of these being an evil Afrit, a woman in a dark veil, (the ordinary dress of the people) who haunted the under-part of the bridge and had drowned several persons—yes, two quite recently! This was known to every man who went on or came off duty at the *Zablia*; as long as the Afrit kept to her own quarters, well and good; nobody had ever looked over the parapet to see what was going on down below, they did not wish to interfere with the demoness, unless their Kaimakan ordered them to do so; moreover, the unbelievers were such devils themselves that they did not fear any others and therefore would not give the order.

On this particular night, a fine tall straight Egyptain, Hassan Said, was on duty just the other side of the *Pont des Anglais*. He felt as happy as a bird and admired his new uniform with himself in it: in the police-room under the balcony of the house sat Mustapha and Osman, off duty, quietly playing a game of dominos.

Meanwhile Fereda, already perturbed about Ibrahim, found the night darker than ever on account of the late Khamsin, so she glided softly and timidly toward Hassan, whose back was turned, intending to ask him the way, but no sooner had she touched his arm than with a shout and a few leaps he bounded over the bridge, down the garden, and fell in a heap before the astonished two; both jumped up.

"Wen-nabi!" (by the Prophet) exclaimed Osman, "he has gone! Behold his collar. Allah he has gone in a moment."

"Ma' alais," said Mustapha, unfastening the collar of his coat, fetch the English tea pot, it is ready on the back stairs. Now, the spout, gently in his mouth, slowly, slowly rub away at his legs, Osman: yea,

y the breath of Allah his soul is returning; say nothing, let life take old of him."

In a few minutes Hassan sat up. "O," said Osman, "drink this to warm your heart, it is the coffee of the Nazarene, not nice being thin, but it is what the bint gives Mustapha—Wihhyāti (by my life), what is your illness?"

"The Afrit," answered Hassan, with a nervous shudder.

"By the beard of my father!" exclaimed Mustapha; "here is a chicken in the Police Force! Oh! Oh! I shall kill myself with merriment, for this I have lost a game of dominoes—and where are the pieces? Into thy coat, my brother, I hear something; now thy badge, I am coming with thee to learn about the Afrit." Hassan took out his beads and began to thank "the Compassionate and Merciful."

As they crossed the haunted bridge and stood together under the shadow of the Lebbeks, he tried to explain how appearing out of nothing, coming from nowhere, the Afrit touched him on the arm, sending a shock through his mind and body which threw him across the bridge and into the police-room. "I wish another time, you would answer a bint's 'good night'—for the honor of the uniform," replied Mustapha sarcastically. Hassan's greenish face gazed reproachfully at his Sergeant, but he said nothing.

Fereda's first thought had been to return, her second to think what would be the best thing to do; Allah had saved her from a madman, the earth had swallowed him! Not a sound disturbed the hot thick air, presently however the tap, tap, of a donkey's small feet going in the direction of Gizeh decided her plans, she ran behind as the man's wife would probably have done, until she found Gemma nearly at the village. After listening to her anxiety concerning Ibrahim, the old woman "advised her to go home and wait, hasten thy steps, my daughter, cover thy face, loiter not, lest evil come of it, or jealousy enter the heart of thy husband." Fereda followed this counsel and was nearing the fateful bridge, on the other side of which stood Hassan, while Mustapha lay on the bank, smoking. "O my brother," exclaimed Hassan "behold! of a truth I think I see the accursed one! She likes the water, let us send her to the place she loves, over the parapet."

Mustapha sprang up and pulled him behind a tree. Fereda passed quickly down the middle of the road and saw neither the one nor the other.

"Well, she is a proper woman, tall and straight as a palm, I see nothing of an Afrit, but will follow discreetly and learn more: meanwhile, O Hassan, as thou art in the Police, commit no murders during my absence, if thy mouth smarts, it was not a blow from the Afrit, but

hot coffee." Hassan shook his fist, and kept his face towards the turbid stream.

Fereda entered the house, removed her veil, set the saucepan outside and had hardly rekindled the fire before she heard Ibrahim descending the bank : " O my beloved ! what hast thou done ? Why art thou so late ? "

" Let custom calm me, Fereda ; we will eat, and when smoking I may tell thee." During the repast Fereda related her own adventure. Scarcely had the onions and fat lamb's tail disappeared, before a strange man descended from the highway and came in the direction of the hut.

" Cover thy face and go in," whispered Ibrahim. Mustapha approached with the greeting " Peace be to thee," " And on thee be peace " answered Ibrahim.

" O my brother, I fought at Omdurman, and am now a Sergeant in the Police, wherefore permit the question, who is in the house ? "

" A woman."

" Who is she ? "

" The One who will be the mother of my sons."

" Inshallah ! and may thy days be prolonged."

" Come to the road, O my friend, as thou art in the Police I would talk with thee." Both men walked up the bank.

" Two moons ago I left Assiout and the graves of my fathers. I had learnt my trade at ten years of age, as I was apprenticed to a harness-maker ; and Fereda from six years old darned net with gold for which our town is famous. American Schools teach the other things. We often thought of Cairo and a steamboat friend got me work with a leather merchant at Boulac. We married and came : to-day I stayed late to finish the padding of a saddle and crossed in the small boat with my patron for Ghezreh, taking the road on the other side of the Hotel to reach home : sand still darkened the air and through it I saw an awful shape coming down the path I was on, an unknown beast, sometimes walking on two legs and waving a white flag from its mouth. I turned, jumped over a gate and hid myself in the boob's room under his bed : alas ! in a short time he entered and a few minutes afterwards a woman brought him his supper, the man said to her in surly tones :—

" Thou hast a new bangle on, I think ? "

" Yes, O jealous one ! and I shall have more, for I am to wash at the house on the first day in the week."

" I do not mind that," answered the man, " the Mistress is good and the servants also."

" But to you, O Ahmed ! it will be all wrong soon ; a Jinnee sits in thy heart to torment thee."

"Nay, but thou art comely, and men are evil, still, consider, I will kill thee should'st thou deceive me."

"As thou sayest 'men are evil' and verily thou art a man; is it for me to know more? But there is always the bitter drop. Fool also! For did'st thou love me, the unspoken language would have told thee the pride of showing the bangle was verily greater than the pleasure of possessing it, but unless you kill the Jinnee, I will leave thee O Ahmed, or walk into the river when I fill my goulah."

At this moment the couch being old rested on my back, it moved; the woman gave a shriek and tore out of the place, the man and I faced each other, he was as white as the cheese on the floor and held his knife in his hand.

"Allah is great," said I, "hear me," and I told him the facts, his face changed—he became calmer.

"Dost thou know what it was?" "No!" I replied.

"Well," he added, "I believe thee, but come no more this way, or 'the thing' will find thee in the end."

"Now, O Sergeant! evil has befallen because we were happy," and he gave Fereda's experiences as a further proof of this. "I beg of you to accept a present from me and help us."

"I want no present, and I will help thee; tell not thy wife; the best of woman are foolish when they know too much, and moreover fear might fall upon her; also, it is not well, being tall and like a stranger, that she passes the bridge."

"She is not uncovered," answered Ibrahim.

"As you say," said Mustapha, "yet did I remark her, O my brother, and there is one, Hassan Said, who might be curious to know what was under the veil, not in the way of womankind, but the future mother of thy sons stands even with us, therefore Hassan might take her for a man smuggling something, and we Police have to keep our wits. What happened to me last week? I was on duty at Kasr-el-Nil, late, a carriage came over the bridge, I asked the man, who was driving unveiled loveliness inside—his number and name; By the Prophet! he answered, "Ma' alaiash" (never mind). I threw the horses back on their haunches and told him who were his parents. Half way to Ghezereh I heard a smash; wheel off, said I. Our mounted man swooped down, found the vehicle over, and half a dozen rascals round it, and the English bint had plenty pretty beads on."

"Had they cut her throat?" innocently asked Ibrahim.

"Cut her throat! the wife of a General in Command? Why" stammered Mustapha in anguish, "what are we police for? Good night; I am on duty at Ghezereh and will find that boab; go to thy work by another way and keep thy mouth shut."

On the following evening a man walked attentively round Ghezereh Villas ; there was a quiet smile on his face and a gleam in his onyx-like eyes, as he saw what he wished to see, jumping over a gate, it recalled to him an unknown beast waving a white flag in his mouth. His heart prompted him to roar with laughter, but the dignity of the badge forbade it !

" Good evening, O Ahmed the Boab, this animal of thy Master's might frighten a stranger."

" It would do more than that if he came inside the gate alone," answered the boab, " you see he is our Sergeant, a great Dane they call him—the white sheepskin in his mouth is his last plaything, just look ! " Mustapha had not been pleased at a dog being compared to him—who had fought at Omdurman, and shaken hands with his English Captain, but he answered carelessly, " If he does any harm I shall report him."

The next day he explained to Ibrahim what his terror had been and gave the incredulous saddle-maker permission to go with him to the spot, and as a respectable man to make the acquaintance of the jealous boab.

Hassan suffered from the obsession of the Afrit who haunted *le Pont des Anglais* until he knew Ibrahim and heard " the fate of the madman who was swallowed up." He then came to the conclusion " that one story was as good as another." This, however, was roughly dispelled by the real Afrit. " And there are people," said Mustapha, " who call the Police Force dull ! "

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford:

PASHTO: THE DIALECT OF THE AFGHANS.

PASHTO is the mother-tongue of the hardy, independent and haughty Afghans, and is commonly spoken throughout Afghanistan, N. W. F. Province and parts of Baluchistan. European scholars have indulged in curious theories about its origin, to discuss each and every one of which, at some length, would be too much for a short essay like this. Its origin, according to the Afghan historians, dates as far back as the magnificent reign of Solomon the Great. They go even so far as to ascribe its origin to the resourceful and inventive genius of Asif Barkhyá, the able Vizier of the Great Hebrew Prophet-King. Solomon ruled over a proverbially vast dominion. As his Imperial Council used to be representative of diverse elements, and as the Prophet-Emperor and his Premier had at times to deliberate upon matters of political urgency and strategical importance, from the imperial point of view, in the Council Chamber, they felt the necessity of inventing a cypher code for an easy despatch of confidential State affairs. The rich brains of Asif gave to the world the Cypher Code, which was, in due course of time, universally adopted by Hebrew officials for the speedy transaction of State business. This Cypher Code was Pashto.

There is another popular version that fixes its origin in the very same period. It is at once reliable and authentic. Not a few Afghan historians of repute bear out the popular belief that Pashto was originally the language spoken by giants (demons) and genii (evil spirits). It has its foundation in facts, and needs no wild stretch of imagination. The above statement may be briefly explained, as follows, in the light of popular tradition and legend current among the Afghans. History also authenticates the popular version. The Hebrew Empire was then at the zenith of its glory. Peace and tranquillity reigned supreme.

throughout the length and breadth of the world-famous Empire. By the conquest of South-East, the Hebrew Empire sustained a very serious loss, because it was the region where peace was never established in the true sense of the word, and where revolts and disturbances of a serious nature were not uncommon. To wipe out the disturbing element once for all, the brave and awe-inspiring general, Afghana, the progenitor of the sturdy and gallant Afghans, was commanded by his royal master to prepare and head an expedition, on a large scale, against the giants and the genii, who were no other than the stalwart cannibals and wild savages inhabiting the hilly country, now known as Afghanistan and the N. W. F. Province. The hilly tract between Afghanistan and British India, even in the twentieth century, fosters the lowest type of humanity and civilisation in some quarters. The people of Damán, a narrow strip between the Indus and the Sulaiman Range, still entertain a belief that their ancestors, in ages long gone by, had dispossessed giants and genii of these regions, and themselves settled in these tracts. Afghana spared no pains in exterminating the heartless savages root and branch, in order to secure permanent peace. It cost him many long years of obstinate warfare to clear the country of aborigines, and make it habitable for the "chosen people." The Hebrew conquerors succeeded in annihilating the gigantic race to some extent, but, in turn, were conquered by their tongue, which they could not destroy. It was picked up by the invading people, who had colonised this newly-conquered part of the empire.

The Hebrew colonists did not arrive in large numbers to these uninviting regions in Solomon's reign, because love of home, and magnificence, and prosperity of Syria and Palestine, were far stronger attractions than the newly-conquered, rugged and hilly tract, where life was always at stake. The Israelite occupation of these dreary regions was, in all probability, due to the fact that the Prophet-Emperor had an eye on the "Golden Sparrow," the fame of whose immense wealth and great fertility had been spread far and wide by Phœnecians, Egyptians, and Arabs. Strategical and political considerations led to the Hebrew colonisation of these uninviting parts. At the very outset this policy could not overcome noble sentiments of patriotism, and the expedition under Afghana alone laid the foundation-stone of this Hebrew Colony. With the death of Solomon,

his policy of extension towards India also terminated. Soon after, so many miseries and misfortunes befel the children of Israel at home that they had little chance of turning their attention to their kith and kin abroad. The mighty empire broke up into many States. Nebuchadnezzar's cruel persecution of Israelites made the Holy Land too hot for them to live in. The isolation of the following of Afghana was complete. It was then and then only that a handful of Hebrew colonists had to mingle with the aborigines. Their mother tongue lost its purity, and thus a new language, a mixture of Hebrew and the language of the aborigines, sprang up. Heartless and hot persecution of the "chosen people" in the Holy Land, Syria and Iraq-i-Arab compelled the Ten Tribes (supposed to have been lost) to seek refuge and protection with their brethren in the East. It was then that complete annihilation of the giants and genii occurred.

Its very name, Pashto, speaks for its origin. Pashto comes from Pash, a town in Sulaiman Mountain (Kaiseghar of the Afghans), where Afghana had fixed his headquarters during his vicereignty. It is this place which has given the Afghans the name of Pashtun, and their language, Pashto.

Modern researches have, nevertheless, shown that Pashto is a branch of the Indo-European family of languages. Be that as it may, there is no denying the fact that it has borrowed largely from Sanskrit and Prakrit. Pashto also seems to have picked up many other terms connected with the various branches of industry from its more advanced neighbours, Zend and Pahlavi. For its vocabulary it has, in fact, freely drawn on Zend, Pahlavi and Sanskrit. It is both idle and presumptuous to assert positively that Pashto is a branch of this family or that. All the same, its affinity to the Semetic family of languages is much greater than to any other. It has inherited many peculiarities from the Semetic family and, in this respect, resembles Pahlavi which bears a still greater affinity to the Semetic system.

Pahlavi and Sanskrit have liberally contributed to the vocabulary of the dialect of the Afghans. Words of household articles and names of the things of every-day use, such as اور (fire), خېل (clan), and many other are of Hebrew origin. Other Hebrew

words are generally found in the names of places, persons and tribes, such as :—

(a) *Names of places* :—

HEBREW.	PASHTO.
Mamre	Mamrcz
Jabbock	Jabba.
Gamael	Gomal.
Dabareh	Dabarah.
Kohat	Kohat

(b) *Names of persons* :—

HEBREW.	PASHTO.
Gani.	Ghani.
Heth.	Hayat.
Adam.	Adam.
Salah.	Salih.
Hamar	Hamar.
Temar	Temar.
Leah	Layo.

(c) The name of every clan ends in Khel, and of every tribe in Zai ; such as Bahadar Khel, Ahmad Khel, Sarwan Khel : and Saddozai, Barakzai, Alizai, Yaqubzai and Musazai.

There are three distinct periods of the development of this dialect :—

First period.—It was merely a dialect. No foreign words formed part of its vocabulary. It was spoken by giants and genii of the Afghan historians. Its vocabulary was pure and limited, because the wants and requirements of the cannibals, speaking it, were few.

Second period.—It began with Afghana's occupation of Kaise-ghar and the adjoining territory. Hebrew words crept into it. The names of places, persons, and tribes are generally of Hebrew origin.

Third period.—In this period Persian, Sanskrit, and Arabic became engrafted on the original stock. It appears that it was

during this period that the Afghans betook themselves to agriculture. Increase of population and the extinction of the original masters of the occupied territory were the main causes which brought about this change of profession. Their long isolation, nay separation, from the Holy Land, and their kingly sway over the rugged territory, coupled with their active life of plunder, pillage and highway robbery, led them to forget all about agriculture and agricultural implements of the Hebrew people. When circumstances compelled them to adopt agriculture afresh, they had to borrow agricultural terminology from Sanskrit.

That Pashto has a great affinity to the Semetic system is an incontrovertible fact ; and the following few points of resemblance—out of many—will go to throw a flood of light on the above assertion :—

1. Pashto, like Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages of the Semetic family, has but two genders : masculine, and feminine. In Pashto, the feminine is generally formed from the masculine by adding “ hai mukhtafi ” to the latter. This “ hai mukhtafi ” is the feminine termination in Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic. As, for example, *اوبڼه* (a female camel) from *اوبڼی* (a male camel) ; *چرمه* (a hen) from *چری* (a cock).

2. Pure Pashto letters are but few and have equivalents in Chaldaic, Hebrew, Kufi, Armenian and several other branches of the Semetic family. *ح* (Jze or dze) is also an alphabetical letter in Hebrew, Kufi and Syriac. *ر* is peculiar to Armenian and Pashto, and does not seem to occur in any other language of the old world. The letter *بنی* is common to Pashto and Chaldaic. The letter *ج* has two different sounds, resembling somewhat ‘ s ’ in treason and ‘ g ’ in beg. Many of these Pashto letters require an Afghan mouth for correct and effective pronunciation.

3. The Afghans, Jews, Arabs, and Egyptians give hard sounds to *ض*, *ح*, *ث*, to which the Persians have a strong antipathy.

4. Vowels in Pashto have a close similarity to those in Hebrew, Arabic and other Semetic languages.

5. Pashto has separable and inseparable pronouns as in Hebrew, Arabic and Persian.

6. Pashto verbs are mostly inflected like those of Hebrew and Arabic, and have but two original tenses, the Past and the Aorist.

7. Pashto has borrowed from Pahlavi its only relative pronoun *ه*, and from Hebrew the Interjection *ا*.

Pashto seems to have received many words from Zend, Hebrew and Pahlavi. To modern Persian it is not even less indebted, and that is why most of the Western scholars emphatically assert that Pashto is a branch of the language of the French of the East. But this view does not hold good, when the nicest shades of construction are taken into consideration. To the superficial eye it appears as such. Scholars may differ in their opinions as to its origin, but what the Afghan writers unanimously assert is but a fact and an undeniable one.

The early history of the dialect is quite obscure. That Pashto has no character of its own is an indisputable fact. Its alphabet is also not peculiarly its own. Afghan writers say that previous to Muslim conquest, their mother tongue was simply a spoken dialect. Proofs are not wanting to show that the Afghans studied and used Persian for writing purposes. Elegance, sweetness and elasticity of Persian charmed the Afghan rulers to such an extent, that they could not help adopting it as the court language. To learn and master Persian was a compliment and a fashion too. The simplest and choicest Pashto poetry belongs to the Pre-Islam period. The war-songs of that period are at once stirring, inspiring and direct.

History is very clear at this point that Sultan Mahmud of Ghani and his father owed their crown to Afghan arms. The Ghanavide Dynasty, in turn, patronised the Afghans liberally. Their dialect also received a very encouraging support from the Sultan, who is said to have commanded his able and earnest Premier, Hasan Maimandi, to alphabetize Pashto. Hasan's was the maiden attempt to reduce the spoken dialect to a written one. The credit to shape and systematise its alphabet in Naskh (نسخ) character belongs to one Qazi Nasrullah under the vigilant eye of the Premier. It is interesting to note here that in its very early compositions the letter *ه* is conspicuous by its absence, and seems to have crept into it after the Afghans had come into contact with the people of Sindh. Mullah Hasan, of Kandhar, gave the world the maiden composition of Pashto.

Earnest Christian Missionaries have played a prominent part in the development of Pashto. The compilation of the Pashto-English Dictionary and Anglo-Pashto Grammar, by Captain H. G. Raverty, have left a permanent mark on the ever-increasing historical,

social, moral, and religious literature of the language and have so strongly associated his name with its literature, that his scholarly works are held in great esteem, not only by Anglo-Indian students of the language, but by the educated Afghans themselves. The immortal work of Shamsul-Ulamà Qazi Mir Ahmad Shah Rizwani, Professor, Central Training College at Lahore, on Grammar is sure to continue to benefit the student community as long as Pashto exists. Abdur-Rahman is a well-known Pashto poet. In every Afghan house, his popular *Diwân* is available. Men, women and children are equally eager in reading and enjoying it. Mullah Abdul Azim, Khushal Khan, Mullah Qayyum, Abdul Hamid, Nauroz, Hafiz Azim of Kulachi, Pir Ghulam, and Ain Khan, are other popular Pashto poets. Hafiz Rahmat-Ullah translated the "Akhwanus-Safâ" into Pashto. Mullah Abdul Hasan, of Hirat, rendered the *Anwar-i-Sahaili* into Pashto. The noble and sustained efforts of Mullah Abdul Majid, of Peshawar, were crowned with success in translating the *Qurân* into Pashto. The Pashto translation of the *Tafsir-i-Husairi*, by Mullah Abdullah of Ghazni, and the original composition of the *Tafsir-i-Yasir* by Maulvi Mohamed. Ali are both voluminous and useful works. The excellent translation of the *Musaddas-i-Hali* into Pashto by the late Khan Ghulam Mohammad Khan of Charsadda has already begun to force its appreciation on the imagination of the Afghan reading public. The mother-tongue of the Afghans is deeply indebted to the Hon'ble Sir Georg Roosc-Kepple, the popular Chief Commissioner of the N. W. F. Province, for his scholarly work on Grammar. Nawab Hafiz Mahabat Khan's *Riaz-ul-Mahabhat* and Nawab Allah Yâr Khan's *Ajaib-ul-Lughat* are very valuable additions to Pashto literature. Qazi Khair-ullah, of the Church Missionary Society, deserves special mention for his noble endeavours to promote the cause of Pashto to the best of his abilities and has edited several works of great merit.

The well-known talented Mian family of Surkh Dheri, District Peshawar, with every member of which literary pursuit is simply a labour of love, has contributed many valuable works of literary merit to Pashto literature. For female education this family has done much. *Nasdeh-i-Inwan* by Mian Inwanuddin Kakakhel, and *Nazir-ul-Akhlaq* by M. Nazir Ahmad Khan Kakakhel, are both useful and popular books. The *Zafr-un-Nisa* by Mian Nomanud-Din, and the *Zinatun-Nisa* by his accomplished wife,

ought to be widely read. The excellent rendering of the *Tanbat-an-Nasuh* into Pashto, by Mian Mohammad Yusuf Khan, is simply praiseworthy.

GHULAM SARWAR KHAN GANDAPUR

Dera Ismail Khan.

LONELINESS.

The troubled wave is sighing to the blast,
And pours a tale of friends with Autumn past,
When you and I would stroll with linking hands,
And to the sea a spraying on the sands
Whisper of love.

The clouds aloft are storm-tossed to hear
The gale's fierce grief upon the sinking year ;
The eve is gone when merry South winds blew,
And mingling with thine accents, faintly flew
Whispering of love.

The peonies that did so shyly bend
To catch the passioned verse no author penned,
Flowing in silence from thy soul to me—
In Paradise those flowerets dream with thee :
Awake, my love !

Alone, so lonely I ! as yon bleak rock,
Grim, but unbending to the billow's shock.
Nor all my heart's great storm, nor Winter's dread
And thundering tempest, from her quiet bed,
Can wake my love.

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alcutta.

WATER AND FIRE AS CONSTITUENTS AND SYMBOLS IN RELIGION.

IT is a truism of science to observe that the human mind owes its development to the fact that, in all places and at all times, it has reached out to the Infinite and the Incomprehensible in an endeavour to obtain a unifying conception of the phenomena of which it forms a part. Strange, indeed, have been the results, half imaginative and half philosophical in the measure of its comprehension. All forms, all phases of matter, organic and inorganic, have been invested with the noumenal. In some places living men have been glorified as divine and worshipped as gods; magic has striven to plumb the depths of the unknowable, and nature endowed with the personality of the human *ego*. This simple fact lies at the root of every religion. How man came to possess and to exercise this gift is wrapped in mystery. Theories and speculation, varying as men vary, have been put forward, but no certain answer remains to satisfy the inquiring mind. The lines, however, along which the development has taken place, are more within our ken, and, to a great extent, susceptible of explanation.

In examining the different phases and means employed by man to compass knowledge, we find certain broad characteristics. The forces of Nature, as manifested in rain and wind, in cold and heat, occupy prominent positions. These, in various parts of the earth, have been honoured as divine, and have received votive offerings. But among all the manifestations of Nature, which man has imbued with life and revered, there are none more universal than fire and water. In almost every cosmogony one and sometimes both of these enter and fulfil important functions. It may be generally conceded that the element of water occupies the foremost

place. There are few conceptions of a primeval world, into which water does not enter. The Hebrew account, as given in the Book of Genesis, has naturally influenced very largely the ideas of the Western nations. But the Finnish Epic—"the *Kalavala*" although showing traces of borrowing from Christianity—also affords evidence in this direction. The air-maiden descends into the ocean, and from the buffeting of the waves modelled the earth, bringing forth the hero, Vainamoinen. This seemingly strange connection of water with the primitive and beginning of things is easy to comprehend. Who can watch the face of the ocean, even when it is calm and peace is upon the waters, and see the reflected rays of the sun glinting in the waves without a thought that here is the ultimate abode and essence of creation? Or who, when storm clouds sail athwart the sky, and the gigantic rollers dash with intolerable violence upon the shrinking shore, can fail to fear and to believe that the might and power of the Universe rest in the seething waters? If these thoughts come to us who have learnt a little of its mysteries, and are able in a measure to explain, with what potent force, with what overwhelming power must it have appealed to primitive man?

But water, although it has been frequently associated with the divine, has not done so to the exclusion of the other elements, especially that of fire in the higher and more intellectual civilisations. Fire, that strange, seductive and fearful element, said by the Greeks to have been stolen from heaven, has commanded the admiration and extorted the homage of the most advanced and enlightened thinkers. Fire, to them, was the primeval element the essence of all that exists, and a symbol—nay more than a symbol—of the power behind Nature. Millions of men have worshipped it, appreciating its purifying qualities and its capacity to cleanse. The night was always a time of terror to primitive man, and the sun, the restorer of light, of warmth, of joy, became naturally the chief object of adoration.

The Hebrew and Christian religions are full of the symbolism of fire. God speaks to Moses from a burning bush. The Israelites are led at night through the desert by a pillar of fire, and the Son of God walks with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. Again, in the New Testament it is recorded that cloven tongues as of fire descended upon the apostles, and the devil, it is said in the 'Revelations,' shall be cast into a lake of fire. In Scandina-

vian mythology the element of fire takes a prominent place. Loge, the fire god, is sometimes the embodiment of evil, sometimes of craft, but is usually associated with Wotan and the other gods. In one of the best known of the northern myths "The death of Bolder," it is Loge who incites the blind Hodder to throw the fatal mistletoe at Bolder. And when in hell Hermod meets Hodder, he exclaims, "Welcome, if there be welcome here, brother and fellow-sport of Lok with me." Wagner in his Nibelung's Ring makes Loge play no insignificant part. Wotan summons Loge to girdle the rock on which Brunnhelde sleeps.

" Loge hear !
Hitherward listen !
As I found thee at first—
In arrowy flame
As thereafter thou fleddest—
In fluttering fire ;
As I dealt with thee once,
I wield thee to-day !
Arise, billowing blaze
And fold in the fire the rock,
Loge ! Loge ! aloft !

(A Forman's translation).

In every phase of religion this association of fire with the worship of man is found. It permeates his life and thoughts. Sometimes it is a god to be revered as the giver of all good things, sometimes an embodiment of physical and mental suffering, but always a power to be reckoned with. Not only the ignorant and the priest-ridden have felt the compelling force of fire, but the wisest of mankind. Few, indeed, must be the hearts unable to understand the frenzy of Empedocles the philosopher as he gazes into the crater of Etna :—

" Ah ! boil up ye vapours !
Leap and roar, thou Sea of Fire !
My soul glows to meet you,
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of despondency and gloom
Rush over it again,
Receive me ! Save me !

It was, however, in Persia that fire-worship attained its great pre-eminence and from there spread into Europe. Christianity could not escape and the manner in which Mithraism modified and augmented the doctrines of the early church is familiar to all students of religion. Over Europe to the present day there abound evidences of this cult spreading as far West as Britain. Who was the originator of this worship? Fortunately, we know more of his history than is usual in the founders of most cults. At least we know that such a man as Zoroaster lived in Asia Minor and propounded, not only a philosophy and a religious code, but that he also attained eminence as a legislator. To him is ascribed the hypothesis of a duality in Nature. Zoroaster, surveying the working of Nature in animate and inanimate creation, came to the conclusion that two antagonistic forces were at work, one giving the pleasant and good things of life—plentiful vegetation, crops and herds—and the other a bad, malicious force which thwarted man at every step. He recognised the beneficence of the sun, he noted its power to awaken and stimulate life, and so he called it the Light, and the evil power, Night. Thus fire became the chief symbol in his religion.

Mithraism arose out of this conception with all the ritual of priests and pageantry a later cult invariably develops, concerning which Mr. J. M. Robertson, the greatest English authority on this subject, writes:—"Thus then we have the cultus of Mithra as the sun god, the deity of light and truth, created by, and yet co-equal with, the Supreme Deity, and fighting on the side of the good against the evil power, angra-mainyu (Ahriman)—this at a period long before the Christian era. So much is certain, whatever we may decide as to the actual period of the writing of the Avesta, as it has come down to us." And again he says, quoting Darmesteter's *Zend-Avesta*: "The ritual of the Avesta is perfectly clear on the subject. 'We sacrifice unto Mithra and Ahura, the two great imperishable holy gods: and unto the stars and the moon and the sun, with the trees that yield up *baresma* (burned on the altar). We sacrifice unto Mithra, the lord of all countries, whom Ahura-Mazda made the most glorious of all the gods in the World unseen We sacrifice unto the bright undying, shining, swift-horsed sun.' " And if to-day, visibly the worship of Ormazd finds comparatively few worshippers, it is not because after a little struggle Christianity and Islam triumphed, but because a great deal of it, which was

essential and fulfilled the aspirations of man, has been assimilated into the concepts of other creeds.

The other great centre of fire-worship, developed independently, was Peru. There, cut off by two vast oceans, the worship of the sun attained a high degree of organisation. In a centralised State, where the position of every man, his dress and his hours of labour were fixed by law, any religion established and recognised was certain, in the course of time, to assume tremendous powers, and to exercise severe domination over the lives and opinions of the community. All these factors contributed in Peru to this end, and were further strengthened by the tenet that the *Inca* was the child of the sun. When an *Inca* died, his body was embalmed at the great temple of the Sun at Cuzco and placed with folded arms in a sitting posture in the sanctuary. So sacred were these mummies held by the Peruvians that on the invasion of their country by the Spaniards under Pizarro, they removed them sooner than have them profaned by the conquerors. The Peruvians believed the sun presided over the destinies of the human race, and caused the growth of vegetation. The four great festivals of the year commemorated the four seasons, of which Raymi held at the summer solstice was the most popular. It started with a three-day fast, fire being strictly prohibited in the houses. On the fourth day the populace with the *Inca* and his court met in the great square to greet the newly risen sun. As soon as his rays struck the turrets and roofs of the buildings, a mighty shout to the accompaniment of musical instruments rent the air, and the *Inca* in the name of the whole people offered a libation in a golden chalice. The procession adjourned to the temple, and there artificial fire was kindled to be entrusted to the virgins of the Sun for safe keeping. Burnt offerings also formed part of the ceremony, and a llama was frequently sacrificed, his entrails being examined for auguries. But the most peculiar and significant of their rites, and one which caused the Spaniards especial heartburning, was the giving to the devotee of the sacred bread, first sprinkled with blood from the victim. The formula uttered by the priest has a strange parallel with a similar rite in Christianity: "Take heed how ye eat this *sancu* (sacred bread), for he who eats it in sin, and with a double will and heart, is seen by our Father the Sun, who will punish him with grievous troubles. But he who with a single heart partakes of it, to him the Sun and the Thunderer will show

favour, and will grant children and happy years and abundance of all he requires," (Rites and Laws of the *Incas*).

Thus we see how the mind of man, working out the problems of life in different parts of the globe, yet reaches the same conclusions regarding the great questions which beset him, and frequently his rites and his formulæ correspond in a wonderful manner. The process of evolution works itself out, until it seems that freedom of the will is a mockery and chimera.

In one feature however, the Peruvian worship differs from the Persian. Whereas in the length and breadth of the Andes to-day, no trace of it save in ruined temples and tombs is to be found, yet in the East, the Parsees carry on the great traditions of Fire-worship, and although a comparatively small sect in numbers, they far exceed in influence, in the inculcation of ethics, and in intellectual weight, the devotees of more numerous and outstanding faiths. And whatever the future has in store for religion, no body of doctrine, which instils into the human breast high ideals and lofty conceptions of the duty of life, can fail to leave an imperishable mark in the varied history of the Earth.

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THE KOREAN CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

TO understand all that led up to the Conspiracy Trial which has just been concluded in the capital of Korea, it would be necessary to make the acquaintance of the Korean people and their history ; but no amount of study would guarantee a complete understanding of that remarkable case. Lord Curzon's work on " Korea " in " Problems of the Far East," is at once short, accurate, and comprehensive, but it only comes down to 1895, since which year Korean history has moved apace. Lord Curzon's description ended with Korea, still an almost undiscovered country, inhabited by a stalwart and not ill-natured people, of incredible slothfulness, but talkative and inclined to be boastful; the country was still overrun by a huge army of officials, who had reduced extortion to a fine art. He describes the people as living in towns and villages of the utmost squalor, yet singularly appreciative of the beauties of nature, the contemplation of which was a frequent excuse for a holiday, on which they would apostrophise the beautiful scenery of their land in highly poetic terms. The people had little religion but many superstitions ; they were very dirty but always clothed themselves in white, and had fearful and wonderful hats in infinite variety, every state, condition and event in life being outwardly symbolised by its appropriate headgear. Having passed on its civilisation to Japan, it had itself sunk to a degree of barbarism of which popular stone-fights and the exposure of corpses of criminals were typical instances ; with an ancient history, the country had hardly a work of art or a decent ruin to show, having been stripped bare by a Japanese invasion three centuries ago and by numerous smaller forays.

These conditions, especially the political and economic ones, were already changing when Lord Curzon wrote. He had seen Yuan-Shih-kai swaggering as master of Seoul, European plenipotentiaries standing aside in the mud, while his palanquin swung up to the palace door ; and before the book went to press, the Japanese, most unpopular of all

the foreigners struggling and intriguing for power, had asserted a temporary supremacy. China for the moment was in the background, but Russia, with special treaties, contiguous boundaries, and timber contracts, loomed darkly over the land. Britain, with too many irons in the fire already, shrank from further entanglements, but encouraged Japan to pit her strength against Russia. Russia's advance in the Far East was checked, and Japan, which had fought ostensibly to preserve Korea's independence, proclaimed a protectorate, which shortly developed into annexation.

There had been so much talk in the years preceding of Korea's integrity that many of the younger and better educated men bitterly resented Japan's cynical jettisoning of all her professed aims; and in a country so corrupt as Korea had always been, political aims were naturally sought to be furthered by violence. It had been a favourite occupation of the Seoul mob to assault the Japanese Legation; in 1895 a coalition of Japanese and Korean intriguers had murdered the Queen of Korea—a crime never expiated. In 1909 Prince Ito, one of Japan's finest men, was assassinated by a Korean Roman Catholic convert; and it cannot be said that any of the three countries, which struggled for the possession of Korea, was lacking in examples of political murder.

These, briefly, were the conditions prevailing when General Count Terauchi arrived in Korea as Governor-General. The corrupt old Korean officialdom had been got rid of, Japanese police were all over the country; new barracks were running up for Japanese troops; the Japanese felt that they had come into their promised land, but knew they were unwelcome there. Meanwhile, a new revitalising force was spreading through the country, besides what Japanese energy was creating. Until 1882 a stone had stood in a public place in the Capital, bearing an inscription relative to the duty of patriotic Koreans in extirpating Christianity; but as it became apparent to the most obtuse Korean that his country was behind the times, Christian missionaries found the last stronghold of exclusiveness rapidly developing into a promising field for the dissemination of the Gospel. American missionaries in large numbers came to Korea, and there seemed to be a prospect of the conversion of the peninsula. At first the Japanese had no objection; it was obvious that the converts were bright and intelligent, and free from the indolence and mendacity which even the comparatively low standards of China and Japan associated with the Korean character; but as time went on, the old suspicions which Japan had always entertained regarding Christianity revived. In a country where religion was never taken seriously enough for fanaticism, Christianity had suffered extirpation more than once from its association

with political intrigue. The murder of Prince Ito was a sudden reminder of historic troubles, and, among the growing bands of converts, it was reported, the vocabularies of missionaries who prided themselves on being citizens of a free country were growing fashionable.

However, it was officially reported in Japan that the Koreans were thanking heaven daily for deliverance from the *ancien régime*. There was probably a good deal of truth in the reports, too, for nobody, except the evicted officials, could possibly have had anything to regret in the change. In December 1910, General Terauchi made a tour through his dominions, in the course of which he visited the works at the great Yalu Bridge—a victory of peace with which Japan might well be proud to have supplemented one of war. He went again at the end of October 1911 to perform the opening ceremony of this structure. On the occasion of both tours, in accordance with Japanese custom, notices were issued to the chief inhabitants of the towns where the Governor-General's train would stop, instructing them to come to the station and give a loyal welcome. But the serenity supposed to prevail in Japan began to be disturbed before the railway bridge was opened. On October 12th, 1911, Mr. McCune, Principal of the Presbyterian Mission School at Syen Chuen, North Korea, was visited by officers of the police, who told him that three of his students, whom they named, were wanted at the police station as "witnesses." No information was forthcoming as to the nature of the testimony they were expected to give, but Mr. McCune called the three young men and sent them off to the police-station, whence they were carried off in handcuffs to Seoul.

On October 25th the police visited the Syen Chuen Academy again and carried off fourteen mission school teachers and fifteen students, who were consigned to the Seoul jail like common criminals. Further arrests followed outside the Academy, at first confined to Presbyterians, including one or two well-known native ministers and several church leaders. Before the end of the year there were over fifty arrests, but no news of them reached Japan, where it was officially stated that the Land of the Morning Calm was in its accustomed state of serenity. Arrests continued, till they numbered about a hundred and fifty, many of the prisoners being well-known and highly respected men, the most distinguished of all being Yun Chi-ho, a former Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Korean Government, a leader of the Methodist Church and the Young Men's Christian Association, a traveller and a linguist.

Wholesale arrests like this could not remain concealed. The greater number of the prisoners were Christians, some of them prominent ones, many of them students. Missionaries, who saw the choicest of their flocks spirited away, wrote letters to America, expressing

their belief that the Japanese were trying to extirpate Christianity. Japanese newspapers responded with furious attacks on the missionaries, whom they accused of being nothing but anti-Japanese political agents, sowing sedition in the newly annexed peninsula. Meanwhile, the preliminary examination before the Public Procurator was proceeding, and no public charge had been made, though there was never any doubt that the arrests were on a political charge. Some of the students were released, and their stories, which they told to the missionaries, confirmed the sinister rumours of examinations under torture which had begun to be circulated. The young men returned at different times and told their stories separately, and their descriptions of torture were so detailed and so like one another that the missionaries addressed the Governor-General on the subject of what they cautiously described as "rumours," receiving for reply that in a country "governed according to the modern principles of Japan," such a thing was out of the question.

Speculations were to some extent set at rest by the opening of the trial of 123 men at Seoul on June 28th, 1912, a hearing which lasted till the end of August, and on which judgment was delivered on September 28th. As a trial it was an extraordinary example of the modern "principles of Japan." The procedure was of the Franco-German conglomerate adopted by Japan, touched with the "prancing" manner meet for a subjugated country. The prisoners were first examined at the police headquarters, where they all confessed to participation in plots to assassinate General Count Terauchi. These confessions they confirmed before the Public Procurator, who conducts a sort of preliminary trial, frames charges, prosecutes, and demands sentence of the Court. The judge of the Seoul District Court behaved rather more like a *juge d'instruction* than is usual with Japanese judges. He bullied, persuaded, argued with, and cajoled the prisoners in turn. Some of the prisoners had counsel to defend them, but not only were the proceedings conducted in Japanese, involving the constant services of an interpreter, but questions could only be put to prisoners through the Court and at the Court's option, while the Court has absolute freedom regarding the admission or rejection of evidence. Anything like cross-examination was therefore impossible. The peculiarities of judicial procedure, however, are only noticed on account of their bearing on the more remarkable features of the case. Witnesses for the prosecution there were none; witnesses for the defence were asked for by the dozen, but were not admitted. The exhibits were scanty in the extreme, one or two pistols and swords, seized in prisoners' houses; two empty boxes from the Syen Chuen Academy, said to have contained pistols; one or two postcards, which had been through the

post ; an anti-Japanese schoolboy essay or two ; a print of a notorious seditionist—*voilà tout*. Practically the whole trial consisted of examining the prisoners upon confessions which all, with the exception of one or two of the supposed ringleaders, had made at the police station and repeated before the Public Procurator. The confessions developed into an interesting and detailed story. According to this, the plot was hatched by members of the *Sin Min Hoi*, or New People's Society—an organisation started by Koreans in America, and transplanted to Korean soil by one An Chang-ho. The head of the Society in Korea was said to be Baron Yun Chi-ho, and its objects were to cultivate Korean nationalism, to start a military school at West Chientao, just across the border, in Manchurian territory, and then, when preparations were complete, and Japan was conveniently engaged in battle with Russia or with America, as the case might be, to declare a war of independence. As a minor activity, just to keep their hands in, the Society was to undertake the assassination of Japanese officials.

Various meeting-places were denoted as resorts of the conspirators, such as the Syen Chuen Academy, the Taikuk Bookstore at Pyengyang, managed by An Tai-kuk, and An Tai-kuk's house, a shop called the General Branch run by another prisoner, and various houses, churches and schools. Speeches were made and pistols collected, and on three occasions, in August, September and October, 1910, parties of conspirators went, armed with pistols, to Pyengyang, Syen Chuen, New Wiju, and Charyonkwon stations to assassinate General Terauchi, but returned disappointed, as the Governor-General did not come. These futile attempts being worse than useless, arrangements were made for attempts at several places along the line simultaneously. In these arrangements, Ok Kwan-pin, a young man of 22, but an accomplished orator both in his own language and in Japanese, was the busiest agent. One of his emissaries, Hong Song-in, went to Kwaksan on November 15th to order members of the New People's Society there to be in readiness to join Ok Kwan-pin at Syen Chuen. On the 17th, Ok Kwan-pin addressed a meeting in a doctor's house at New Wiju, in the far north of Korea. On December 10th, some of the Pyengyang conspirators went to Angaku, and, with their confederates there, journeyed to Syen Chuen, but, finding the Governor-General was not due, they all returned to Pyengyang. Yi Seung-hun, a man of some influence in Korea, one who had started several new enterprises in the hope of improving Korean trade and industry, came to Pyengyang, and told the conspirators there that Baron Yun had definitely decided that General Terauchi must die. He went off to Syen Chuen, *via* Nap Chyongjong, where he picked up a good many fellow-conspirators, Chang Eung-chin, a teacher in the Taisong School, Pyengyang, remain-

ing in command of the Pyengyang contingent. At last they had definite news that the Governor-General would pass on his way to the Yalu Bridge on December 28th. The police were active and alert in Pyengyang, so only a small contingent stayed there, as also at New Wiju, Kaison, and other places. Over a hundred concentrated at Syen Chuen, armed with pistols. On the 28th, the General came, as had been expected, but he did not alight. Attempts at other stations were equally fruitless, the General being well guarded, and at New Wiju the conspirators hung about the station all night in vain. The attempts were repeated as General Terauchi returned next day, and at Syen Chuen it was arranged that Mr. McCune, Principal of the Syen Chuen Academy, should go up to Terauchi and shake him by the hand, so that the conspirators would know which one among the many uniformed officials present was the General to use their weapons on. The hand-shaking came off as arranged, but the guard was too close for the Yi Seung-hun reproached the conspirators, telling them they were only fit for eating their meals. A third chance offered on the 30th, but it failed like the others.

Here the prosecution story shows a large hiatus. In spite of all these men earnestly desiring to kill the Governor-General, it was not until the end of October 1911 that another attempt was made. Meanwhile, many arrests had been made, and there was a meeting at Pyengyang, at which it was decided to continue the attempts notwithstanding, but at other places. A new and distinguished conspirator now takes a prominent part for the first time. This is Lyu Tong-sol, a fine-looking man, and a *protégé* of General Terauchi, through whose influence he had gained admission to a Japanese military college; he had fought in the Russo-Japanese war, and received a medal. General Terauchi had continued to take an interest in him, but, after the disbandment of the Korean troops, he had left the army, and was trying to float an industrial company. This man now became the leading conspirator. At New Wiju, which is just below the Yalu Bridge, he formed a "Dare to Die" league, and when General Terauchi came to perform the opening ceremony of the Yalu Bridge, on October 31st, 1911, he, with his associates, made three attempts to assassinate him, but failed, either through inability to get within striking distance, or because the guards were too vigilant and too well posted. Presently Lyu Tong-sol and the New for the prosecutors (the "Dare to Dies") were also roped in. asked for by the chiefly as possible, was the prosecution story as revealed scanty in the extreme, but by nothing else in the world. There were houses; two empty boxes. There were stories of seditious meetings contained pistols; one or twos, some of them delivered by American

Missionaries ; Bishop Harris, Dr. Moffett, Messrs. Wells, Graham Lee, Baird, and Holdcroft were among those accused of concealing pistols for the conspirators, and indeed being in the conspiracy themselves, Mr. McCune being the arch-conspirator. Others were "advisers." There were tales of burglaries for the raising of conspiracy funds. In fact, the prosecution averred that the whole story "came out unexpectedly" when one of the men (not named) was under examination for burglary. All sorts of associations were declared to be mere subterfuges for the hydra-headed New People's Society. The speeches for the prosecution by the Chief Procurator and Assistant Procurator took nearly two days to deliver, and consisted entirely of a reconstruction of the story from the confessions. The trial lasted for twenty days, about half of which were occupied with the examination of prisoners. The judge conducted this examination in a manner which would seem almost incredible to those accustomed to British procedure, his main object being to make the prisoners convict themselves out of their own mouths. But in this he signally failed. The prisoners unanimously denied and repudiated their confessions, alleging that they had been tortured at the police headquarters until they made them. The Court bullied and cajoled, but to no effect. At one time the judge was hotly denouncing a mission school as a "devils' den," at another he was saying, "Come, come, my man ; it is something rather praiseworthy that you should love your country and be angry when it was annexed ; make a clean breast of it." But the prisoners held out with a firmness of conviction rather foreign to their general character. Day after day it was the same old story, the same startling, yet wearisome allegations of arrest for some unknown offence, of torture at the police station, and of confessions which consisted wholly of leading questions. The prisoners, or their counsel, asked for witnesses and for documentary evidence to prove alibi, but every request was rejected. They demanded that the missionaries who, according to the repudiated confessions, had advised and helped them in the assassination plots, should be brought before the court, either as prisoners or as witnesses ; but the court would have none of them. One rather striking episode shed a sidelight on the credibility of the confessions. Two of the men who had confessed, like the others, were discovered to have been actually under arrest at the police station throughout the days when they were supposed to be trying to assassinate General Count Terauchi at Syen Chuen station. They were discharged without remark. It was also a striking commentary on the prosecution (or confession) story that, while the conspirators were supposed to have gathered at Syen Chuen expressly for the assassination on December 27th, the evidence of the booking clerks at the railway stations showed that neither from

Chyongju, whence the main body were supposed to have come, nor other possible stations, had more than five or six passengers a day been booked for many days. The distance was too far to make the idea of walking feasible, nor was there any evidence, as there must have been in a country so overrun by police, of any bodies of men, however small, having been observed on the roads.

The Court took nearly a month to write its judgment, which consisted substantially of the confessions of the prisoners themselves, with the Procurators' skilful amalgamation of them into one story. On September 28th, 1912, the verdict was announced. Of the hundred and twenty-three accused, seventeen were acquitted, and the rest sentenced to penal servitude for terms varying from five to ten years. Among the ten-year men were naturally the most notable characters, the five-year convicts being mainly students. Yun Chi-ho was the most notable of all. Formerly a Minister of State, he was a scholar and a man accounted wise but timid. He, like two or three others of the conspirators, had been to America, and came under suspicion of possessing ideas on Liberty, Justice and the Rights of Man. Yang Ki-tak was another important figure, though hitherto not named in this account. He had been translator and native editor for the late Mr. Bythell's mission paper, the *Tai Han Mai-il Shinpo*. Mr. Bythell himself had been an object of suspicion to the Japanese, and had been unsuccessfully prosecuted for sedition. Yang is a man of rather reverend aspect. A traveller who met him shortly before his prosecution, when he is supposed to have been actively engaged in conspiracy, describes him as professing an entire resignation in a Japanese domination which he did not like, but of which he did not deny certain merits, and which, at any rate, he realised that violence would be the last possible means of removing. Yi Seung-hun is a man getting on in years, and not of the energetic character that one would expect in a conspirator. He had some means, and was much interested in new commercial ventures and in education. He opened a couple of bookshops and started a porcelain factory; none of his ventures was a brilliant success, but his perseverance betokened a good deal of public spirit. An Tai-kuk, was one of his *protégés*, and was in charge of one of Yi's bookshops. The history of Lyu Tong-sol, in appearance, if not also in character, the most striking of all the prisoners, has already been briefly touched upon.

Fortunately for the prisoners, they had the right of appeal, and all took advantage of it. The first trial had been in the sweltering heat of a Korean summer; the second came on when the intense cold of winter had set in. There was a marked difference between the demeanour of the presiding judge in the district court and that of the presiding judge in the appeal court. The latter was as mild as the former had

been ferocious, and gave the prisoners every consideration. But the procedure seemed a wearisome and unnecessary reiteration of all that had gone before. Each prisoner in turn had to answer leading questions based on his confession. Each told the same story. The police hung him up, burnt him, beat him, and tortured him in a variety of ways, some of them unmentionable here. Now, the Japanese look on the Koreans as contemptible liars; but it was noticeable, in the accounts of torture which the prisoners gave, that each man would give substantially the same account as those who had preceded him, with slight additions or omissions. This would be quite natural and unsuspecting, but for the fact that a newly-mentioned torture was always claimed by the next three or four witnesses, while one, that had a run in an earlier part of the trial, would apparently be forgotten. This, however, while it suggested that the prisoners were lying, is not to say that they had not been tortured. Like many Orientals, they could not be satisfied with a good case, but were obviously ready to say anything which they thought would make it better. Their own counsel, who appear to have followed the case in a very perfunctory manner, so far as their attendance at court goes, warned them (through the judge) against drawing the long-bow. One can hardly understand how it is that they did not give these necessary admonitions in private before the hearing. Towards the end the Court hurried up this long and unnecessary hearing, so as to get it over before the New Year holiday— an important festival in Japan—and a last long day was spent in registering the prisoners' applications for witnesses and other evidence, every man of them being prepared to prove an alibi—in fact, it seemed as if the police must have arrested the only men who were not on the spot at the time of the supposed attempts to kill the Governor-General.

The tales told in the Court were not without their humours, though there was always the grim fact that the prisoners were fighting almost for their lives. One, describing the *modus operandi* of a police examination, said that when the police were questioning him regarding his movements, he explained one journey as having been undertaken for the purpose of bringing home a gramophone. "No," they said, "it was not a gramophone, it was a pistol"—and as a pistol it appeared in his confession. Another, questioned by the Presiding Judge, asked in a tone of some exasperation how he could have given a pistol he didn't have to a man he didn't know in a village he wasn't at. Yet another, asked whether he had any evidence in his favour (for it seemed to be taken for granted that the onus was on the prisoners of proving that they were not guilty), said that as the confessions implicated Principal McCune, he would be much obliged if the Court would call that gentleman, who would testify

that the speaker was not present at any of the conspiracy meetings he had conducted. The special sting in this request lay in the fact that prisoners had several times been reminded that the testimony of fellow-prisoners was inadmissible, but that while the missionaries were implicated in the "confessions," the Court steadily refused to accept that particular point in each confession, while it accepted everything testifying against the Koreans. The missionaries themselves were anxious to be called, or even to be arrested, but the Courts, both of first instance and of appeal, ignored their existence and would have them neither as prisoners nor as witnesses, though they swarmed in the public seats during the trial. The only reasonable inference was that the Court dared not call them. The Courts, it must be remembered in this connection, are subject to the Governor-General of Korea in a degree compared with which the smallest magistracy in England or America enjoys an abundant freedom.

On reassembling after the New Year holidays, the Court announced that certain witnesses would be called—a fairly representative minority of the host who had been asked for. On this subject the Procurator's speech was almost laughable. It gave one the impression of a man in desperate fear of a disclosure. He began by saying the prisoners ought to be given every opportunity of proving their innocence, and that the Court ought to do everything to satisfy them that they were being given a fair trial; then he proceeded to deal with the applications in detail, and to furnish reason why not a single one of the witnesses or exhibits asked for should be produced. Of one, indeed, he said he had no objection to his being called, but why an exception was made in this instance it was impossible to divine. Concerning the other witnesses, he said they were unreliable, their evidence would overlap, even that they lived too far away. The Court of Appeal, however, did not prove the obedient servant of the Procurator that the Court of first instance had been.

As for the testimony of those called, it was rather disappointing. A little consideration, however, would show that little was to be expected of it. Relations were barred, and it was obvious that among friends and acquaintances, not a great number would be prepared to say what any man was doing on specified dates nearly two and a half years before. It would not be difficult to believe that some of them professed to remember less than they actually did, fearing to become entangled in a case that had already brought sorrow and trouble enough on those concerned in it. Here again the case looked worse for the prisoners than it need have done. In their anxiety to make their position strong, they had made the most positive assertions regarding their whereabouts on each "conspiracy" day. Under the stimulus of prosecution

their memories were, no doubt, active, and there can be little doubt that their imaginations supplemented their memories. But their witnesses had better reason not to remember than to recall events so long past, and their testimony was as vague and uncertain as might have been expected of such men, but naturally contrasted strongly with the emphatic certainty of the prisoners themselves. Even when it came to documentary evidence—mainly notebooks, postcards and the guest-books of little Korean *serais*—there was nearly as much uncertainty. Ignorant people in a country where two or three calendars are in vogue simultaneously, are apt to make entries of very little chronological value. However, the examination of witnesses and exhibits brought the hearing of the trial on appeal up to forty days—which, combined with the twenty or more of the previous trial, at least exculpated the Japanese courts of any possible charge of summariness or arbitrary haste.

Speeches by the prisoners, by counsel and by the Public Procurators, brought the trial up to a total of fifty-one days. The Procurators spoke at great length, and to an effect which should in any court have procured an instant dismissal of the case. Their efforts were wholly directed to a discrediting of the evidence. Did a witness positively assert that on such and such a date a prisoner was in his company at a place far distant from the scene of the attempted assassination, the Procurators argued that he must be a liar, for it was impossible to remember a trivial event of two years previously with such precision. Was he not quite certain, his testimony was valueless, as it did not prove that the prisoner had made a journey for the purpose of assassination. The Procurators demanded absolute proof that the prosecution story was not true—a story which relied wholly upon confessions of men whom they took every opportunity of stigmatising as born liars. Prisoners were proved to be conducting examinations in schools, to be auditing the accounts of local banks, to be running revival meetings—none of these things were found by the Procurators to be incompatible with taking a sudden secret journey to assassinate the Governor-General and returning instantly to their avocations. The prisoners themselves made dignified and often pathetic speeches. Frequently, too, they put their cases with a lawyer-like force and point. Their counsel, who spoke for days on end, and who surprised some of the most eminent Tokyo lawyers, said nothing to such good effect. Their speeches betrayed an absolute lack of interest in the facts of the case, though they argued very forcibly that even were the prosecution story absolutely true, the prisoners had done nothing worthy of punishment, in that they had repented of their intention, and there were reams of futile argument about the subtle difference between “unconsummated” and “suspended” crime. The most extraordinary part of all was that

they all scouted the idea of police torture, notwithstanding the fact that, it was a common part of Japanese judicial procedure within the memory of men now living. Dr. Hanai, the most eminent of the counsel engaged, said he was disgusted with the prisoners, whom he was supposed to be defending for saying that they were tortured by the Japanese police. Only a Korean lawyer of little note, who hardly seems to have been listened to by the Court, ventured an opinion that torture really was used. Dr. Hanai went so far as to say that his clients repented with tears of their ill deeds, and then went on to discredit the fact of those deeds. He seemed, on the whole, more anxious to save the face of the procurators and the police than to get his clients an acquittal; and this, combined with the efforts of the other counsel, leads to the conclusion that in the opinion of the most eminent Japanese jurists, the best hope for the prisoners lay in an appeal to the Court's generosity, while it would be fatal to prejudice the Court by hinting that the prosecution was irregular.

Dr. Hanai said that it lay with the judges to do whatsoever they would. Whether that is Japanese law I cannot say, but if it is, it offered a way out of the difficulty. If the Court pronounced the prisoners guilty but let them go, it would save the face of the police, and would hardly cast a stigma on the accused. For there was no point out of which the prosecution made such capital as the patriotic nature of the crime, though with curious inconsistency it claimed that the prisoners be punished for common crime and not on a political charge. As regards Lyu Tong-sol, the Governor-General's *protégé*, in particular, the prosecution, to rebut the argument that common gratitude would have prevented him from taking part, argued on the lines of "not that he loved Cæsar less but that he loved Rome more."

In the end, on March 20th, 1913, the Court delivered judgment, disposing of this long hearing in little more than half an hour. Ninety-nine of the prisoners, including Lyu Tong-sol, were acquitted, while the rest of the ten-year men had their sentences reduced to six years, and Ok Kwan-pin, supposed to be the most active agent of the ringleaders, and previously sentenced to seven years, had his sentence reduced to five.

The men again sentenced have yet another appeal to the Japanese Supreme Court, and seeing that the ninety-nine have been formally acquitted, it is difficult to understand upon what grounds these still remain under sentence. The result of the appeal is that the whole prosecution story is pronounced by the Court to be a baseless fabrication, and this fact raises several suggestive points. The chief of these is, of course, how were the hundred and twenty-five detailed confessions obtained—stories full of circumstantial detail, told by men under

examination separately, some of these men having never seen one another in their lives? The next is, how did the story ever arise? The prosecution averred that they got it from "a certain Korean" whose name they refused to disclose. It might also be asked, what is Japan going to do about it? The unfortunate men, who have been in prison nearly two years, will probably be glad enough to let well alone now that they have got out, and it seems unlikely that the Japanese authorities will ever institute an official inquiry into the matter.

This account has already exceeded all reasonable bounds, and there is no space for the interesting side-issues the case raised, especially the mystery of the absolute silence of the Japanese Press on the subject—a silence only broken by occasional vituperative attacks on the missionaries or on the prisoners, taking their guilt for granted before they ever came up for trial. The case is at present a little out of focus; but it is important enough for one to feel sure that it will find a place in Japan's permanent history, and it still remains for the Japanese Government to see that the historian shall not regard it as a serious blot.

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MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

THE fad that has recently overtaken India from the West is the introduction of moral and religious instruction in our schools and colleges. The Bengal Government, too, has not allowed the grass to grow under its feet, and has appointed a committee to devise a scheme for giving tangible shape to the idea. It requires no uncommon wisdom to prophesy that their labours will end in smoke, giving vent to an expression of a pious wish in favour of the proposal. When coming to settle the details for the application of theory to practice, the committee will discover the rocks ahead and pause at the difficulties besetting their way. Be that as it may, it is curious indeed that while in England a Bill should be introduced in Parliament to secularize education there, and to break off the clerical shackles in which it is held in bondage, proposals should be made in India to forge them anew to fetter our educational institutions. It is, indeed, a living example of the spirit of compensation in which nature works.

The cry of the failure of the Indian Universities was taken up with vehemence, specially during the period of storm and stress through which Bengal passed during the troublous days of its partition. It was echoed from here by the Anglo-Indians, to be re-echoed with redoubled intensity from the shores of England. No sooner the charge was formulated, than it was taken as proved, and correctives for the rectification of the defect began to be pressed on the attention of the Government, but an enquiry into what the detractors had had to adduce in support of their impeachment was considered superfluous. Wherein have the Indian universities failed? Can the mental and intellectual culture of six decades go for nothing, without radically influencing the character of a nation for good? Does the Indian soil form an exception? Has not university education produced the desired result here? Can not the alumni of the Indian universities stand side by side for their

probity, devotion to duty, patriotism, self-sacrifice and self-respect, with the best products of other universities? The Benches of the High Courts, the Provincial Judicial Services, the High Court and the Provincial Bar, and every other public walk of life bear eloquent testimony to the success of University education in India. Is there a more conscientious and upright body of public servants than the Indian functionaries under our Government? Those who wish to look for a complete vindication of our universities ought to peruse the powerful plea urged on their behalf by the Hon'ble Dr. Debaprasad Sarvadhikari, of Calcutta, in the eloquent paper read by him before the assembly of the late University Congress in London. After all, there is no necessity for the proposed innovation on the ground of any short-coming of our universities, as far as we can see.

The true genesis of the movement for religious instruction in our educational institutions may be found in the recent outbreak of anarchism during the period of unrest, through which India recently passed and which is now happily over. Almost all the anarchists proved to be young students of our schools and colleges, and hence it was concluded that these young men, losing faith in their ancestral religion through the solvent of English education, became giddy with the flighty conception of patriotism, which produced the undesired result. This inference, however, is not warranted by our experience of other countries. Anarchism is an imported vice: it has travelled from West to East. Russia, the home of nihilism, is noted for its bigotry and superstition, where the people do not enjoy the religious freedom of the Western countries of Europe. Education there is in the leading-strings of the clergy; it cannot stray out of the groove chalked out for it by the priestly hands in its entire course. Yet Russia is not free from the curse of anarchism. The cry of defective education cannot be raised against the universities or the youths of the United States of America, yet no less than three of the presidents of the Congress fell victims at the hands of anarchists. Only the other day an attempt was made on the life of the ex-president, Mr. Roosevelt. These are free self-governing countries and not under alien rule, and there could be no suspicion, as in India, of anarchism originating in misguided political motive. Hence the root of anarchism should be sought in other fields than in the deficiency of moral and religious instruction of the youths, or the political ferment of the country. Anarchism is a morbid condition of the brain, which pictures things in distorted form, and out of their natural proportion before the mind. In an anarchist, imagination runs riot and completely eclipses his reason. He is a victim of his crazy imagination. So long as the present diversity in the constitution of the brain and in its environment continues, so long will anarchism remain,

however much it may be narrowed in its scope and incidence. The importance sought to be attached to moral and religious instruction for combating this vice is, as we have already observed, not well grounded, as the examples of the countries cited above abundantly testify. The best way to fight this aberration of the brain seems to me to give such training to our students as will strengthen their logical faculty, and thereby establish the supremacy of reason over imagination and prevent the latter from breeding chimeras. They should be rigorously disciplined to distinguish between cause and effect, acts and consequences, and not to allow themselves to run after the will-o'-the-wisps of false hopes and quixotic ideas. This will result, it must be confessed, only in contracting the area of the crime, but no human ingenuity can invent a scheme which can eradicate it absolutely from society. So perverse is human nature that when a vice appears in a community, it comes to stay: it can never be totally suppressed by all the organized efforts of Government and society. Take, for example, brigandage, murder, robbery, adultery and thousand other vices: how they have baffled all the attempts at their eradication for centuries!

Let us now descend to particulars to see how the theory of moral and religious instruction in our schools and colleges will work in practice.

Moral Instruction.—From the veriest primers to the college text-books, all the standard books used in colleges and schools are full of moral lessons. No principle of doubtful import escapes the censorship of the Text-book Committees and Faculties of the University, and before it is expurgated, no book is approved by them for adoption in the educational institutions. The moral lessons are impressed on the young students in the most entertaining way, namely, in the form of biographies of great men, anecdotes and stories, which illustrate the particular virtues, to which attention of the student is sought to be drawn. The moral percolates, as it were, throughout the lesson and sinks imperceptibly in the minds of the pupils without the insipidness and dryness of direct inculcation. Instead of any lack of it, the young students are rather surfeited with moral instruction from an early age till they finish their University career. If the moral instruction were the only factor in the formation of character, or if it had the omnipotency attributed to it by its advocates, all the students of our schools and colleges, without any exception, would be highly moral men, because of the prolonged and careful attention it has hitherto received.

What more can be done, or is meant to be done, by the advocates of moral instruction than what at present obtains in our educational

institutions, passes our understanding. Is a catalogue of our moral duties to be fashioned after the decalogue, from the respective scriptures of the Hindus, Mahomedans and Christians, to serve as the students' *vade mecum*, and the boys compelled to repeat them every day during some appointed time of the school hours like the declensions of nouns and verbs of the classical languages? Will this routine add zest to the work of the students? Will it increase the potency of the moral teaching? This constant mummery of moral virtues would make the boys adepts in cant only. Be that as it may, how is the list of moral virtues to be prepared, so as to be in keeping with the spirit of the present rationalistic age and the progress of the sociological sciences? Let us consider the point somewhat in detail here.

Marriage.—With the Hindu, marriage is a sacrament. It is a union for good, not terminable even by death. It insists on the absolute virginity of the bride. The couple may separate for the grave disqualification of either of the party, but for all that the bond is not broken, nor is the woman freed to take another husband.

In Christian countries marriage is a civil contract. It can be legalized by registration before a civil authority, and is terminable by divorce. Scrupulous enquiry into the antecedents of the bride is not the *sine qua non* of wedlock.

The Koran allows the faithful to take four wives at a time. By *mota* or temporary marriage, lasting for as short a time as the parties to the contract like, they can gratify their carnal desires without being guilty of any breach of moral laws.

The question is, which of the ideals of the holy wedlock is to be held up before the students for adoption, or is the question of marriage to be expunged from the list of our social and moral duties, to be compiled for the guidance of the students?

Relation between the Sexes.—"Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Whoso casteth a lustful eye on a woman committeth adultery thereby." Are these precepts to be taught to young boys? Is it not better to leave them in ignorance than to give the precaution with the knowledge of the vice?

Prudence.—In every community the industrious and prudent generally flourish, while the idle drones go to the wall. This is a lesson which should be indelibly imprinted on the mind of the young men. Their power of prevision should be sharpened to enable them to make provision for the future. Do not the precepts—"Don't think of the morrow," "He who has given mouths will give them meat," "When tooth was not given, nourishment was garnered in the mother's breast, when tooth is grown, will He not supply food"—run counter to human

experience and lessen the sense of individual responsibility and thereby encourage imprudence, though it may foster a belief in Providence?

Civic Duties.—That every citizen should, according to his ability and means, help the Government under which he lives, is the teaching of the present age. Indifferentism to the political institutions of the country is a dereliction of the duty of a citizen. "Render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's," encourages indifference to the political institutions of the country and teaches dependent passive obedience. It hinders the growth of the civic responsibility of a man. Should this maxim be then included in the handbook of morals for boys, clashing, as it does, with the development of the complete idea of citizenship in them?

Loyalty.—Loyalty means unswerving allegiance to the sovereign power, without which there could be no stable Government, nor order and progress in society. It may be blind or discriminative. The former postulates resuscitation of the exploded theory that the "King can do no wrong," in its literal sense: (the interpretation given to it in the British constitution is quite logical and unexceptionable.) However much the king might be tyrannical, arbitrary and neglectful of the best interests of his subjects, however much he might outrage decency and scandalize society, he has the divine right on the fidelity of his people. It is too late in the day to revive and foster such an idea of the obligation of the people to their Government, nor would it carry conviction to anybody. Discriminative loyalty connotes sovereignty of the people, who are to decide up to what limit their loyalty should go and when it should stop. Is it not risky to feed with such notions the minds of raw youths whose judgment has not been matured?

From a survey of these facts it is evident that the compilation of a book of moral maxims is not an easy matter. The utmost discretion is required to cull them from the Scriptures, sifting the sound ones from those of doubtful import, and they should be then put into the crucible of science and advanced thinking for their refinement, and tested by the standard of expediency, before putting them into the hands of the students. If the aim of moral instruction be to guard the youths against the path of error, and to help them to right and catholic thinking and to correct ideas of the duties and responsibilities of life, and not to cramp their minds by, and to confirm them in, the narrowness and bigotry of any creed, the eclecticism pointed above is unavoidable. Consistently with the demands of truth, can such an anthology of selected wise saws be palmed off on the students as revealed truths? "Should" is enough justification for any injunction for a child, but will it carry weight with the undergraduates and graduates of the university, whose

wits have been sharpened by logic, science and philosophy? Moreover, would the clerical party agree to placing moral teaching on such secular basis?

Thus it will be seen how any further extension of moral instruction in our schools and colleges is beset with difficulties of various kinds. We ought to be content with the moral instruction imparted at present to our boys—which to my mind is enough—in the schools and colleges through their general text-books. And for making the students worthy citizens of the State, books on the duties of a citizen—elementary ones for schools, and advanced ones for colleges—should be written and introduced in the respective institutions. By such a scheme the authorities will avoid clashing with the vested interests of all classes, and secure the hearty co-operation of all sections of the community, while the necessary sound training is obtained for the students without trenching on controversial grounds.

Religious Instruction.—The sobriquet of Godless is very often applied to university education in India in order to get a handle for its condemnation. It is an illustration of the old adage of giving a bad name to a dog and then hanging it. How our University education deserves the epithet of Godless, I fail to realize. The essentials of religion, *viz.*, the assumption of the creation of the universe by the Creator, his providence watching over all, his mercy, his aversion to vice, and attraction to virtue, are strewn broadcast over the pages of the textbooks of our educational institutions from the primary schools to the highest colleges, and with constant reiteration these lessons are dinned into the ears of the boys during the most impressionable period of their life. Besides, in the missionary colleges and schools there is the compulsory Bible-class for all students, Christian or non-Christian, where the Scriptures are regularly read and explained. In the face of these facts, how can the charge of Godlessness be levelled against our universities? What more should be done to make it Godly? Do the agitators want that theological lectures and classes should be instituted in all colleges and schools? Is the Government to convert its arts colleges into theological colleges as well? If the Government intervenes in such a delicate and controversial matter, it would be raising hornets' nests about its ear.

In this age of enlightenment the polytheistic conception of Godhead is out of the question: monotheistic idea of it can only be taken as a working basis. The monotheistic speculation has given rise to two schools of theology—monistic and dualistic. According to the *Vedānta*, *Chaitanya*, (intelligence or consciousness), is alone real and existent; the phenomenal world is unreal, existing only in our nescience, the hollowness of which would be at once perceived as soon as the film of nescience

falls off our eyes with the attainment of *Tattva-Jnana* (true knowledge.) To this conception the scientific intellects of the West are approximating with their monistic doctrine of cosmic intelligence. Of the Dualistic school, dualism consists in the universe being a separate entity, and its Maker, the Supreme Being, another. To the Vedantist the *Chaitanya* or Brahma is too great to concern itself * with mundane affairs; the deeds of every man bring their own consequences (*i.e.* rewards or punishment) on him according to the immutable laws of nature; while the semitic idea of God is that of a mighty king, both the chief executive and judge rolled in one, sitting on a throne with sceptre in hand and punishing or rewarding the unrighteous and righteous respectively. Now what idea of the Supreme Being is to be inculcated to the Hindu boys? Who is to decide the comparative merit of the two schools mentioned above?

Rites.—For the development of the sentiment of humanity and true spirituality in worship, animal sacrifice is an obstacle. It cannot but be condemned from this point of view. But the *Saktas* (worshippers of the generating principle) among the Hindus worship their gods and goddesses with the sacrifice of goats, sheep and buffaloes. *Korbani* or offering of animal sacrifice is the universal practice of Islam on the occasion of the Id festival. Will there be any teaching to discourage this practice? Whatever may be the case with the Hindus, the Mahomedans are sure to resent such an interference.

Prayers.—Prayers for five times a day are enjoined on all the true followers of the Prophet. The Hindus, the Brahmans at least, are required to offer prayers three times a day. The Christians, I am informed, say their prayers just before retiring to bed. Will there be any direction given as to the number of prayers to be said daily by the followers of the different creeds?

Heaven.—The Koran paints the picture of a heaven of material enjoyments, possessing in abundance of the accessories and things which are coveted by men in this life as contributing to happiness and pleasure. According to the Christians, promise is held out of spiritual joy to its fill in heaven to the disembodied souls which, having no material wants to gratify, resound the heaven day and night with loud hosannas of praise in the presence of the Great King, seated on the empyreal throne. * The lower heaven of the Hindus is rather materialistic, but the highest is too ethereal, where the released spark of the human soul is absorbed in the one Eternal Soul. To which ideal is preference to be given and which is to be held up before the students for adoption?

Hell.—Both the Christians and Mahomedans hold that the die

* Brahma, according to the Hindu Shastras, is of neuter gender. Their acute thinking does not admit of attributing male or female sex to it.

is cast once for all in this life by men for themselves. For their limited merits or demerits here, they are to enjoy heaven for ever, or to be condemned to hell *eternally* beyond hope of redemption. The Hindu Shastras evince a greater sense of proportion in meting out reward and punishment. The (lower) heaven and hell are *temporary* places of enjoyment and correction respectively, the length of residence in both of which is measured according to the degree of righteousness to one's credit, or unrighteousness he was guilty of in this life, after which he is reborn on earth, and this goes on life after life, till perfection of goodness is attained by the soul for its absorption in the Brahma. Surely, this view cannot but strike one as more equitable. Now, how are the boys to be lectured on this topic without giving umbrage to any creed?

Soul.—All the three religions, Hinduism, Christianity and Islamism, propound and accept the theory of the soul being an immaterial and immortal spark of the great Eternal Soul. It is assumed by them all equally that the disembodied soul, after the decease of a man, takes on an ethereal form, retaining the capacity for suffering, enjoying, feeling, seeing, motion and speech, that is, capability of exercising all the faculties of the mind and brain, and it is thus rendered fit to receive reward or suffer punishment. While, however, with the Christians and the Mahomedans this existence of the soul as a separate entity, enjoying reward or suffering penalty for sin, is an eternal state, with the Hindus it is a temporary one. The Hindus teach that after the pleasurable residence in heaven or painful confinement in durance vile, varying in length of time in proportion to the good or bad deeds of the man, the soul returns to the earth and is reborn, and this continues cycle after cycle till it attains perfection of Godness, and is absorbed in the Great Soul. Which of these inferences should be chosen for inculcation to the students?

To harmonise these different jarring elements of the creeds is rather a superhuman task. Unless by far the larger proportion of the followers of a faith are rendered amenable to reason, pure and simple, and insulated by liberal education against the currents of bigotry, superstition and sentimentalism, no approach towards such a fusion for a desirable and humanly perfect system, acceptable to all, can be hoped for. Without such a common basis the introduction of religious instruction in schools and colleges would be tantamount to setting the official imprimatur on all the doctrines, sound or doubtful, of each creed. Were the teachers of theology of one faith to lecture the classes in its doctrines side by side with others of a different creed, the zeal of some professors, overrunning their discretion, might involve them in unseemly fracas, and convert the peaceful sanctuary of learning into debating

ground for theology. The policy of neutrality hitherto pursued by Government in matters theological is the best and most prudent under the circumstances. Any departure from it, we are of opinion, would be the height of unwisdom.

If the lessons of religion conveyed to the students through their general text-books, and the religious atmosphere that encompasses them from the cradle to the grave in the family circle and society, in which they live, move and have their being, fail to make them believers of God, nothing will render them so, all the devout wishes and devices of the divines notwithstanding. •

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Calcutta.

DIE NEUJAHRSNACHT EINES UNGLÜCKLICHEN*.

(THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.)

THIS celebrated^{*} prose-poem or dream-fugue of Richter's is the shortest and in some respects the best of his many pieces in the same manner. "A Vision of the Infinite, as seen from the Chambers of Space," is another of a very high order.

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, better known by his nom-de-plume of Jean Paul, and familiar to all readers of Carlyle, was born in 1763 in Wunsiedel. His father was a poor schoolmaster, and later a country parson (Dorfprediger). Richter received his early education from his father, and, in 1780, went to the University of Leipzig to study theology. He soon gave up theology, and turned to literature for a living, and for the support of his mother. His first attempt in "Grönländischen Processen" proving unsuccessful, he left Leipzig for Hof, where he chiefly resided till 1800. After his mother's death, he left Hof, made some journeys over Germany, which brought him in contact with Gleim, Jacobi, and Herder, stayed some time in Gotha and Hildburghausen, and went to Berlin in 1800. Here he married. Making a stay in Meiningen and Coburg, Richter at length settled down in Baireuth, where he lived and wrote till his death in 1825. His fame dates from the publication of "Hesperus," and "Quintus Fixlein," "Siebeukas," "Levana," and "Die Flegeljahre" are some of his chief works.

The style of Richter is not easy to a foreigner. It abounds in extraordinary constructions and complicated sentences, defiant of all rules of grammar and syntax. A just estimate of his work may be found in Carlyle, both in the essays on Richter, and in the many notes of him, scattered through his works. Of all the

* Translated from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.

German writers, Richter seems to have been his special favourite, and much of the peculiarity, perhaps eccentricity, of Carlyle's style may be attributed to the influence of this celebrated writer. It is thought that Richter has been over-rated by Carlyle; but that his popularity in Germany is undiminished, is clear from the fact that special helps and dictionaries of phrases have been published for the purpose of elucidating his writings. With regard to foreigners, it may safely be said that only those will read Richter who are prepared to face the difficulties of studying him. The chief characteristics of Richter are pathos, a cheerful and always hopeful outlook on the world round about, great skill in delineating the passions, both in the major and in the minor keys, humor that touches the grave and the gay, though frequently too elaborate and recondite, and, above all, a deep and pure moral undertone, that is the basis of his thought. All these, except humor, combine in the piece here selected for translation.

To translate Richter so as to preserve the true spirit, and at the same time to be as literal as possible, without degenerating into advertisement-English, is not easy. Thus to translate "*ewig blühenden Himmel*" as "ever blooming heaven," and "*Lehrer der Erde*" as "teachers of the earth" would be grotesque and absurd. He does not lend himself to even a free translation. The idea alone has sometimes to be translated. An altogether literal translation is of use only to the student. It conveys knowledge, but cannot convey pleasure. The spirit vanishes from the juxtaposition of mere vocables. The true translation is that which may be read with pleasure both by one who knows, and by one who does not know German. How far I have succeeded, I leave to the reader to judge.

The original is compact with the choicest flowers of language, and words and phrases whose charm lies in their associations and veiled symbolism. It is the very perfection of matter and form. In its finished brevity it encloses a beginning, a middle, and an end. The theme centres in the few brief moments between the old and the new year. Every one has passed through these moments in every year of his life. Many have on such occasions looked before and after, with mixed feelings of joy or regret, or resolute or half-resolute endeavour, surveying the dismal "ifs" and "might-have-beens" of the past and peering into the dimness of the coming time with hopes or presentiments of something different from what

have become the part and parcel of the insatiable past ; but it was left to Richter to give to these

Few brief moments caught from fleeting Time
Th' appropriate calm of blest Eternity.

The power, the strength in ease, the vigour and the elegance of this rhapsodic sermon are equal to whole treatises on the subject. Few sermons and pamphlets have had the power of preventing the prodigal from going into a far country, and wasting his substance with riotous living, or of restraining the young from those experiments of doubtful expediency, euphuistically termed " sowing of wild oats," but which Carlyle, with disapproval and more truth, calls " the mud-bath of the rhinoceros " !

The greater part of the power and the beauty of this celebrated piece cannot be felt or perceived by the eye or the ear. It pipes to the spirit only—and in ditties of no tone.

" Die Neujahrsnacht " may be translated as follows :—

On a New Year's night an old man stood at his window, and, with a look of blank despair, gazed upon the unchanging, eternal, starry heavens, and down below upon the peaceful, pure, and snow-covered earth, on which there was at that moment no one so joyless and sleepless as himself ; for his grave stood near before him, and it was covered only with the snows of age, and not with the verdure of youth ; and he had brought nothing with him from the whole of his crowded life, nothing but mistakes, sins, and disease, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a bosom full of venom, and an old age full of regrets. The beautiful days of his youth now returned like apparitions, and carried him back to that bright morning, when his father had placed him at the parting of the Way of Life, which, on the right, leads by the sunlit path of virtue, to the wide, peaceful land of light, and of harvests, and the abode of angels ; and, on the left, winds downwards in the dark mole-hill of vice, into a black cavern, filled with dripping poison (voll heruntertropfenden Giftes) and hissing serpents, and noisome stifling vapours. Alas ! even now the serpents hang from his bosom, and the poison-drops from his tongue—and he knew now where he was.

Horror-struck, and with unspeakable anguish, he cried to the heavens, "Give, O give me back my youth again! Oh father, place me once more at the parting ways of life, that I may choose differently!" But his father, and his youth, were long gone by. He saw will-o'-the-wisps dance over the swamps, and lose themselves in the churchyard, and he said to himself: "Those are my foolish days!" He saw a star shoot from the heavens, and rush down to the earth, glowing as it fell: "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse gnawed deeper in his wounds.

His glowing phantasy peopled the roofs of the houses with gliding somnambulists, the windmill lifted its arms, threatening as if to strike him down, and a mask, left behind in the empty charnel house, appeared to him gradually to put on his own features. In the midst of these paroxysms, suddenly, like a distant anthem, the chimes of the New Year came floating down from the church tower. His agitation was less violent—he looked round upon the horizon, and far off over the wide earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who, happier and better than himself, were now instructors of youth, prosperous men, and fathers of happy children, and he said: "Ah! I also, like you, could have slept without weeping on this first night of the New Year, had I so wished! Alas! dear parents, I also could have been happy, had I fulfilled your New Year's wishes, and your teachings!"

In this feverish recollection of the days of his youth, it seemed to him that the mask with his features raised itself up in the dead house and at length, by that superstition, which, on the first night of the New Year, sees spectres and the future, it transformed itself into a living young man, like the statue in the Capitol, that represents a beautiful youth in the attitude of drawing out a thorn, and its former radiant aspect was odiously juggled away.

He could see it no more—he covered his eyes with his hands—a thousand burning tears streamed down his cheeks, and were quenched in the snow: comfortless and benumbed, he could only sigh softly: "Come back again, O youth, come again!"

And youth did come back again, for he had only been dreaming a terrible dream on the New Year's night: he was still a young man—only his follies had been no dream; but he thanked God that he, yet young, could turn from the contaminating haunts of vice,

(den Schmutzigen Gängen des Lasters) and comé back again to the sunlit path that leads to the pure land of harvest.

Turn with him, young reader, if thou standest in his mistaken way. This terrible dream will become thy judge in the future ; but if thou shouldst one day mournfully cry : " Come back again, beautiful youth "—youth will not come back again.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

CASTE IN INDIA.*

THE population of the Indian Empire, according to the Census of 1911, amounts to 315 millions in round numbers, including Burma. If the population of Burma, the Mahomedans, Christians, Parsees, wild tribes, and sundry others be excluded, the people who may be fairly classed as Hindus, bound by caste rules, must be considerably over 200 millions. The caste institution, therefore, concerns directly a large proportion of the human race, and merely by reason of the magnitude of its operation deserves close attention.

Nobody can tell with any accuracy the actual number of separate castes existing at this moment, but a recent Hindu writer of authority puts it at a guess as 3,000, and some figure of that order may be taken to represent the fact.

What do we mean by saying that more than 200 million people are divided into 3,000 castes, more or less? Why is such a phenomenon peculiar to the Indian Empire? How and when did the institution come into being? How does it work in practice; does the good outweigh the evil, or the evil the good? What are the future prospects of the institution?

Such are some of the biggest questions suggested by the subject of this discourse. It would be easy to add to the number, and it is much easier to ask them all than to answer any one of them.

My first question as to the actual meaning of the statement that some two hundred million Hindus are divided into three thousand castes, more or less, is not a simple one to answer. The fullest answer would require a library descriptive of all the castes. But even a compendious answer in a more manageable compass cannot be given in a sentence. The first thing needed is a definition of caste. As I have said elsewhere:—"The word is Portuguese; the thing is so peculiarly Indian that it separates India from the rest of the globe by a barrier far more impassable than deserts, seas, or mountains."†

* A public lecture delivered, at the request of the Anthropological Committee, in the Hall of Exeter College, Oxford.

† Some of the older English writers prefer the form "cast"; others use "sect" or "tribe" as a synonym.

A rough working definition of the institution is given by Sir Charles Gough, who observes that "caste may be generally described as the theory and practice of hereditary social distinctions carried to the extremest limits and confirmed by the sanctions of religion." That, so far as it goes, is a good definition of the term "caste" used in the sense of an institution.

My notion of "a caste" at the present day may be expressed as follows :--

"A Caste is a group of families bound together, and separated from all other groups by special rules of its own concerning ceremonial purity, especially in the matters of diet and marriage. Admission to such a group can be obtained only by birth, and no family or individual can ordinarily pass from one group to another. Expulsion from a caste means total loss of all social position, but does not confer the privilege of entry to another group, unless the persons expelled are strong enough to form a new caste of their own. Expulsion is the extreme penalty for serious breach of the rules regulating ceremonial purity, which form the bond of the caste, and are enforced by the public opinion of the members. The families composing a caste may or may not have traditions of descent from a common ancestor, and, as a matter of fact, may or may not be of one stock. The individuals may or may not be restricted to the pursuit of a particular occupation, or of several occupations. A caste is composed of Hindus only, that is to say, persons who follow the Hindu mode of life, and more particularly revere Brahmans and respect the sanctity of kine."

Respecting that extended definition I ask you to note in the first place, that Hindu society is based on the family, not on the individual ; and in the second place, that Hinduism, although we often call it a "religion," is primarily a social system, of which the most general and obvious external characteristics are (1) strict observance of rules of ceremonial purity ; (2) reverence for Brahmans, and (3) respect for the sanctity of kine, including the ox and bull, but more particularly the cow. A Hindu may be an atheist, materialist, idealist, pantheist, monist, dualist, or what not. He is at perfect liberty to take up any *ism* he pleases in theology or philosophy without reproach. So long as he conforms to the rules of ceremonial purity practised by the group or caste to which he belongs, he is considered an orthodox Hindu, and may believe or disbelieve any creed that comes in his way. Observance of ceremonial purity lies at the very base of the Hindu conception of life, and consequently caste, as Sir Lepel Griffin has observed, is "the most vital principle of Hinduism." All persons following the Hindu mode of life are expected to reverence Brahmans, and to respect strictly the sanctity of kine. Most of them also recognize the Vedas

as the primary divine authority for Hindu customs, but acceptance of any particular scripture is not obligatory.

The Hindu mode of life is regulated by immemorial custom, and the most important customs are those concerned with ceremonial purity (including matrimonial regulations) which each caste or group of families maintains in a special form for its own use.

The more strict the rules of ceremonial purity enjoined and practised, the higher is the social rank of a caste, both in its own estimation and in that of its fellows. The principle seems to be that the harder the rules, the more easily they are broken, and that, consequently, the caste, which straitly observes difficult rules, is superior in self-control and self-respect. The relative rank of castes other than Brahmans is largely determined by the way in which they are severally treated by Brahmans. *E.g.*:

(1) If a Brahman accepts water from another caste, that caste is considered pure in Bengal.

(2) If he accepts food cooked in oil, the caste of the person offering it is superior to that of the person from whom water only is accepted.

(3) If the Brahman accepts food cooked in water, then the caste of the giver is better still.

Much, too, depends on the caste rank of the Brahmans who act as priests and "medicine men" (in the African sense) for other castes. Innumerable distinct castes exist which are grouped as Brahmans. Some of them, such as those who accept the garments of the dead, rank very low, while others, who strain to the utmost limit of endurance every rule of ceremonial purity, rank at the top of Hindu society, and may confer infinite honour on other castes, to which they shew condescension.

To consider the origin and justification of the rules of ceremonial purity would be an enormous task, and, no doubt, whatever labour might be bestowed upon the investigation, it would be impossible to discover the rationale of many rules. At first sight, hundreds of them seem to be simply absurd. But it cannot be too much insisted on that the institution of caste means the division of Hindu mankind into hereditary groups, bound together internally by rules of ceremonial purity, and separated from all other groups by divergence in such rules. The observance of those rules is treated as a matter of sacred duty (*dharma*), and thus caste as an institution is bound up inextricably with Hindu religion and Brahmanical teaching.

Probably you may have been startled by my assertion that there are three thousand castes, more or less—whether the number be taken as two thousand or three thousand or four thousand is immaterial. It is impossible to attain accuracy in the matter because, among other reasons, there are castes and sub-castes, and new castes are formed from

time to time, and the names of castes vary so widely in different localities that it is often difficult to determine the identity of a particular caste alleged to have a distinct existence. Most books tell you that there are, and always have been, four original castes, from which all others have been formed either by mixture of blood or by subdivision. That view is wholly erroneous.

The error is mainly due to a mistranslation of a word in a famous text of *Manava-dharma-Shastra*, commonly called the Laws of Manu. That book was compiled from ancient materials by a Brahman as a treatise or text-book for the use of Brahmanical students, perhaps in the third century of the Christian era. It professes to set out the whole duty of Hindu mankind considered in relation to the division into castes, and offers a theory of caste.

The writer divides mankind into four classes or genera (*varna*) namely, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, severally supposed to proceed from the head, the breast, the thighs, and the feet of the Creator. The business of the first class is to learn the scriptures and teach them to other Brahmans as well as to "twice-born" Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, but not to Sudras. The privilege of Brahmans was and is to be supported by the gifts and service of the other classes. The duty of the Kshatriyas was to fight and rule; that of Vaisyas to trade and till the ground; while the Sudras, ineligible for the sacraments of the "twice-born," should be content to do humble service to their betters. The writer names, in addition to the four *varnas*, about fifty separate castes (*jāti*), and ordinarily maintains the distinction between the terms *varna* and *jāti*, although once (Book X, 31) he confounds them carelessly. The popular mistake consists in translating the word *varna* by "caste." It should be rendered by "class" "*genus*," or some such word. Each *varna* in the time of the writer, as now, comprised many distinct castes, *jāti*, or species of human kind. The list of *varnas* is merely a classification of mankind in the order of honour according to their occupations. The whole theory of the *varnas* was worked out in detail for the glorification of the Brahmans, on whose action the social standing of each caste actually depends. The existence of the numerous actual castes existing in the writer's time was explained by fanciful accounts of their supposed origin either by mixture of the blood of people belonging to different *varnas*, or by degradation caused by neglect of the Hindu sacraments. Even foreigners, such as the Chinese and Persians, were theoretically regarded as Kshatriyas, who had lost status by neglect of the Hindu ritual.

At the present day the number of distinct Brahman castes is great. Some, as already explained, are at the top of Hindu society, others rank low; but all enjoy more or less respect as belonging to the Brahman

varna, which may also be regarded as, in a sense, a single caste on an immense scale.

No Kshatriya caste ever existed. The Kshatriya *varna* included all ruling families, whatever their racial origin, as well as all fighting clans, by whom the essential marks of Hinduism were accepted.

So likewise, a Vaisya caste or a Sudra caste never existed. The term Vaisya is no longer in practical use, and the hundreds of distinct castes, who form the trading communities and higher elements of the agricultural population never dream of classing themselves under one heading as Vaisyas. I have never heard the term Sudra used in Upper India, but in the South, I believe, it is still used as a generic term for low-caste people.

You can never understand the elements of the caste problem, if you continue to believe that there were four original castes, from which the existing multitude of castes was formed in one way or another. Anyone who chose to take the trouble might work out a classification of the known castes and group them under the heads of Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra, but his labour would be in vain. He would have little difficulty in filling up his Brahman *varna* with all the known Brahman castes, high and low, but his grouping of the rest would be purely arbitrary, and based merely upon his individual fancy.

The modern Rājput clans claim to belong to the Kshatriya *varna*, but there are also many castes, such as the mercantile Khatris, to which Akbar's Finance Minister, Raja Todar Mall, belonged, the members of which would like to be considered "twice-born" Kshatriyas, although their claim is not admitted by other people. The Vaisya group never had more than a literary existence, and Sudra is merely a collective expression for the lower castes, to whom Brahmans are not willing to give the sacred thread, or other marks of position as societies worthy of Brahman teaching and favour. The word *varna* primarily means "colour," and most European writers consequently assume that Manu's application of the term to groups of castes was due to an actual difference in the colour of the skin between the fairer Aryan invaders in prehistoric times and the darker aboriginal tribes. There is little real basis for that hypothesis, although, as Prof. Macdonell points out, the Rigveda distinguishes the *varna* of the Aryas, or respectable folk, from the Dasas, or inferiors. Manu (following the late *Purusha-sukta* hymn inserted in the Rigveda) enumerates four *varnas*, which certainly do not correspond with four tints of skin. Although it is generally true that the low-caste people are darker in tint than the higher castes, there are many exceptions, and nobody pretends that the Hindu population can be arranged, as a matter of fact, in four classes of variously coloured people. In the later Vedic literature, the Kathaka Saphita

assigns white to the Vaisyas, and swarthy (*Dhumra*) to the Rajanyas or Kshatriyas; while a later view makes the four *varnas* or castes, black, yellow (*pila*), red (*rakta*) and white, respectively—a purely fanciful notion.* I repeat that the *varnas* are merely a theorist's grouping of numberless castes into four classes according to occupation. Why a term primarily meaning "colour" was selected to indicate those classes, we cannot say with certainty.

It is impossible to fix with any precision the date when the caste institution was established. It was, of course, of slow and gradual growth, and certainly is of high antiquity. Megasthenes (300 B.C.) (Fragment xxxiii) distinguishes seven classes, or sections, namely:—

- (1) Philosophers (*φιλόσοφοι, σοφισταί*) few in number ;
- (2) Husbandmen—the bulk of the population ;
- (3) Herdsmen and hunters (*νομέες ποιμένες, θηρευταί*) leading a wandering life ;
- (4) Artisans, tradesmen and labourers, (*ἐὸ δηουργικὸν τε καὶ κωπηλικὸν γένος*) including sailors and boatmen on the rivers, as Arrian notes ;
- (5) Fighting men (*πολεμισταί*) maintained as a standing army by the kings;
- (6) Overseers (*ἐπίσκοποι* (Arrian ; *ἑφοροί*) Strabo) employed to make secret reports to the king ;
- (7) Councillors and assessors of the king (*σύμβουλοι καὶ σύναδοι, τῶν βασιλέως*) Strabo : or, according to Arrian, those who take counsel for the common weal either with the king or the rulers of autonomous cities.

That classification, like Manu's, is an independent grouping of the people by occupation into *varnas*. Utter confusion is caused by translating the *γενεά* and *μέρη* of the Greek by the term "castes," as McCrindle and numberless other writers have done. Schwanbeck does better when he heads the Fragment "de septem Indorum tribubus", although that too is not a happy rendering.

The concluding passage from the Fragment (in Arrian's version) deals more directly with true caste. The language, however, is loose, and shows some confusion between a *γενεά* or "class" and a true caste or "species," a confusion also found in one passage of Manu, which fails to maintain the distinction between *varna* and *jati*, as already noted. We are told that "it is not lawful to take a wife (*γαμέειν*) from a different class (*γενεά* ; as, for example, for husbandmen to take wives from the artisan class, or *vice versa* ; nor may any one person practise two modes of life (*τέχναι*) ; nor may a person change from

*Macdonell, *Vedic Index of Names and Subjects*, Vol. II, p. 247, s. v. *Varna*.

one class (*γενεά*) to another, so that a husbandman might become an artisan, or *vice versa*. Only it is permitted among them that a philosopher (*σοφιστήν*) should belong to any class, because the business of the philosophers is not a "soft job" (*μαλακά*) but the most arduous (*ταλαιπωρότατα*) of all.

It would seem as if Manu's four *varnas* were not known in Megasthenes' time, but it is possible they may have been, although the Greek author preferred another classification. I have no doubt that each *γενεά* or *μέρος* of Megasthenes comprised many distinct castes, as the *varna* of Manu did. His language proves clearly that in 300 B.C., the population was divided as now into sections, which could not ordinarily intermarry. His belief that an artisan could not become a farmer, must have been erroneous. In India almost everybody does a bit of farming, if he can possibly get hold of a scrap of land, and that must have been the case always.

But in ancient times the prohibition against intermarriage between castes of different grades was by no means so absolute as it is now. Manu recognizes the liberty of a Brahman to take wives from the lower *varnas*, and many examples, legendary and historical, of intermarriages which would not now be lawful, are on record.

In particular, the bar between the Brahman class and the Kshatriya class was far from being recognized as insuperable.

Not only might a Brahman marry a woman belonging to a caste of the Kshatriya group, he might actually pass himself from the Brahman to the Kshatriya group, and conversely a Kshatriya could become a Brahman.* The most conspicuous example of such a change, from Brahman to Kshatriya, is afforded by the Ranas of Udaipur, the acknowledged social heads of the Rajput clans, who claim to be classed as Kshatriyas of the best kind. Mr. D. R. Bhandarkar has proved beyond the possibility of dispute that the ancestor of the Ranas was a Nagar Brahman. Inscriptions mentioning the fact go back to the tenth century. Brahmans were ordinarily employed by Rajas as their Prime Ministers, but examples of the usurpation of the throne by an ambitious minister were not infrequent. The early ancestors of the Ranas of Udaipur were in the service of the Chaulukya kings, and it appears probable that Bappa, the founder of the Udaipur dynasty, transformed himself from a Minister into a Raja, most likely in the sixth century. When he and his family abandoned the proper business of Brahmans and took up the work of Kshatriyas, they were reckoned in the latter class, not in the former. A special caste name, Brahmakshatri, was invented to designate families of Brahman origin, who were classed as Kshatriyas.

* E. G. Visvamisra and Vitahavya (Pargiter, *Ancient Indian Genealogies and Chronology*, J. R. A. S. 1910, p. 4 of reprint).

The Sena kings of Bengal offer another example of such a family.* In practice, the determination of the *varna*, to which a given caste should be assigned, rested and rests with the Brahmans performing the sacred and priestly affairs for that caste.

To return to the question of the date of the beginnings of caste as a settled institution. Prof. Rhys Davids, who fully understands that the *varnas* were not "castes," although unfortunately, he uses that misleading translation, holds that in Buddha's time (500 B.C.) caste in the valley of the Ganges was "still in the making." He is chiefly influenced by the fact that the Buddhist scriptures give the first place to the Kshatriya and not to the Brahman *varna*. He observes that at that period, if we may judge from the Buddhist texts of considerably later date, "there were distinctions as to marriage, endogamous and exogamous groups. In a few instances, all among the lower classes of the people, these amounted, probably, to what would now be called caste-divisions. But of castes, in the modern sense, among the preponderating majority, there is little or no conclusive evidence.† To my mind that passage is an admission that castes then existed, and I believe personally that they must have been recognised even long before that time; but of course, casual references in religious and philosophical treatises of uncertain date supply a very slight basis for the drawing of inferences, whether positive or negative.

It seems to be certain that castes are not mentioned in the early Vedic literature. The passage in the *Purusha Sukta* hymn of the Rigveda referring to the mythical origin of the four *varnas*, as repeated in the Laws of Manu, is admittedly late.

A more interesting problem than that of dates is that concerning the causes, which led to the subdivision of the Hindu population of not less than two hundred millions into three thousand, more or less, watertight compartments. Nothing like that state of affairs can be found anywhere else in the world. The phenomenon of caste, with its intimately associated dogmas of (1) the high value of ceremonial purity, (2) the respect due to Brahmans, and (3) the reverence for kine, is the feature which marks off India from the rest of the world, and makes India, from the sociological point of view, an unity. India is rightly described as "the land of the Brahmans." The Brahmanical institution of caste, with its associated philosophy and dogmas, binds together all the various Hindu races, tribes, and sects, as forming parts of a vast population separated by that institution from all the peoples of the earth. The Brahman theory and practice of life extend from the

* D. R. Bhandarkar, *Guhylots*, in *J. & Proc. A. S. B. N. S.* Vol. V. No. 6, 1909.

† *Dialogues of the Buddha* (1899), p. 99.

Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Why is it that no other people have adopted similar institutions on a scale at all comparable?

Partial analogies to the Hindu caste system are numerous and obvious in ancient Egypt, Rome, Greece, the South Sea Islands, modern England and elsewhere, but such analogies do not help us much. M. Senart has made the most of them in his attempt to prove that Indian caste is merely a development of Aryan institutions such as the *gentes*, and *jus connubii* of Rome, the *phratric* of Greece, and so on.* But, as a matter of fact, no *morcellment* of the population in Greece or Rome took place in the least, like what we see in India, where it has existed for much longer than two thousand years, and may continue to exist there as long in the future. I do not believe in the probability of the extinction of the caste system. The modern modifications of it are merely superficial. The primary origin of the caste institution in India seems to me to be due to the fact that the most intellectual class of the Indians, who became known as Brahmans, were endowed with a keen sense of the importance of ceremonial purity. In that respect they resembled the Jews, and it may be observed in passing, that the Jewish people afford an excellent example of a true caste on a large scale, with many sub-castes. Why any given people should pay exceptional regard to ceremonial purity, we cannot say. It is impossible to explain the variations of human nature.

The motives of ceremonial purity are in part based upon utilitarian reasons dependent on the advantages of cleanliness and sanitation, in part on the desire felt by a superior people to distinguish its habits from those of less advanced tribes, and in part on the ethical conceptions of the merit of self-control and the sanctity of animal life.

The ascendancy of the Brahmans in ancient as well as modern India appears to be due to their intellectual superiority, which slowly asserted itself. The passages in the Buddhist books emphasizing the superiority of the Kshatriyas, or ruling and fighting classes, mark the natural unwillingness of the men of the sword to yield precedence to the men of the pen. The same feeling may often be observed in India even still. But, in the main, the question of precedence was settled long ago, and nobody doubts nowadays that Brahmans, as a whole, rank higher than the Rajput castes, who claim to represent the old Kshatriya *varna*.

The formal system of castes grew up in the specially holy land of the Brahmans, which was firstly and most anciently the small tract, called Brahmāvarta, between the Sarasvati and Drishadvati rivers, in the neighbourhood of Sirsā, on the edge of the desert, to the north-west of Delhi; secondly, at a later date, the larger region, comprising

* Translation in part of Senart's treatise in *Ind. Ant.* 1912, pp. 101 seqq.

Kurukshetra around Thānesar, along with Eastern Rajputana, Panchāla, or the Doab, between the Ganges and Jumna, with Surasena or Mathurā (Muttra) ; and, thirdly, in its most extended and latest sense, all Upper India, or Aryāvarta, between the Himalaya and the Nerubudda. Brahmans thence carried their ideas all over India in the course of many centuries, imposing on all other sections of the population their own ideal of the importance of ceremonial purity. The groups, which are able to come nearest to the Brahman ideal, rank highest, while the groups, who from necessity or habit content themselves with less exacting rules, rank low. Even the " outcaste " people, too disgusting for a Brahman to go near, have organized themselves into castes on the model set by their betters. The rules, to which sweepers and such folk submit themselves, are extremely complicated. The notions of the Brahmans were stoutly opposed by the Dravidian nations of the Far South, who long refused to accept the Brahmanical system, caste included. Even now the castes of the South are ordinarily plainly seen to be either tribes, or isolated colonies of immigrants, each of which declines to recognize any hierarchial superiority or inferiority of other castes. A tribe, often of foreign descent, has passed gradually into a caste, when the men marry Hindu wives, adopt the Hindu mode of life, accept the services of Brahmans and find Brahmans ready to give those services.

In Northern India, caste, as now existing, has little traceable connection with race. The blood of the people almost everywhere, and in all castes, is extremely mixed. In Bengal, for example, even the Brahman castes show clear traces of partial Mongolian descent. The old linguistic theories, which classed Bengalis and Englishmen together as Aryans, are out of date (see the inscription at the entrance of the Indian Institute).

Race, by which I mean actual physical descent, was of course an important element in the original formation of castes in Northern as well as Southern India, but now descent cannot be traced back beyond a few centuries at most, and then only in a few families. The later introduction of Brahmanical ideas into the Far South has left there much clearer traces of the old ethnic divisions than exist in the North, where they have been mostly effected during the course of ages. It is a mistake to base the institution of caste wholly on diversity of occupation, as Mr. Nesfield attempted to do. Occupation is only one of the many elements which go to form the conception of caste. Space does not permit the development of that observation in detail.

Religion, in the sense of sect, also has a good deal to do with the formation of separate castes, but that subject too must be passed over with brief allusion.

The peculiar geographical isolation of India is the chief reason why the caste institution has developed in that land, a form so much more rigid and elaborate than exists elsewhere. Notwithstanding the innumerable invasions and immigrations through the north-western passes, and in a lesser degree from the north-east, the encircling seas and mountains kept ancient India apart from the rest of the world to an exceptional degree, and provided the opportunity for the development of a special, isolated type of civilization. Inside India, the conditions of life produced a multitude of independent States, and, again, inside each State, scores of more or less autonomous tribes and thousands of village communities, the existence of which favoured the creation of isolated social groups among a population devoted to reverence for ceremonial purity in imitation of the Brahman ideal. The Hindu reverence for custom also has played a large part in the evolution of the caste system.

The Dravidian South possessed an absolutely independent and well-developed civilization of its own, originating in remote prehistoric antiquity, which knew nothing of castes or other Brahmanical institutions. That ancient civilization gave way (as already stated) with extreme slowness and the utmost reluctance to the intrusion of the Brahman notions, but ultimately it yielded so completely that now caste rules are far more strictly observed in Travancore than they are in Mathurā. Good books tracing the history of the conflict of ideas and religions in the South are badly wanted. The subject has never been properly elucidated.

One or two more observations may be made, if I have not already exceeded space and overburdened your patience. The first is that the entire range of Hindu ethics is dominated by the caste conception. What is right for one man is wrong for another. *Dharma*—the whole duty of man—is conditioned strictly by birth, and depends on the state of life, in other words, the caste, to which each man is called. "Better," says the *Gīta*, III, 35; XVIII, 47, "one's own *dharma*, though destitute of merit, than the *dharma* of another, well discharged. Better death in the discharge of one's own *dharma* (duty); the *dharma* of another bringeth with it danger. . . . He who doeth the action (*karma*) prescribed by his own nature, incurreth not guilt." That doctrine might be illustrated in much detail, if space permitted.

We must also remember that Hindus believe as an axiomatic truth that all living creatures, men, animals, angels, devils, and even gods, are bound together in one chain of existence, or, more accurately, of "becoming"; that, consequently, the fact of a man being now born into any given caste is merely a passing incident; that his future births are conditioned by his action (including thoughts) both in this present

existence, and in all previous existences ; and that the man, who is now of the lowest caste, may aspire to become a holy Brahman ; or even, best of all, to escape for ever from the claim of becoming, from birth as well as from death. For, to the Hindu, it is better not to be born.

It has been impossible for me within the limits of a single discourse to deal with many parts of the caste problem at all, or to illustrate by details such parts as I have touched on. Among other things I have been unable to discuss the practical working of the caste institution, or to weigh its merits and demerits. The most illuminating book on the subject, which I can commend to your attention, is the incomplete work by Shridar V. Kethar, M.A., of Cornell University, U.S.A., of which two small volumes have appeared (1909, 1911). It is entitled : *The History of Caste in India*, and is obtainable through Luzac & Co., the publishers of Vol. II, which bears the sub-title : *An Essay on Hinduism*. Mr. Gait's article *Caste*, in Hasting's *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. III, may also be read with advantage, but I cannot accept his definition of the meaning of "a caste," (p. 234). Most of the other publications on the subject are stained by fundamental errors, in large part due to the excessively literary treatment of the subject, without sufficient regard to the facts of Hindu life and history.

Hindu Castes and Sects, by J. N. Battacharya, M.A., D. L., President of the College of Pandits, Nadiya, Calcutta, is an authoritative work on existing castes, especially in Bengal.

VINCENT A. SMITH.

Oxford.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Matriarchal Families. If we accept systems of marriage and inheritance as tests of civilisation, we cannot at any rate treat intellectual acuteness and the readiness to improve as the monopoly of civilised races. Is the matriarchal system of inheritance, with its concomitant absence of marriage, a product of barbarism? In whatever state of society it may originate, it has persisted, partly by choice and partly by compulsion, among the Nayars and a few other communities of the ancient Kerala, on the western coast of Southern India. These are perhaps only a little less quick-witted than Brahmans, whose hereditary profession is learning. They have readily taken to English education, and they are dissatisfied with the traditional notions of sex relations and the joint family. Yet the law courts could not set aside custom, and a new custom is, as a rule, no custom. In practice a woman has ceased in many families to remain in her mother's home and receive visits from the man of her choice; she goes to his house and lives with him like the wife of any other Hindu, but the law does not recognise her as his wife. The educated young men can no longer remain in the family house; they migrate and acquire property abroad. Yet they cannot insist upon a division of the ancestral property, and the destination of their own acquisitions may be otherwise than they desire. For years, therefore, the advanced members of these communities have asked for better laws. Marriage by registration was introduced as a preliminary reform; the right to testamentary disposal of property was also recognised. It is felt by many that these preliminary reforms do not go far enough, and with the enlargement of the Legislative Council, a demand for fresh legislation has manifested itself. The Government need not any longer feel the sole responsibility; the

non-official members can introduce Bills, and several reforms are proposed by them. They complain that marriage by registration is an outlandish idea, and is not popular. They want statutory recognition for marriages, which the community already treats as such, and are ignored only by legal theory. They want rights of inheritance to follow marriage as a matter of course, and no compulsory recourse to testamentary disposition of one's property. They do not see why the manager of the family property or any other interested person should prevent the partition of the property, if a majority of the members are in favour of it. In fact, they seek gradually to fall into line with the other Hindu communities by whom they are surrounded, to break away the fetters which were more advantageous than otherwise when the joint life of the family was needed as a guarantee against uncertainty and spoliation, and to attain a larger measure of individual freedom.



The Theosophical Society found promising soil in India.

Western education was undermining the foundations of indigenous faiths, and in the name of Science a good deal of havoc was being wrought in the intellectual world of India. To arrest the spiritual devastation required men and women from the West, who could also speak in the name of Science, a higher science which could discover and welcome all that was noble and worthy of admiration and preservation in the thought of the East—not merely the thought that was patent to the uninitiated, for this the Oriental scholars brought to the notice of the world—but the mysticism of the East. It may be doubted whether purely Hindu teachers, however eminent, without a knowledge of the up-to-date philosophic thought of the West, and with no credentials to speak in the name of Western Science, if necessary, and of Western mysticism, could have attained to the popularity which the Theosophical Society has achieved in India. The history of this movement, in India at least, seems to illustrate the biological effects of grafting in the intellectual world; the grafted branch luxuriates, while the parent stock shows signs of exhausted vitality, or of potential degeneration. In the scientific study of occult phenomena, the Society has not fulfilled expectations; it drifted more and more into a region where it was bound to come into conflict with orthodox

Hinduism. The Pandits of Benares and the esoteric interpreters of Hinduism from the West could not see eye to eye; yet the Central Hindu College met with remarkable success in showing how ancient faith could be taught side by side with modern science. The Hindu readily believes in the greatness of the past, but he is slow to believe that that greatness can be reproduced in the present; for if it could, how would any greatness in comparison be left in the past? Perhaps the Hindu is not unique in this respect. Great incarnations might have appeared in the world's past history; sages who could remember their previous births, are stated to have existed in the good old days. If they could be born before our very eyes, why would our age be inferior to the glorious ages, the disappearance of which is bemoaned in the sacred writings? The advanced section of the Society went much in advance of the faith of most Hindus, when it was asserted that the marvels of the past could reproduce, and were about to reproduce themselves in the twentieth century. The result is that the Central Hindu College will hereafter be under the control of Pandits, so far as religious education is concerned, and will be detached from the latter day developments of Theosophy, while education on the lines laid down by J. Krishnamurti, otherwise known as Alcyone, who remembers his past births, will be given in separate institutions to be maintained by a newly formed Theosophical Educational Trust. A suit brought by the father of the boy to recover possession of the minor is pending before the Appellate Court. When the boy emerges from his minority, nothing can prevent him from offering himself before the world as an incarnation. The suit has cost thousands of rupees, but perhaps neither party will grudge the expense for the sake of the principle, for which each is fighting.



The Balkan Peninsula is too narrow for all the races that want as much room as possible in it. The little State that was foremost to draw the sword, and the comparatively large State that was not prepared for war, have alike suffered. King Nicholas, who has spent so much treasure and sacrificed so much of the blood of his soldiers for the capture of Scutari, has at last had, with tears in his eyes, to abandon his prize. What a profusion of tears must be shed at Constantinople over the loss of men, of

Peace and
Diplomacy.

money, of territory, of reputation! Anyhow there is to be peace in the peninsula. The ambassadors have discussed it for a long time. One day the cable was alive with the news of impending rupture of negotiations, and the next day it was again sluggish with the formula that satisfactory progress was being made. While the peace proposals were being discussed, the diplomats were busy with other proposals. They had arrears to dispose of, long-standing questions which are best tackled when everybody is in a mood to be active. If Turkey wanted others to be useful to her in the Balkans, she could herself be useful to others in her Asiatic dominions. She could oblige Great Britain in Mesopotamia, and if Germany had interests in Western Asia, could they not be released in exchange for something of value in Western or Eastern Africa? Some such mutual concessions are said to be probable. Perhaps Russia is not idle. If Turkey is sick and requires treatment, Persia is not in enjoyment of robust health and we may ere long hear of some fresh negotiations concerning that State. A good deal of triangular exchange of views may be taking place briskly between England, Germany, and Russia. Statesmen are hurrying to and fro; monarchs have met for a timely social function; and perhaps it is not merely the map of Europe that will be changed during the next few months. Asia is a large continent, and Africa is another large continent. The Old Hemisphere is wide enough for the most ambitious Powers for the present. If war was inevitable in a narrow peninsula, why should not diplomacy take its place in the wide, wide world? Perhaps no announcement of any reduction in the military expenditure of India will be made until His Majesty's ministers are in a position to announce important agreements between the Great Powers whose ambitions are supposed to threaten the peace of Europe and Asia.



Provincial autonomy, as understood by Lord Hardinge's Government, seems to mean the laying down of
Muslim Progress, general lines of action by the central Government and allowing provincial Governments to work out the general policies in detail. Thus a certain degree of uniformity will be observed, though not concentration of authori-

ty. All provincial Governments are expected to guide themselves by the resolution on Education of February last, and a fresh resolution has been issued on Muhammadan Education. This large community complains that a sufficient number of Musalman teachers and inspecting officers are not employed, that the community is not adequately represented on the governing bodies of educational institutions, that suitable text-books are not prepared, that the study of Urdu is not sufficiently encouraged, and that facilities are not afforded for religious instruction. Different provincial Governments give different replies to these complaints and no uniformity of policy is visible in the lines of action adopted by the various Governments. The Government of India's resolution will hereafter ensure action in certain definite directions. Attempts will be made to induce the managers of elementary religious schools to introduce secular instruction ; the text-books used in the elementary schools will be recast so as to contain more lessons that will interest Muhammadan boys ; Urdu will receive more encouragement ; more scholarships may be granted to students of that community ; more Muhammadan teachers and inspecting officers will be employed, and the community will be better represented on the managing bodies of educational institutions ; and if possible, religious instruction will be provided in the hostels where Musalman students of public schools may reside. The resolution is like a charter, to the clauses of which the community will constantly refer. Independently of the resolution, a Muhammadan inspectress of schools has already been appointed in the Bombay presidency, and much satisfaction has already been expressed in public meetings with the resolution as well as the appointment. Gratitude for the special educational facilities granted to the community is in no way inconsistent with cordial relations with other communities. The All-India Muslim League in its last session expressed its conviction that progress can be attained only through the co-operation of all communities, and its hope that the leaders of all communities will meet together and devise means of concerted action on all public questions. The honorary secretary of the League has accordingly addressed leading gentlemen in all the provinces with a view to bringing about a meeting of representative leaders at Lucknow in September next. The letter reminds them that only by co-operation can they hope to realise reforms in the adminis_

tration, which lead to the common goal of self-government under the ægis of the British Crown.



On the 20th of this month, H. E. the Viceroy's birthday, school-going children all over India will be entertained by way of expressing the national joy at the fortunate escape of His Excellency from the wicked attempt made on his life in December last. The culprit has not yet been found out. Conspiracies of a general nature are apparently being tracked in Bengal, but not the faintest clue to the authors of this particular crime seems to have been discovered. The rejoicings may be somewhat alloyed by the recollection of the ill-success that has so far attended all efforts at detection. It is needless to say that the pleasure of celebrating the happy fact of the escape of the marked victim would have been vastly enhanced if the culprit had not escaped. Yet the rejoicings will in themselves be universal and hearty.

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THE TRAINING OF I. C. S. PROBATIONERS AND OF JUNIOR CIVILIANS.

THE two cognate questions as to the adequacy of the prevailing system of training Probationers for the Indian Civil Service, and of the subsequent instruction imparted to them when they reach India and take up their official duties, are engaging the attention of the Royal Commission at present recording evidence in England on these and other matters.

The maximum age prescribed for the Open Competition is 23, and selected candidates are required to spend one year at a University in England, Scotland, or Ireland. During the course of this year they receive instruction in the Indian Penal Code, the Criminal Procedure Code, the Indian Evidence Act, the chief Vernacular of their respective Presidencies, and the History and Geography of India. The above are the compulsory subjects. Additional languages, such as Hindustani, Sanscrit, Persian and Arabic are optional subjects. So also is the study of Hindu and Mahomedan law.

The first point, which strikes even the ordinary critic, is the utter inadequacy of this legal course. It may be urged that the time available—one short year—is too limited to broaden and extend the course. This objection may be conceded, but the question arises, why not lengthen the period of instruction to two years? If this plan be adopted, it will probably be necessary to reduce the maximum age for the open competition to 22. It is undesirable to maintain the present age limit, and compel the candidates to reside for two years at the University after the Open Competition. The men, as it is, are weary of

University life, and are anxious to get to the practical work of their future career. I speak from experience, having been connected with the teaching staff at Cambridge for the past three years.

An alternative would be to make the scope of the legal training in India wider, so as to embrace the study of Civil Law. At present the Departmental Examinations are confined to the Penal Laws and the Evidence Act. Hence we have the strange spectacle of men launched into their official duties, and being appointed Assistant Judges after four years residence in India, without having studied a single branch of the large body of Indian Civil Law.

Thirty years ago things were different. Probationers in those days stayed two years at a University after competing, and studied not only such portions of the Indian Civil Law as are dealt with in the Civil Procedure Code and the Contract Act, but also works like Justinian, Blackstone, Bentham, Sir Henry Maine's "Indian Village Communities," besides the elements of Hindu and Mahomedan law. That is to say, probationers received a fair amount of grounding in the elements of general law, and were coached in legal principles. They were thus able to bring to the performance of their official duties a certain measure of general legal knowledge, which undoubtedly stood them in good stead, especially when appointed later on in their service to the Judicial Department. At present it is a mere chance whether a probationer has taken English or Roman law for the Open Competition. Such matters should not be left to chance. This year 11 out of the 16 Cambridge men took either one or both laws. In 1911-12 there were none. The late Sir Edward Candy, whose untimely death all interested in India regret, told me that the men did not know the exact meaning of such simple terms as "jurisdiction," "parties," "mortgage" and the like. In lecturing to them on the Indian Evidence Act, I have found it necessary to go into a great deal of preliminary explanation before I could hope to enable them to understand the theory of relevancy. I think perhaps sufficient has been said to show that the present course of legal training is faulty and inadequate. It is no wonder that an outcry is raised in India, and that the system is condemned. It must be remembered that during

the last 30 years India has made great strides in many directions. In the legal world there has been marked progress. Not only have the Codes been several times amended, but a vast body of case law has arisen. No judicial officer, or Magistrate even, who desires to administer justice efficiently, can afford to dispense with a knowledge of the latter. New laws have been passed, dealing with various matters in accordance with the growing complexity and intricacy of Indian administration. The qualifications of the local Bar have risen in sympathy with the change. The class of Subordinate Judges, recruited from the local Bar, has advanced both in legal training and in general reputation. The Civil Service alone is exposed to the just reproach of being behind the times, and of being inadequately trained for their legal duties, especially the judicial branch of the service. If anything, there has been retrogression, instead of progress. Individual members, recognizing their deficiencies, read for the Bar, when on furlough. But it is the system which is faulty. Not only is the training inadequate, but the selection for the judicial branch proceeds on haphazard lines. After 4 or 5 years' service, two or three men are compulsorily appointed Assistant - Judges, apart from any natural inclination on their part for judicial work. Some of these officers elect to stay on in the Judicial Department. But several revert to the Revenue Department, when they can make their choice.

Now if there was one thing the late Sir Edward Candy insisted on, it was the necessity for adequate Revenue training in the case of Assistant Judges. He maintained that four years was far too short a period for an officer to become acquainted with the ways and customs of the people in various parts of the Presidency. He held that such acquaintance was indispensably necessary to a Judge. As an old Revenue Officer I can bear him out as regards the insufficiency of the four year period.

It is now necessary to suggest a remedy for a state of things, which, for obvious reasons, cannot be allowed to continue. In the first place, the preliminary training in England must be improved. If the age limit be reduced, there will be no difficulty in reverting to the two years' period of probation of 30 years ago. And no difficulty in prescribing an adequate course which shall have as its object the thorough grounding of the

probationer in the elements of English, Roman, Hindu and Mahomedan law, besides teaching him the principal Civil Laws and Codes of India over and above the Penal Laws and Codes and the Indian Evidence Act. Attention should also be paid to the practical training of probationers by requiring them to attend Criminal and Civil Courts, and take notes of cases, as was the rule under the old system.

If it be decided not to reduce the age for the open competition, then a supplementary course, similar in scope to the one already suggested, must be undergone in India. It is submitted that it is as necessary for a Revenue Officer as it is for a Judge to know the provisions of the Contract Act and the Civil Procedure Code. I would prefer that the preliminary course should be at home rather than in India. It seems illogical to teach men the Codes without first teaching them the general principles of law underlying them.

The furlough rules should be altered, so as to permit an officer to take 18 months' furlough plus 18 months' study leave on full pay, in order to enable him to read for the English Bar, after he has acquired sufficient experience as a Revenue Officer. I would fix this period as 6 years' service. Thus Assistant Judges would be men of 9 years' standing in the service, and would bring to the discharge of their duties a fairly adequate knowledge of the country, and a thorough knowledge of law. They would meet the Indian Bar certainly on equal and, perhaps in the Mofussil, on superior terms. They would sit in appeal against the decisions of the Subordinate Judiciary with equal or superior knowledge of the law, an averment which can scarcely be made in present conditions. The Indian public would regain confidence in their decisions, there would be fewer second appeals to Superior Courts, and a perhaps not unwarrantable slur would be removed from a branch of the service, which has too long laboured under disrepute owing to the failure of Government to devise an efficient system of appointment and training.

A word remains to be said as regards Revenue Officers. It is often urged that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the vernacular, in which they have to transact their official work. It must be conceded with regret that the criticism is justified in several instances. The mere passing of Departmental examina-

tions does not suffice to teach one the niceties and nuances of so idiomatic a language as, say, the Marathi. How important it is to be thoroughly acquainted with the vernacular can only be realized when a difficult case comes before a Magistrate for enquiry or trial. He will meet with many words and many shades of meaning unfamiliar to him. I would be inclined to prescribe at the outset a simple Lower Standard test, which should correspond more closely with the test laid down by the Quarterly Committee for Vernacular Languages. The Committee lay great stress on facility to converse in the vernacular. I would defer the Higher Standard test until the officer has served 3 or 4 years in the country, and I would make the conversational test searching and stringent. In fact, I am not sure that it would not be best to make the Higher Standard Examination a purely conversational test. The Collector should certify that the officer has, since passing the Lower Standard, kept up his study of the language. It is a question whether an officer who fails within a reasonable period to attain a fair proficiency in the language should not lose his appointment. His promotion should certainly be stopped.

If the University course be altered to 2 years, the language portion thereof will require revision on the lines above suggested. There should be a more extensive prescription of petition-reading, and a greater number of marks should be allotted to conversation and *viva voce* translation. It is not possible to do more at present with our men.

W. DODERET.

Cambridge.

THE INDIGENOUS LITERATURE OF KATHIAWAD.*

THERE is quite a respectable volume of indigenous literature peculiar to Kathiawad : peculiar in two respects : firstly, language, and secondly, the glimpses it gives of the social life of the people of the province, wild, romantic and chivalrous. It has been preserved up till now, like the texts of the Vedas in early days, not as a written record, but by being communicated from mouth to mouth.† It is a pity that excepting a few straggling attempts, no sustained action has been taken to collect and publish the many poems and verses, which illustrate the conditions of life obtaining in old Kathiawad, rich in colour, full of martial prowess, and quivering with emotion. Out of many incidents illustrating them, only a few, most celebrated, would be referred to here. The poems are written in a style called *ṣṣṭi* or couplets, and it is these *ṣṣṭi* which are recited by the simple folk of Kathiawad, its peasants and its shepherds while at work or away from it, with considerable feeling, particularly as they commemorate events which have shed an abiding lustre on the lives of their countrymen and women. It has not been possible to find out who the author of these couplets was, nor whether it was only one individual who composed them, or that due to their extreme popularity, successive generations of composers have chosen to add their contributions under the garb of anonymity. Only one thing is certain, *viz.*, that they are old and very popular.

* Mr. Krishnalal M. Jhaveri, the well-known Gujarati and Persian scholar, is bringing out a book called "Milestones in Gujarati Literature," and this interesting article forms one of the chapters of that book. The article shows how eminently fitted Mr. Jhaveri is for the task, and the publication of his book will be looked forward to with lively interest.—*Ed. E. & W.*

† A more important side of Gujarati Literature is the corpus of bardic histories none of which have, so far as I am aware, been published," Grierson's *Linguistic Survey of India*, Part I p. 333

The ફૂલ of Halaman Jethwa, the spirited recitation of which maintains many Bhats (bards) even to-day, are an instance in point. They describe the difficulties of young lovers, whose efforts towards being united in marriage were thwarted by a near relative. Sona Rani was the daughter of Rana Rajsinh of Balambha. She had made up her mind to marry only such a person as would be able to answer rightly a riddle set by her, *viz.*, .

ધણવણુ ધડયાં, એરણુ અડયાં [એરણુ આબડયો] નહીં, *

meaning ; what is that article which has been fashioned without being hammered or placed on an anvil ? The family priest was sent to various courts and places, along with this riddle, to see if he could get any one to solve it. Being disappointed in many places, he at last tried Ghumli, at the foot of the Barda mountains. The local chief, a scion of the famous Jethwa clan of Rajputs, Rana Shiyaji tried his hand at the solution but failed. But his young nephew Halaman, could at once read it :

સરયર સાત (સ્વાત) તણાં મળે તો મોતી નીપજે. . †

Pearls are produced if rain drops fall into the mouths of oysters during the Swati Nakshtra, (fifteenth mansion of the Hindu Zodiac). His answer was " Pearls," which are fashioned without being hammered or placed on an anvil. In ordinary course the priest would have gone and reported the matter faithfully to Princess Sona and her father, and her union with Halaman would have been the result, but seeing such a beautiful prize about to be snatched away from his hands, Rana Shiyaji bribed the Brahmin into reporting his name as the reader of the riddle, instead of Halaman's, and accordingly it was arranged that the

* There is a supplementary line added,

ગોત્ર્યાં નવ જડયાં, મળે તો મોક્ષજે.

† Some substitute the following reply ;

માતા મેરામણુ વસે પિતા વશે આકાશ,

જોઈયે તો જૂનાં મોક્ષુ, નવાં તો આસો માસ.

The mother lives in the ocean, and the father in the clouds. If you want them, I would send you old ones now, the new ones would come in Aso.

bride should go, with a proper following in charge of the priest to Ghumli, and be married to the Rana. Till the bride's party came to the place, Halaman was under the impression that he was the chosen bridegroom, but his eyes were opened by a trusted follower of his, who told him that his uncle had decided to marry the Princess. He felt sorely disappointed, but yielding to an impulse of respect for his elders, he said he would not interfere. On the other hand, it so happened, that a squabble took place between the maidservants of Sona Kunvari, and Rana Shiyaji, at a well while drawing water, and they began to taunt and abuse each other.

The Rana's maid said :

બાંધી મૂઠી લાખલિયે, ઉઘાડી વા ખાય, *
હલામણુ દુહા પારખે, સોન શિયાને જાય.

“ Till the hand is closed (till one's fist is not opened), it is worth millions (nobody knows what it holds); when opened it is worthless. Halaman solves the riddle and Shiya is to marry Sona.” This startled the poor maid so much that she at once ran to her mistress, and told her what had happened. She called the priest, whom she suspected of foul play, and under threat of punishment made him confess his guilt. She now knew what had taken place, and made up her mind to thwart the Rana's designs. Accordingly when he sent her presents of ornaments and dresses, she threw them away and sent word with the servants—

સુડિ ભર્યો શણુગાર, મને શિયાના શોભે નહીં
હલામણુ ભર્યાર, શિયો અમારો સાસરો—

that it did not behove her to accept the basketful of presents from Shiyaji, as he was her father-in-law, while Halaman was her husband.

Another reading is,

બાંધી મૂઠી લાખ, ઉઘાડી વા ખાય,
હલામણુ દુહો પાલટે, સોન શિયા ઘેર જાય.

When his servants reported this incident to him, Shiyaji lost his temper at the insult offered him, and he thought that there must be the hand of Halaman in it, so he sent for him, and ordered him to quit his dominions forthwith. Halaman obeyed, but while leaving he fell in with a servant-girl of Sona, with whom he sent her a message :

દેશવટો દરાર, સાચો દીધો, શિયે જઈવે,
હવે જઈ ભણુને જુહાર, હાંચે ગયો હલામણો :

As Shiya Jethwa has deported me, I am going: give my compliments (to your mistress), and say that Halaman has gone, to Hamba (in Sind).

On hearing this, Sona exclaimed:

ઉતારો અંગાર, મને જતાં લાગે જઈવો,
મારી ઉરમાં માર, ક્યાં હાલ્યો ગયે, હલામણો ?

"I feel the house where I have put up, (burning me) like fire, now that Halaman Jethwa has gone. O Halaman! having wounded my heart, where have you gone?"

The painful incident rendered her unconscious, and it was with difficulty that her maids were able to bring back consciousness to her, when the Rana called on her to learn his fate. She shut herself up in a room and refused to see him, saying he should not have any evil designs on his daughter-in-law. This added to his anger, and he was preparing to ravish her, when a servant brought him news, that the Sindhis had attacked the borders of his territory, and his immediate presence there was necessary to beat them back. This unexpected contingency upset his plans, and he had to leave at once, after giving orders that Sona should on no account be allowed to move out. However, after his departure Sona did go out of the town, saying she wanted to visit a temple. At some distance from the town, she and her maid managed to do away with the driver of their chariot, and the maid taking his place drove away towards Hamba.

Meanwhile Halaman was living at Hamba with his aunt, but his life was not happy. Like a distracted lover, he was wandering in the jungle from place to place, and like

King Pururava in the famous drama of Kalidas, questioning every tree and bird if they had seen his beloved. The દુહા that he addressed them are very well known for their pathos :

ઢાલા વિયોગી વાંસ ! અહીં શી અવગણે આવીએ ?
ભણુને મારી ભોંયના, મને સંદેશો કાંઈ સોનને ?

Seeing a bamboo tree, he was reminded of his native country, where bamboos grew in abundance. He felt it was an exile like him, but still he thought it might be knowing something about his beloved. He says, my dear exiled bamboo, what fault (of yours) has brought you here ? O you ! who come from my native place, have you got any message from Sona for me ?

The bamboo replies :

કાપ્યો લઘ કવાડીએ, પછે ઝીક્યો ઝખુમાય,
લોટે લેવાણો આજ, તેથી શુદ્ધ ન રહી સોનની.

“ I was cut down with an axe and then thrown into the sea. The waves rendered me senseless, so I know nothing about Sona.”

He addresses a fisherman, then :

જલીડા નાંખને જલ, મીઠા મેરામણુ મઝે, *
કરમ છે કપાલકે, ઘોંતરસેં ઘરડે રહ્યાં ?

“ O fisherman, throw your net into the sea, and then let me see, if my good fortune has come with me, or been left behind at Barda.”

His aunt in order to console him had proposed a marriage with Sindhi beauties, but he said, he was pining for Sona.

In this unhappy state of mind, he was once sitting on a stone in the jungle, when a serpent came out from beneath it, and stung him in his toe. The poison began to do its work, and Halaman thought that his last moments were approaching, and that he would die without seeing his lady-love. He is said to have expressed himself as follows :

* There is a variant which reads better, હુલામણુના નામની.

વળજે સોન સુખથી, હું સૂતો છેલ્લે સાથરે,
 પામી નથી તું પ્રાણ, અધ ધડીએ આરામની.
 મનહર તારું મુખ, મેં જાણ્યું અજાણ્યું જોયું નહીં,
 આશા રહી ઉરમાં, અંતે પામ્યો આ ગતી.

Come this way, dear Sona, I am lying on my last bed. O my soul, you have not had even half a moment of solace. I have neither consciously nor unconsciously seen your beautiful face, my hopes have remained in my heart, and at last I find myself in this plight (*i. e.*, am dying).

After leaving the territory of the Rana, Sona and her maid, on their way to Hamba, were accidentally passing through this very jungle. Halting their conveyance at a convenient place, the maid had gone in search of water, and whilst wandering about come to the place where Halaman was lying unconscious. She at once recognised him, and ran to her mistress with the news. Sona came to the spot, and seeing the unhappy end of her lover, fainted away. With great trouble however, the maid brought her back to consciousness. But her lamentations were heartrending :

હાંયાની હદ માંય, મેં વહાલી વસ્તુ વિસારીયું,
 હૈડાકેરો હાર, ને હતો હલામણુ જેઠવા,
 હાંયા ડુંગર હેઠ, મેં હલામણુ હિંચોધ્યો નહિ,
 આશાયું રહી અનેક, મને જેઠવા જોવા તથી.

I have lost a thing dear to me within the limits of Hamba ; it is the necklace of my heart, one whose name was Halaman Jethwa. Alas ! I could not rock Halaman (to sleep) at the foot of the Hamba mountains. I had many hopes of meeting Jethwa, but they all remained unfulfilled.

Taking him to be lifeless, she thought it incumbent on her to cremate the dead body decently, and she asked her maid to gather together fuel, so that she might prepare a pile, for that purpose, and also burn herself with the lord of her heart, like a true *Sati*. She says :

હાંયાની હદ માંહે આજ પીઠી ભર્યો પોઢાડીઓ,
 મીઠળ છુટયાં મસાણુ, હું હારી યેઠી હલામણો.
 હલામણુ ને હિયે, જોડય અડકીઆં,
 હવે કરવા સ્વર્ગે સાથ, મારે બળવુ, બરડાના ધણી.

I have laid, within the boundaries of Hamba, one on whom the (yellow) colour of turmeric paste applied at the time of marriage is yet fresh (*i. e.*, one who was soon to marry). The mindhal nuts tied (to our hands) have been untied on the burning ground, (since) I have lost Halaman. On the chest of Halaman pieces of fuel have been piled. Now to accompany the lord of Barda to heaven, I will burn myself with him.

The wails of Sona and her maid attracted the attention of a serpent charmer, who came upon the scene, and on examining the lifeless-looking body found out that life was not yet extinct, and that there was some chance still left of reviving Halaman. He took out the antidote he had against a serpent's poison and applied it to the body. In a short time Halaman regained his lost senses, and was both surprised and delighted to see Sona there. The rest of the tale is easily told. They married, and as Shiyaji died shortly after, they went back to their native country, and lived happily.

જેવી સોન સુભણ, તેવો હામાણ હીરડો,
તન યે એકજ માણ, જુગતે જુગતું જોડતું.

Just as Sona was clever, so was Halaman shining (like a diamond). They had two bodies, but one soul: it was a fit pair in every way.

Another such couple is Ujalibai and Meha Jethwo of the same Barda mountains. Ujali was the daughter of a Charan, and the natives of Kathiawad revere Charan ladies as they revere a goddess. Reports of Ujali's unparalleled beauty made Meha Jethwa anxious to see her. He saw her; they fell in love with each other, and the Prince of Ghumali promised to marry her. But the Mahajan of the place,—his own subjects—knew better. To them, union of a Charani lady—a goddess—with a Rajput appeared to be a gross act of sacrilege, and they were prepared to prevent it at any cost. They therefore waylaid Meha Jethwa, on his way back from a meeting with Ujali. Meha saw them beating cruelly an old cow, and it struck him as an unusual thing to see Hindus ill-treating a cow. He asked them the reason of it, and they said, that if their king thought there was no sin in a Rajput marrying a Charani woman, they too thought there was no sin in beating a cow. He realised the enormity of the

offence he was on the point of committing, and promised them to abstain from it.

On the day fixed for the wedding, as there was no call from Meha, Ujali became impatient, and went over to Ghumali. She wanted to see Meha, but was not permitted to do so. She sent messages to him, and was told in reply that Meha would not marry her. This broke her heart, and she passed the rest of her life in doing acts of piety and in devotion.

There are many દુહા depicting the various stages of their love and the disenchantment of Ujali. The following are some couplets from the messages sent by her.

હતું અને હારવીઉં, મોતી મહા દરોએ,
કાળો પહેરી કાઢ, અમને સાચર શોધવો પડ્યો.
મેહની મેડી હેઠ, ઉભી અરદાસાં કરાં,
મોઢું દેખાડને મેહ, જીવતાં રહીએ જોવા.

આમ પરથી ઉતરો, ચારણુ ભૂખી છે,
ક્યાં જાઉં જોવા, મોરો મત મુંઝાણી છે.

મુંઝવ મેં, હમને ઉડે જળ ઉતારીને,
અમ મરતે તુંને, જસ નહી આવે જોવા.

I had a pearl, and I lost it in the great ocean. I had to put on black garments and search the ocean. I am standing underneath the balcony of Meha, and entreating: O Meha, show me your face, so that I might live, O Jethwa. . . . The Charan lady has descended from the sky, and is hungry. Where should I go, O Jethwa, my senses are confused. . . . O Jethwa, do not confuse [abandon] me after taking me into deep waters. If I die, it would not redound to your credit.

To these pathetic entreaties, Meha sent this reply :

ચારણુ એટલા દેવ, જોગ માયા કરી જાણીએ,
ચારણુથી મન મળે, ખૂડે બરડાને ધણી.

To us, all the Charans are gods, and all the Charanis goddesses.

If he were to love (and wed) Charan (ladies), the ruler of Barda would die.

Odho Jam and Hothalde Padamani, Lakho and Fulande, these two couples have also furnished food for romance.

The courage of Ranakdevi, the wife of Rakhengar, the ruler of Junagadh, whom Sidhdhraj Jayasinh, of Anhilwad Patan had attacked (in the eleventh century A. D.) and defeated, to deprive him of his beautiful consort, has passed into history. Rakhengar was betrayed and killed through the treachery of his nephews, and Ranakdevi was forcibly taken away by Sidhdhraj. But coming near Wadhwan, she managed to burn herself as a *sati* with the permission of Sidhdhraj. *

A number of fine and spirited couplets are attributed to her, in praise of Girnar and in praise of her lord :

ઉચ્ચો ગઢ ગીરનાર, વાદળથી વાતું કરે,
મરતાં રા ખેંગાર, રંડાપો રાણક દેવડી,

ઉત્તર્યા ગઢ ગીરનાર, તન આવ્યું તળાટીએ,
વળતાં બીછ તાર, દામો કંડ નથી દેખવો.
માર પાટણુ દેશ, પાણી વિના પૂરાં મરે,
સરવો સોરઠ દેશ, સાવજડા સેજળ પોએ.

વાયુ વાય સવાય, વાયે વેળું પરજળે,
કિમો ત્યાં સિધરાજ, સત જોવા સોરઠીયાણીનું.
માણેરા મ તું રોય, મ કર રાતી આંખડી,
કૂળમાં લાગે જોય, મરતાં મા ન સંભારીએ

The fort of Girnar is so high, that it talks with (scrapes) the sky. By the death of Rakhengar, Ranakdevi becomes a widow, I descended the hill of Girnar, and my body reached its foot. I will never again see Damodar Kund (the lake at the foot of the hill). The country round about Patan is waterless, and people die of thirst there, but prosperous is the land of Sorath, where even tigers get water to drink at ease. . . . The winds blow with great force, they are so hot that they burn even sand. There Sidhdhraj was standing to watch the miraculous power of the lady from Sorath . . . My dear child, do not weep, do not make your eyes red (by crying). Do not think

of your mother when called upon to die, it will be a blot on your family (reputation).

Ra Mandalik, another ruler belonging to the same family as Rakhengar's—the same who put Narsinh Mehta's faith to test—forgetting his duty (ધર્મ) as a king, to protect his subjects like his children, wished to lay violent hands on a Charan lady, Nagbai. Nagbai cursed him in very bitter terms, prophesying that he would lose his kingdom, and Mahomedans would rule where Hindus exercised authority so long. The prophecy came true, as in A. D 1473, Mahmud Begada, invaded Junagadh and Ra Mandalik had to embrace Islam.

ગઢ ગરવાનાં રાજ, સંતાપી ચારણ પામીશ નહિ,
કાયા થાશે કોઢણી, મું સંભારીશ મંડલીક.

દરવાજે દરવાણુ, રાહના રહેથે નહિ,
ભમતો માગીશ ભીખ, મું સંભારીશ મંડલીક :
ઝાલરના ઝણકાર, શંખ સંભળાશે નહિ,
મુલ્લાં પઢશે નમાજ, મું સંભારીશ મંડલીક.

પોથાં ને પુરાણુ ભાગવતે ભળશે નહિ,
ક્લમો પઢશે કુરાન, તે દી મું સંભારીશ મંડલીક.

After making a Charan (lady) unhappy, you will not be able to secure sway over the high fort (of Girnar). Your body would be attacked with leprosy, then you would remember me (my curse) . . . At the gates, there would be no gate-keepers of the Ra, and you will have to wander about as a beggar, you would then remember me (my curse). You will hear no more the ringing of the gong, nor the blowing of the conch. Mullas would say their prayers there (in the temples), and then you would remember me (my curse). You will no more be able to read religious works, Puranas and the Bhagvat, but the Kalama of the Koran would be read (in your territory), and on that day you would remember me (my curse).

These burning words, uttered from the bottom of her heart by a lady, whose modesty was outraged by one, who stood to her in the capacity of a father, are often quoted as a warning to unscrupulous rulers. The decline of Hindu sway in

Junagadh is said to be the direct result of Ra Mandlik's improper conduct.

The adventures of many local heroes like Ebhal Valo, Jeto Valo, Ugo Valo and Kheta Makvan, have been perpetuated in fragmentary verses. The higher and more well known clans of Rajputs, the Zalas and the Parmars, have also inspired poets by their courage and chivalry.

There is quite a store-house of didactic and ethical verses in the literature composed by saintly peasants, who are known by the appellation of Bhagats. The following specimens are chosen at random from a miscellaneous collection :

આશા ઉંડી ખાડ, પહાડથી પૂરાય નહી,
હેમ મેરુસમ હોય તોયે મન માને નહી.

Hope is like a deep ravine, which can't be filled up even with a mountain. No one is satisfied even if he possesses (a pile of) gold, as high as Mount Meru.

દેશમાં ઢંઢેરો ફેરવો, પ્રીત મ કરશે કોય,
કરો તો કાળજ આપજો, (નકો)નિત વરઝોળા હોય.

Have it proclaimed throughout your country, that no one should fall in love ; and if one does so, one must give up one's heart, or otherwise there would be unhappiness every day.

ધતા હોય સલક્ષણા, વેશ્યા હોય સલજ્જ,
ખારાં પાણી નિર્મળાં, એ ત્રણ ચીજ અકળજ.

It is impossible to expect cheats to be virtuous, prostitutes to be modest, and salt water to be clear.

In many poems we find references to the natural scenery of Kathiawad, and to the life led by its humble inhabitants—the Rabaris and the Charans—the shepherds, goatherds and cowherds—very pointedly made.

The ભડાલીવાણી—the utterances of Bhadali—is a string of aphorisms, prognosticating (specially) the state of (wet) weather, based on certain phenomena in nature. It is the Bible of the agriculturist. If a certain state of weather

prevails on a certain day or in a certain month, the condition of the coming monsoon is prophesied to be hopeful or disappointing: this is what is found in the collection. The statements are as concise and definite as the *sutras* of the Dharma Shastras. An exact counterpart to them is found also in the very early literature of Bengal, where the collection is called—আরমারী.

૧. શ્રાવણ પહેલાં પાંચદીન, મેહ ન માંડે આળ,
પિયુ ખધારે માળવે, હમે જશું મોસાળ.
૨. પૂરવ તોણે કાચબી ને આથમતે સૂર
બડલી વાયક એમ ભણે દુધે જમાડું ફૂર.
૩. શની આદીતાં મંગળાં, ને પોઢે જહૂરાય,
ચાક ચઢાવે મેદની, પૃથ્વી પરસે થાય [કરકે પાજ બંધાય].

If rain does not begin to pour down five days before Shravan then a wife should say to her husband, you better go to Malva (to earn), and I would go to my father's house, meaning that the monsoon would fail, and they should shut up their house.

2. If at sunset, a rainbow be seen in the east, then Bhaḍali says, that he would be able to feed people on rice and milk, that is, the monsoon would be prosperous.

3. If the god Jaduray goes to sleep on a Saturday, Sunday or Tuesday—i. e., if the Ashadi Ekadashi (the eleventh day of the first half of the month of Ashad, on which day the god Jaduray is supposed to go to sleep, and sleep for the next four months,) falls on any of these days of the week—the rains would be so abundant, that people would go mad, and the earth would be drowned (and a bridge made of bones).

Those who have put these prognostications to test, have found them true, almost invariably. The weather-wisdom contained in the verses is the result of observation and experience spread over a very long time, and cultivators all over Kathiawad turn to it intuitively, and base their calculations on it. The verses are collected and published, but owing to absence of editing, many of them have become obscure, and cannot be understood, and owing also to variation of readings, it is very difficult at times to determine the correct text or interpretation. It is greatly desirable that some one acquainted both with the

science of meteorology and the provincialisms of Kathiawad, should bring out a corrected and annotated edition of અગ્નિવાક્ય. It would be a boon greatly appreciated by the general public.

Those who have heard the shepherds and cowherds of Kathiawad, while grazing their flocks or herds on opposite banks of a stream or river reciting ફૂલ, narrating some incident in the amorous life of Krishna and Radha—the shepherd on one bank reciting a couplet, and the shepherd on the opposite bank answering back—would never forget the charm of the situation, which is heightened when this feast of love happens to take place in a lonely jungle, with the rain falling in a slight drizzle, and nature wearing a green robe, matching the very description of scenes and spots in the lines sung. The illiteracy of the reciters does not prevent them from fully entering into the spirit of the song. This floating literature has not yet been caught by the printer's art, although very valuable from various points of view.

KRISHNALAL M. JHAVERI.

Bombay.

LICHNOWSKY'S BLOOD.

(A True Story Arranged from an Old Diary.)

GERMANY was slowly recovering from the effects of 1848; people were venturing again to think of their health, and a few courageous natures were even daring enough to cross the frontier of the inner Fatherland, though at their peril, and after any amount of trouble with the traditional passport countersigned by the many diplomatic representatives of the minor Powers—sometimes a much simpler function, as I have known a worthy “Ducal” Saxon represent half a dozen. I write half a dozen, different German Sovereigns, so on certifying your identity he had only to change the seal affixed near his signature to secure your safety in six independent States.

However, you had not always to appeal to the protection of his six nurslings, and in our particular case I remember my father having only to trouble him for about five of his great seals, (we were still in the blessed era of sealing wax, parchment, and red tape); my mother having been ordered the baths of Schlangenbad and a *Nachkur* in the Saxon Switzerland, we only wound about six frontiers of Confederate Germany, five of which were squared by the Excellency's one.

Though only a boy at the time, I shall never forget those six weeks with my parent in Schlangenbad, in those days the most primitive and dullest of “Bad” resorts. There was an utter absence of comfort, good living, or amusements of any description; to feel wretched was evidently part of the cure. Fortunately for us we were at the Kurhaus (then the only Hotel) under the same roof with the old Princess of Leignitz, themorganatic wife of King Frederick William III., of Prussia, the husband of the late

Queen Louisa, whose eventful life and sad death wove round her for all time the veil of historical romance.

Her successor, the Princess of Leignitz, was a charming, even bewitching old lady, and the hours I had the honour of spending in her society count among the only pleasant remembrances of Schlangenbad. She was an old friend of my mother's; no afternoon could be dull that she deigned to enliven with her conversation; her soft, penetrating voice, her vivid memory, and intimate knowledge of the many interesting episodes of her day, made her the most delightful companion imaginable. She had been Lady-in-Waiting to her Royal Predecessor, and had closely watched events from behind the curtain. It would be too long indeed to relate in this place the fascinating accounts she gave of those stirring times, but I must devote a chapter to one page of past history, though at present I can only say that the day we left, I regretted our departure, actually regretted it, thanks to the salon of this venerable lady, who had so entirely captivated my boyish imagination by her wit and intellectual gifts. It is given to few women "to have no age," but she was one of them.

On leaving Schlangenbad my mother wished to show me Frankfort, the seat of the tottering German Confederation, the glorious old free town which boasted the Romer with its many Imperial hosts, and which had so recently witnessed new Imperial yearnings, and had only escaped the birth of a modern Empire, thanks to the stern refusal of Frederick William IV, to accept a crown at the hands of the revolutionary mob legislating at S. Paul's. I was delighted at the prospect of this lesson in past and present history on the very spot it had been enacted. We put up at the excellent Hotel de Russie, but unfortunately, only a few days after, revolutionary troubles visited the town, followed by the assassination of General Auerswald, and poor Lichnowsky. The town was still under martial law and far from having its usual peaceful and patriarchal aspect. The gay and festive Frankforters prudently kept in their houses; soldiers were here and there in the streets, while a few tourists, ignorant of any danger, were doing their sight-seeing as if nothing had happened. We were somewhat hardened, not only by the scenes at Berlin and nearer home, but from the stories told us by our brave grandmother.

Before beginning the usual programme, which commences with the Romer and ends with the Thurn and Taxis Palace, the residence of Imperial and Confederate Rule, we wished to visit the scenes of the late barbarous outrages. Accordingly, we drove the next morning to the beautiful gardens of the still more beautiful Frau von Bethman. A shed near here was where the brutal murder of General Auerswald took place, and this is how it happened.

While the fight on the barricades was raging, young Prince Felix Lichnowsky undertook to ride out of the town to meet the expected troops. This was extremely imprudent on his part, as he was not only the best known of the Members of Parliament, but the most hated by the mob. Accompanied by General Auerswald (who had been for a long time at the head of the Liberal Opposition without attracting any particular attention, and who was quite unknown to the Revolutionary populace) he pursued his way along the Friedberg Road, by which the troops would enter the town. Some little distance off they perceived a crowd armed with scythes, pickaxes and sticks, barring their route. The Prince was immediately recognized and malignantly threatened. Obligated to abandon the main thoroughfare, they turned quietly round into a by-path. This unfortunately was a *cul-de-sac*. Dismounting, they left their horses, and having climbed over fences and hedges, came at last to a garden house where people were at work. Prince Felix was pushed up into the loft, and General Auerswald hidden under a heap of potatoes hastily piled over him. Part of the idle mob had by this time found the horses, and in a few minutes arrived at the shed.

The gardeners did not betray their unfortunate guests, and the crowd had actually turned away, and were almost out of sight, when Prince Lichnowsky, hearing their departing footsteps and their voices growing fainter, most imprudently and stupidly put his head out of the window of the loft. One of the rabble at the same moment looked back and recognized him. All the blood-thirsty ruffians quickly returned and surrounded the garden-house, while some entered it. A flap of the General's coat was seen sticking out from among the potatoes. A shocking scene ensued. The poor man was literally torn in pieces, and not a part of his body was recognisable. Prince Lichnowsky, hauled down from his hiding place, was dragged by his legs towards the town

and subjected to every possible insult. Still breathing, he was hanged upon a tree, but not before the lower branches had broken off again and again, the mob amusing itself with this horrid experiment. When it was finally accomplished, an old hag was lifted up to poke in his eyes with her umbrella (those beautiful eyes for which the Duchesse de Dino had wept ; it is not true, however, as modern memoirs have stated, that she had indeed offered to become a Lutheran in order to be his wife), as the Prince was a Roman Catholic.

The cowardly murderers now departed, and some compassionate passers-by cut down the yet breathing man and carried him to a friendly house near the spot.

Both victims had deserved well of their country. Hans Adolf Erdmann von Auerswald was the son of a distinguished statesman, Hans Jacob von Auerswald, and was born in 1792. He had taken part in the wars of 1813-15 ; was in the Staff in 1817, commanded a Brigade in 1846-48, and belonged to the German National Parliament.

Prince Felix Lichnowsky was remarkably handsome, adding to the attractions of an aristocratic appearance, the gift of eloquence. He never spoke in Parliament without arresting the attention of his hearers and winning their applause. He was born in 1814; left the Prussian service, and entered the army of Don Carlos de Bourbon, second son of Charles IV. Having attained the rank of General, he returned home in 1847; became a member of the Frankfort Parliament and was murdered, as we have seen, in that terrible year '48.

A shocking caricature exists of a scene in the Sessions, which were held in St. Paul's Church. In the ladies' tribune is seated Countess Berg holding on her lap a dog, which has the fine features of Prince Lichnowsky—in fact, his head. A warden looks into the tribune and says, " This place is for ladies only." Countess Berg answers, " Take him ! we did not bring him. He always runs after us without any calling."

As a young boy I dare say I was looking very serious at all this, when the old Lohndiener patted me on the back saying, " Forget all. You are not big enough to hang. Come with me, and I will show you something of quite a different school." He led the way to a small temple with red hangings, in the middle of which on a leopard or tiger, sat Danneker's unrivalled Ariadne.

The floor, I suppose, turned on a pivot, as the beast with its beautiful burden moved round and round. My only feeling then was, I should like to jump up and have a ride, but when I saw it last, I did not think it had the sweet expression of Canova's Pauline Borghese, but the serious grandeur of old Greek art, and I smiled at the thought of a ride!

While my mother was getting into the carriage, I ran back to cut a piece of the bark of the tree in remembrance of a man my father had known. My knife was sharp, slipped, and cut my other hand, the blood naturally spurted out on the tree. I went behind to wrap my handkerchief round it and saw a whole bevy of American girls, tourists, driving in the same direction. It was in the papers next day that half a yard of bark had been stripped off the well-known tree, as some young ladies had really found spots of the precious blood of this Princely Martyr, which, strange to say, no one else had ever seen. I must say I roared on the quiet over it, never dreaming my cut fingers would have such palpitating consequences. I actually found the same relic-hunters in the *Paulskirche*, the seat of the late Revolutionary Assembly, or *Reichstag* as they called it, scraping off little bits from the pulpits of the famous Bhun and of Hecker, the two chief leaders of the Red, who both had to pay with their lives for the endless mischief caused by their folly. The guardian saw their tricks and remarked in the most philosophical manner, "They little know, Sir, that we have already had to renew Bhun's pulpit three times and Hecker's twice, and if it goes on like this, we shall arrive at a round dozen apiece. Not allowed, of course not! but I have a family, and they give me tips when they go out as innocently as if they had done nothing." And he left me to muse over the danger of relic-hunting. However, nothing on my part conduced to deprive the fair collectors of their most precious souvenirs, the bits of bark red with Lichnowsky's blood. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. But why should the Keeper of St. Paul's, Frankfort, have more compunction in allowing tourists to possess themselves of false relics than men I have seen all over the world supplying people with spurious rubbish? And it is touching to witness the genuine faith with which such things are received. Some of the stories amount to blasphemy. For instance, in Sicily, they show you a rung of the ladder Jacob saw in his dream. A rival monastery could not bear the growing

popularity of this legend, and invented one still more appalling, which I hesitate to repeat, and do not. But there is in the treasury of the Royal Chapel at Hanover, the thumb of St. Mark brought back from Alexandria by some crusaders in the train of Henry the Lion. It was in vain that the Doge of Venice offered 50,000 golden ducats for a relic doubly precious to the Republic of S. Mark, but the Guelphs were at that time staunch Catholics and stuck to their holy thumb. When after the Reformation, speculative successors tried to open negotiations with Venice for its purchase, the Chapter of S. Mark's replied with scorn that they could not well be expected to purchase forgeries, the only true and genuine thumb of their Patron being treasured for more than a century over their blessed Saint's tomb. Some sharp priests having evidently palmed off a spurious thumb on the Chapter, who, of course, were now ready to back its genuineness against all other thumbs in the market, a dead loss to the Guelphs of 50,000 ducats.

But we might turn to an interesting historical relic of the highest interest to Englishmen, who will find in a gilded shrine (exactly like a gigantic bird cage) at S. Martin's Cathedral, Lucca, a carved figure of our Lord by Nicodemus on a very curious and ancient cross. A fresco also shows the disciple engaged upon this work. The Plantagenet Kings swore, or pledged themselves by the *Santa Volto* of Lucca. Time, and probably the incense used before it, have so darkened the figure that it looks as if it were carved in ebony, the eyes are cast down, and the face has a sweet expression, its long oval shape being quite of a Semitic character.

The great festival in honour of the *Santa Volto* is in September, and is held in such veneration by the people that it is inserted in the contract of peasant marriages, that the husband shall not omit more than twice consecutively, to take his wife to the mass and procession of that holy day. Indeed, the country folks pour down from the surrounding hills, outlying hamlets, and lower spurs of the Alps in such crowds that often dozens of them sleep in booths or in the sweet, but dusty fields, from which the flax and corn have been harvested, it being impossible to get a room.

Upon this occasion the door and gates of the shrine are open, the figure of the Saviour is dressed in the richest velvet robes, beautifully embroidered. On the head is placed a crown

of gold and precious stones as high as a mitre. There are no thorns, at least none seen, but a lock of hair falls close upon the temples, the feet are encased in gold shoes, the toes of which touch, almost as if resting on it, a chalice, of simple beauty and artistic value, but such relics, I need scarcely add, are jealously guarded from the vandalism of schoolboys and the acquisitiveness of American damsels.

It might be interesting perhaps to add a few words concerning Prussia, now the centre of the powerful German Empire. King Frederick William, who died in 1740, was called the Sergeant King. His work was the Army in which he took a genuine pride. He drank fiery drinks, and used powerful adjectives. Upon one occasion he pointed out to the Dutch Ambassador a fine regiment of men all over six feet, and said, "Have you soldiers in your country to defend it against such men as these?" "No, sire," was the answer, "but we have seven feet of water to drown them in."

Frederick II (Frederick the Great) continued to perfect the Army, and to infuse fresh vigour among all classes of his subjects. He it was who advised "the old apple women to knit, and not sit all day idling," and having given this practical hint, H. M. did not think it beneath his dignity to enforce it with the aid of a hunting-crop. Truly a wonderful King, a perfect soldier and trainer of men, hard upon himself and everybody else, he exclaimed, (doubtless when somebody had been grumbling,) "Thank God, there is a country where a man can live on a penny a day—Scotland," (this is open to discussion). His Majesty was also a cunning diplomatist. A deputation came to offer the Crown of Poland to Prince Heinrich, his brother, but was sent back without having an interview—the King not deeming it expedient to have an accomplished and popular near relation as Ruler of a neighbouring country. So later Prince Heinrich was on his way at the head of a special mission to Catherine II of Russia, who wished to place a favourite of hers, a polished nobleman on the throne. Finding he made no progress, and not knowing that the Poles had asked for him as their King, Prince Heinrich proposed the division of the country, doubtless that having been suggested upon certain contingencies by Frederick the Great: if one looks at the portrait of the latter—the seated one—no longer in the prime of life, but with a face that repre-

sents the unusual character of the man, capable of any task, willing to accept, or impose, any sacrifice, 'one has some idea of the sort of man he was.

Sir Hugh Elliot, at that time Minister at Berlin, upon one occasion was thus addressed by H. M.

"Eh bien, Monsieur Elliot, Angleterre est maintenant sans aucun allié sur le continent excepté le bon Dieu."

"Oui, Sire, mais le bon Dieu est un allié que ne demande pas de subside."

Frederick the Great was succeeded by his nephew Frederick William II, a King with many love affairs; he died in 1797, without any of his favourites near him. Frederick William III was a good and virtuous Prince, and had the immense happiness of being in love with his own wife, the lovely and charming Princess Luise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who died in 1810, having passed through the fiery trials Napoleon I brought upon her country and family with grand fortitude and heroic patience. On Her Majesty's Birthday (10th March 1810), the White Salon in the Schloss had by the King's orders been arranged for the fête, previously never used but for wedding festivities. It was to be a surprise, and as the Queen entered it and looked round, (for one can suppose that H. M. herself knew that the hand of death was already clasping hers) she exclaimed:

"This is the last of my worldly greatness." [Das ist das Ende meiner irdischen Grösse.]"

In July of the same year she died, but was the mother of that William who wiped out the Treaty of Tilsit, which left Prussia four provinces, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Old Prussia and Silesia.

There is much food for thought in contemplating the century between 1813-1913. It is in fact, *wealth*, not poverty, that saps the life-blood both of nations and individuals.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

.KANHAYA.

AN hour before sunrise Kanhaya rose and went out to his long day's work.

In the village round him only the heavy breathing of sleepers broke the silence. Soft, impenetrable darkness, heavy as a black cloud, brooded over the world, but the faint chill breeze that heralds the dawn played about his face like the shy touch of a child's fingers and from the awaking fields ascended the smell of dew-drenched earth and fallen leaves.

As Kanhaya drove the village cattle to the jungle, the sun rose suddenly—a globe of orange fire behind the dark purple mass of the Vindhia hills. On either side of the deeply furrowed cart track, mango groves lay athwart the wide expanse of the springing wheat as shadows sleep in the heart of a green jewel. Parrots screaming harshly clove the clear air with zig-zag flight and the black-faced monkeys chased each other through the trees.

In the jungle the sun-bleached grass was rough with dew. The dry fallen leaves of the teak trees crackled like breaking twigs as the herd trampled them into the ground: a flight of bush quail rose suddenly from beneath Kanhaya's feet and fled away into the thicket-like shadows.

In the heat of the day he found a cool resting-place beside a jungle stream where great nim trees bend so low over the olive brown water that their branches dip and float in the current.

Ever and anon the reflection of a kingfisher darting at his prey broke into the calm mirror of the stream like a sudden vision of vivid life ruffling the peace of a saint's dream. The cattle, weary of grazing, lay drowsily chewing the cud; and in a little while, lulled by the slumber-song of running water, Kanhaya fell asleep.

Lying on the brown earth under the nim trees he dreamed that he was a Maharaja riding through the land on an elephant decked with gold and jewelled trappings. Servants stood behind waving great fans and retainers on piebald horses pranced before him. As he drew near his own village, the villagers came out in a body to meet him and fell on their faces before him, crying "Hail the Great King!"

Then he awoke and realised that he was no king but Kanhaya the gowala. In place of the obsequious villagers and the fawning attendants, he saw around him the mild familiar faces of his cattle. The sun had begun to slope towards the horizon and the cloudless arch of blue above the dim fretwork of the nim branches seemed to smile mockingly on his vanished illusions. The music of his dream—the blare of trumpets, the steady monotonous pulsing of the drums—had given place to the song of the wind sighing through the trees. Instead of the acrid stench of the dust of the procession, the wild sweet perfume of the *arni* blossom was in his nostrils.

Kanhaya hid his face and wept for the necklace and the sword belt of great red and white gems, for the homage and adulation and the gold embroidered coat that had been his in his dream. Light and shadow, perfume and star-shimmer and the dew of morning brought no joy to his heart. What comfort was it to him that God had canopied the jungle with blue and veiled it with green and set the sparkle of His gold in the mysterious heart of the stream! Dull as the cattle he tended, the cowherd had plodded through life till the strange fantasy that came to him in sleep roused him from torpor into restlessness and discontent.

Presently, as the shadows under the trees deepened, he rounded up his herd and drove it away towards the village.

While he was still within earshot of the rippling water, as he followed the cattle wandering lazily down the vista of teak trees, the tangled creepers veiling one of the many arcades of an ancient banyan parted noiselessly and a youth came forth and stood on the spot where Kanhaya had lain. The gladness of spring lay like light on the newcomer's brow and his lips were wonderful with the smile of those who have drunk the wine of the gods. Drawing a reed from the leopard skin that lay across his breast, he put it to his mouth and breathed into it

gently, and instantly the glades of the forest were filled with strains of low mysterious music.

The music called softly "Kanhaya!" but the cowherd tramped on, buried in his own thoughts. Again the magic flute voices entreated: "Kanhaya! oh turn and look on the beauty of the king of kings and forget the garish splendours of your dream!"

As a dove folds her wings, the southing wind sank to sleep, the blue of the sky deepened, the bells of the creepers bent low to listen, and the stream laughed in a thousand sparkles of joy. A grass green snake with watchful eyes crept out of the long grass to coil round the stranger's bare feet and, noiseless as shadows, grey shapes came thronging toward the banyan; the myriad denizens of the jungle mustering to answer the summons of their king.

Low in the west the sky blossomed like a lotus of many rose-tinted petals, but Kanhaya trudging unheedingly down the cart road was blind and deaf to all but his vain repinings. Like a dark cloud the jungle lay behind his back and he saw nought but a world bereft of gladness and of light, the flat white disc of the full moon rising slowly above the wistful monotony of the springing wheat.

A. G. WOOD.

Indore.

KESHUB CHENDRA SEN AND THE BRAHMO-SAMAJ.

(A BRIEF STUDY.)

(KESHUB CHENDRA SEN was born on the 19th of November, 1838, and died on the 8th of January, 1884. He was the founder of the Brahmo Samaj of India, afterwards known as the New Dispensation Church. Before he founded the Brahmo Samaj of India, he enthusiastically worked with Devendra Nath Tagore for the Theistic movement inaugurated by Raja Ram Mohun Roy in 1831. Keshub Chendra Sen was an eminent leader of society, who gained for himself and his Mother Country the respect of great scholars in the West. He went to England and had the honor of being respectfully welcomed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The details of his life and work are too well-known. This paper does not attempt at any detailed study of this great man ; but his influence on the progress of the Brahmo movement is studied here in three phases.)

MAHARSHI DEVENDRA NATH TAGORE, as the name shows, lived as a Maharshi, and, by his wide culture and profound thought, has shown to the world that Maharshis are not limited to the past and to the glories of the Upanishads. He conceived God as Paramatman, the Atman of the Universe, as the fundamental cosmic principle. He was struck most with the immanence of the Lord in the universe. To him God is the All-filling Presence that manifests Himself in all the objects of His creation. The Upanishad says :

["Yô devôgnan yôpsu yo viswam bhuvana mavivesa
Ya Oshadhishu yo vanaspatishu tasmai devaya namonamah."]
Salutations to Him who is in fire, in water, in herbs and in forests and who fills the whole universe.

“ The stupendous mountains, the flowing rivulet, the fragrant rose, the warbling bird, every object of the world below, and of the heavens above, declare the glory of God and show His handiwork.” In contrast to the Vedantic conception of God as the Transcendental Absolute, Maharshi emphasised on the immanence of the Divinity. But Keshub Chendra Sen turned the attention of the Brahmo and the Brahmo Samaj to a more touching aspect of the Divinity. His conception of God is Bhagavan, one who possesses all the auspicious qualities ; God is *sarvamangalamangalyah*. He is, not merely the power that is immanent in the manifold objects of the universe but is also Love, Justice, Goodness, Father, Mother. He is all and everything that is good and auspicious. He is *sivam, sundaram*. It is this conception of God as the possessor of all good qualities that touches the heart of the devotee. Devendra Nath made worship of God spiritual, and Keshub made it pleasing and heart-touching. Bhakti, therefore, was developed under the influence of this Brahmananda, one who enjoyed the bliss of God. This Bhakti element found prominent expression in the form of Sankirtanam, a peculiar mode of singing the glory of God. Keshub and his followers were not tired of spending night after night in these Sankirtanams. Keshub organised morning processions through the streets of Calcutta, and into the cars of the people that were just rising from their beds entered the sweet utterances of the glory of God sung by Keshub's followers. These Sankirtanams were very effective in rousing the spirit of true devotion in the people of Bengal, who were addicted to the demoralising forms of Shakti worship. The introduction of this Bhakti element and the cultivation of this spirit rather went to its extremes in the hands of Keshub. His system of vows and penances, his application of the peculiar theory of Great Men, his institution of Apostles, and all the eccentricities of his last days might be traced to an immoderate use of this element of Bhakti. But the Brahmo Samaj as a Church was the better. The dullness of the prayers and recitations was replaced by warmth of feeling. Prayers and congregations were no longer filled by mere Upanishadic texts. Spontaneity in prayers, use of vernacular in the liturgy of the Church, singing hymns composed on pure theistic lines became acceptable. The religiousness and the devotional fervour of the private and public divine services

are owing to the influence of Brahmananda Keshub Chendra Sen.

Even in the construction of Brahmoism as a Philosophy Keshub played a very important part. Though Raja Ram Mohun Roy never regarded in explicit terms that the Vedas were the basis of Brahmoism, though Devendra Nath Tagore formally declared that the Vedas were not the sole basis for the faith of the Brahmo Samaj, the real and effective blow at the rejection of infallibility of scriptures came from the hands of this great soul. When Devendra Nath Tagore declared that the Vedas could not be relied upon as the scripture of the Brahmo Church, he implicitly believed that the Upanishadic portion of the Vedas, or at least a compilation of the Upanishadic texts, might serve as the scripture of the Samaj. And on these lines did he edit such a compilation known as "Brahmadharma." A close study of the teachings and ways of thinking of the Maharshi reveals how he implicitly based his faith on the Upanishads. Indeed, it cannot be said that he regarded them as infallible, but it can be said that he felt that they might be regarded as the basis of the Brahmo faith. But Keshub understood the point at issue—a characteristic of great men—and he declared that as the faith of the Brahmo Samaj is natural and universal, its basis could not be one scripture exclusion of the rest, and hence no scripture at all. Intuition or Atma Pratyaya should be considered as the basis. He made Brahmoism independent of all, or any historic scripture: he preached that revelation should not be confined to any age or place or man. He taught that though there was much of truth and wisdom in all the scriptures of the world, no scripture is free from taints and errors. In accordance with this new position of the Brahmo Samaj towards the scriptures of the world, and with a view to supplement the Brahma Dharma of Tagore culled from the Hindu scriptures, Keshub Chendra Sen edited and published a compilation of texts from all the scriptures of the world. This step meant that the religion of the Brahmo Samaj is not a dispensation special for the Hindu, or for India, but a universal religion—a religion that has the elements of universality in it.

Another distinctive mark of the influence of Keshub was his advocacy of social reform. Raja Ram Mohun Roy indeed crossed the seas; Devendra Nath was the son of a

man that went to England. But the Raja had his sacred string *i.e.*, the Brahmanical thread, the emblem of caste distinctions. The root-principles of the creed of the Brahmo Samaj, the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, that all men are equal in the eyes of God, that in the worship of God distinctions of caste, colour and sex are immaterial, were not very emphatically and boldly recognised by the predecessors of Keshub. The very split between the old Rishi and the youthful hero was owing to the hesitation on the part of Tagore to recognise this principle in its practical application. Keshub was the soul that once more imbibed the principle and applied it to its logical conclusions. He discarded his string, and forbode one that wore the string from being recognised as a Brahmo. Caste was, therefore, given a death-blow once for all. Inter-dining, nay, inter-caste marriages were celebrated under his inspiration and guidance. He it was that got the Marriage Act III of 1872 passed when the legality of these inter-caste marriages was threatened.

Another sphere in which he worked wonders was the emancipation of women. He tore the veil that confined women to darkness, and thus "exposed them to public gaze." They were brought to congregations, regular public meetings. They were sent to schools; higher education was given them. A separate High School for ladies was started. Indeed, Keshub shrank a little when a section of his young friends carried this banner of female emancipation movement a little further But all the same, the credit of recognising social reform as an organic part in the creed of the Brahmo Samaj was due to him. It is not in the mere working for the cause of social reform that Keshub's genius lay, but in not assigning a separate place for social reform in the system of Brahmo faith. He saw the danger of assigning any specific position or social reform. He neglected social reform, because he believed that social reform would follow and should necessarily follow. When he shut the pulpit to some of the ministers of Devendra Nath's party on the ground that they continued wearing the sacred string, and when he started the Brahmo Samaj of India apart from the Adi Brahmo Samaj, because Devendra Nath would not permit the discarding of the sacred string obligatory on all ministers and office-bearers, we

can understand what importance he attached to social reform. But in his preachings we do not find an emphatic utterance on these questions. The genius of Keshub lay in ignoring social reform in the system of Brahmo faith, whose chief characteristic lies in its being a religion that reforms society. The Brahmo Samaj flourished because of Keshub's genius. Probably, had Devendra Nath continued to be the sole leader, the Brahmo Samaj might not have been what it is now. It might have been a pure theological school as Adwaita or Dwaita. Its religiousness would have been lost in its theology, or the Brahmo Samaj would have disappeared.

These few remarks will give an idea of the extraordinary influence exerted by Keshub on the destinies of the Brahmo Samaj. In spite of his faults, in spite of his eccentricities, Keshub was a great man—a man that might be ranked as a prophet.

P. JAGANNADHASWAMI.

Parlakimedi.

THE SUPER-DOG.

I WENT with the Headmaster to choose him in the wilds of Shepherd's Bush, in days before the White City had been born or thought of.

He was no longer a puppy, and how he came to be there is as much a mystery as where he is now. The young man who held him for our inspection at the end of a string, and glibly "guaranteed" his impeccable points, his sound health, his angelic temper and his noble pedigree, was reticent on the subject of his previous home. But methought I read in the dachshund's "liquid melancholy eye," that his lot had hitherto been cast in the lap of luxury, and that he might be driving at that moment in the Park with an adoring fair owner, if the footman had not taken him to the post one night and pretended to lose him, but in reality had sold him to a dog fancier of Shepherd's Bush.

He was a distinguished dog, very refined and aristocratic. Undoubtedly superior to the terriers, rough-haired and smooth-haired, the bull dogs and collies, praying with all their souls in their eyes for someone to buy them, the puppies, kittens, squirrels, green parrots, guinea-pigs and white mice, which in cages stacked the walls of the stuffy little shop from floor to ceiling.

In the course of my life I had loved and buried three dachshunds, and I had made up my mind as we came along to buy this one, that it would be base treachery to the memory of the late lamented third to take a fourth to my heart, as bad in fact as marrying a fourth husband. I resolved that I would only be on terms of distant friendliness with the Headmaster's new dog. As we were not to live under the same roof, I told myself it would be easy to take merely a godmotherly interest in him. But that was before I saw the dog. My resolution became weak-kneed directly I beheld the coat, sleek and soft as black satin, the massive turned out golden paws, the calm, proud canine face, looking out disdainfully from between the curtains of his silky flopping ears.

"He is perfectly lovely. You must have him," I exclaimed enthusiastically, and the Headmaster concluded the bargain. We left the fleasome atmosphere of the dog-fancier's shop in possession of the string with the dog at the end of it. He led the way blithely into the air, without casting a look of farewell at his late custodian, who said, "Goodbye, old Dash," in a tone of rather forced affection.

We were proud of our purchase, when nearly every one we met, even the guard who clipped our tickets, admired him. In the train we re-christened him Nietzsche, a name with more *cachet* about it than Dash, if harder to spell. Such a super-dog, we thought, was certainly worthy of being called after the philosopher of the super-man.

Just at first he did not much like coming to live at a school. It seemed to reflect on his manners and education, which in his own estimation left no room for improvement. Directly there was anything to eat in the wind, he aired his superlative accomplishment of sitting with easy grace on his hind-legs, with one wrinkled, tan-tipped paw outstretched, and the other drooping below. In this entrancing attitude he proved so irresistible a mendicant that the Headmaster's fiat, "No meat, and one meal a day," was disregarded, and covert morsels rained at him from all parts of the table. The result was a severe attack of indigestion, which led to the discovery that his health, or at any rate, his digestive powers were not so sound as had been guaranteed. He had to spend a fortnight at the Vet.'s and was only saved from gastritis by the skin of his teeth.

Convalescent he came back, and in great jubilation chased fifty pairs of knickerbockered legs round the playground, and afterwards with his deep musical voice joined in the singing class. But his spirits fell at dinner time, when he found that he was still doomed to a diet of Melox, an obnoxious variation of humdrum dog-biscuits, adapted for dogs of delicate digestion. There was only one thing he hated more than Melox, and that was prayers. When the Headmaster began to read prayers, the super-dog's liquid melancholy eye began to blaze with fury. It enraged him to hear the forms scrape, and to see all the knickerbockered legs bend in worship of a deity other than himself. He could not contain his guttural growls, and was generally ejected before the final Amen. The super-dog was not called after an anti-Christian Philosopher for nothing. He also exhibited a Nietzschean scorn of discipline and restraint in his abhorrence of the leash. On the leash, in the early days of his career, he was brought to visit me at my flat. He arrived full of sulky resentment at having been towed up a steep avenue with his haughty head in a noose, by the muscular arms of Jones Major and Smith Minor, who left him at my door with instructions not to feed him as he had already dined. But he being a super-

dog with a capacity, despite his tendency to gastritis, for dining any number of times with enthusiasm, and I not being a small boy who stood in awe of the Headmaster's commands, together we succeeded in defying them. I used to offer him with a serene conscience a bone, though it was a bone to which a good part of my weekly joint was still attached, and he accepted it gratefully, and then took a siesta on my best Liberty cushions.

Then the Headmaster suggested that I should take him for walks. He said that it would be capital exercise for a person of my sedentary habits. There was no denying that it *was* exercise of a violent description. I clung to one end of the leash with all the strength of a pair of feeble arms, whilst the dog at the other end in a delirium of delight at finding himself in a less Herculean grip than that of a Jones Major or Smith Minor, did what he listed. First, he whirled me half way down the Avenue at switchback speed, next he suddenly jerked me up to reconnoitre the trunk of a tree, or to examine leisurely the foundations of a pillar-box. Breathless and as red as the pillar-box, with the leash entangled about my legs, I stood, the butt of caustic errand boys and would-be dog-stealers, till he chose to tear on again. No wonder that I reached home exhausted, and with aching limbs.

But those excruciating walks came to an end one day, when it was announced that Nietzsche could "find his way," and the leash might be dispensed with. Now he was allowed to trot gaily in untrammelled freedom into other people's gardens, and visit every dust-bin in the neighbourhood. I took him to the pond by the flagstaff, where Shelley once sailed paper boats, and where all the dogs in creation seem to congregate daily for a dip. But unlike the Philosopher, his namesake, who loved bathing, the super-dog had no aquatic tastes, and gave the pond a wide berth for fear he should be asked to wet his golden feet. In his erratic fashion he condescended to accompany me over the furze and bracken by rabbit paths to green nooks beneath the fir-trees. Yet, alas! that it should have been so with a dog, who had the dreamy eyes of a poet, and the name of a poet-philosopher, his soul hankered all the time for the dust-bins and back gardens of villadom.

When the summer holidays came round once more, the super-dog was not taken away but left to waste his mellow bark on the deserted precincts of an empty school. With only a charwoman to feed him and with no flying knickerbockered legs and singing class to amuse him, his boredom was so intense that he would even have welcomed prayers as a diversion. I compassionated the deserted super-dog, and transported him and the odoriferous basket in which he slept

to my flat, where he was my guest till his proper owners came home again. As a mark of his appreciation of the hospitality I had shown him during these weeks, he came regularly afterwards, when term had begun, to pay his respects to me either in the morning or afternoon. All alone with, tail erect and the nonchalant air of a gay philosopher, he climbed the mountainous snob Avenue, which divided me from the school, and probably he stopped many times on the way to find out on what luxuries plutocracy had dined the night before.

Someone lurking behind the trees, craftily alert to note the commercial points of a super-dachshund, must have watched him. Anyhow he failed to put in an appearance one afternoon, and the next morning Smith Minor arrived in great excitement to ask if I had kept Nietzsche for the night. He had started out as usual to pay his daily call the day before, but had not returned to the school. The Headmaster was too busy to look for him, and the task devolved on me, I being a person of sedentary habits, with presumably nothing on earth to do, but to exercise super-dogs and look for them when they were lost. I began by scattering bills broadcast in the shop-windows, offering a reward for the recovery of a black and tan Dachshund, answering to the name of Nietzsche. But at the police station a fatal flaw was pointed out in the wording of my bill, it contained no reference to "sect." I opened my eyes wide at the idea of a dachshund, with a detestation of prayers, answering to the name of Nietzsche, belonging to any sect, till it dawned on me that "sect", in this instance, was a delicate mispronunciation of sex . . . I interviewed a fresh member of the police-force every day for a week, and gleaned a good deal of information about dog-stealers, but none at all as to how to find a stolen dog, whose "sect" was not specified. The last forlorn hope was to seek him in the Home for Lost Dogs. In that dismal pandemonium were six hundred canine waifs and outcasts awaiting purchase by new masters, or extinction in the Chamber of Lethe. But amongst the six hundred was no aristocratic dachshund with deep rich voice, which if it had fallen on my ear I should have recognised instantly, even in that distracting babel of heart-breaking barks.

Though the school soon became resigned to his loss, I, to this day, cannot pass without a sign of regret, the spot where he kept me shivering in an East wind, while he scavenged in a back-yard, or the lamp-post which he embraced with affectionate ardour in order to slip his leash. Fondly, I cherish one memorial that remains of him, and of the baffling difficulties the spelling of his name presented to the schoolboy, as it has sometimes to the journalist. It is a snapshot taken at the flagstaff near the pond, in which Shelley sailed paper boats. It depicts him in all his elongated beauty and haughty indifference to aquatic

non-super dogs, and on the back is the inscription, "Smith Minor, with Neecher."

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

London.

KURRET-EL-AINE.*

(CONSOLATION OF THE EYES).

We list to the thrumming of Orient airs,
That comes from behind richest Persian portieres ;

We list to the song of the thrush in Spring,
The sweetest and rarest of carolling ;

We list to the thund'ring orchestral tune,
The rumble of cello and deep bassoon ;

We list to the violin's thread of sound
That sets the most timorous heart abound ;

We list and we list to music's presentment
But lack at the end sincerest contentment.

*O Consolation of the Eyes !
You are a rest for mind and heart ;
For in thy soul contentment lies,
And calm and peace are all thy part !*

*We list and list but ne'er can learn,
While music flows in silver streams,
Just why our love should make us turn
To you—Our Lady of Dreams !*

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York.

* Kurret-el-Aine was a very beautiful woman of peculiar distinction in the early days of the new world-religion, Baháism. Translated, her name means rest, contentment, or consolation of the eyes.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE
PRESENT DAY.

HAD my pen the power to conjure from the graves, in which they have lain these fifty years and more, Richard Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, those gentlemen would rub their eyes in great perplexity at the seething sea of periodicals, which have had their being in the idea which originally took shape as the *Edinburgh Review*. These periodicals embody the activities of a vast section of humanity ; their name is legion, their measure is extensive. Every coterie has its journal, every community its own authorized organ of opinion. There is no word worth hazarding, but must be ratified by an enlightened Press to obtain a patient hearing ; and the value of printed matter has risen a thousandfold. The editorial sanctum is the most dreaded of all dark mysteries, both to the makers and breakers of the law. Poor, patient, ill-requited writers hang tremblingly on the lips of the monthly reviewer, who cuts, draws, quarters and hashes them with triumphant mercilessness, all because they have committed the unpardonable sin of publishing a book ! Other wretches of the race lick the foot that spurns them, thinking one day to be themselves the punishers. Indeed, the Strand is the haven of their hopes, and not even the prospect of a safe berth in Downing street would prevent them from casting a longing, lingering look at the far-off place of promise. Such is the force of journalism in modern life. But the distinctive quality of the Twentieth century—a deeper introspectiveness—is curiously absent in those men precisely who labour so disinterestedly for the public weal. Hence it cannot be out of place here to attempt a brief review of the periodical literature of the age, its shortcomings and its possibilities.

It is an observation as old as De Quincey, that the term "literature" is singularly elastic, and capable of being moulded to accommodate every sense, which anyone finds convenient to attribute to it. Hence it is exceptionally difficult to define the standard by which we are to measure periodical literature, and find its absolute value. Permanency, the hallmark of great literature, cannot naturally be sought for in publications of professedly transient interest; and such are our periodicals in solitary instances, which go to prove the rule conclusively. But a sort of pseudo-permanency is achieved by these in the eyes of the curious student who, turning over the musty volumes of old periodicals, can catch, if he has the tact enough, the unconscious passing little moods which determine the manners and minor morals of men of any age.

But, turning now from permanency to practical utility, the periodical, as has been already observed, is the all-important power which reserves the right of final veto in all questions and decisions concerning the welfare of the public. So great indeed is the influence it exercises that wise men have cautiously expressed their fears more than once, that a useful servant may turn out a tyrannous master. These fears are not wholly without foundation as the realm of contemporary literature very well testifies. The trend of present-day criticism is distinctly destructive; and nowhere is this more explicit than in the reception the periodical Press accords to newly-published books. But apart from this stern spirit of repression and baleful resentment at all unwarranted advancement, there is another power which the Press wields with irresistible force, and which threatens soon to wipe out all true literature. Journalism, as the intellectual purveyor of the public, must perforce not only subject every new book to a rigorous examination, with a view to denounce all that it considers unsuitable, but must also set the example by itself publishing books on approved lines. Thus, dissected serials, patchwork criticisms, practical philosophy, paper-politics are all inflicted upon the heads of a patient populace by our periodicals which constitute themselves such strict censors on works which have had the misfortune to see the light of day without *their* sanction. It is this aspect of modern journalism, which affords such a fascinating treat to one who studies it with an observant eye. It is this side of it which is really

the soul of it, and which will be dealt with in this paper which professes to gauge the ultimate worth of the literature so sedulously manufactured by the periodical Press.

It is a recognised fact in literary history that virile fecundity is but the outward manifestation of a robust national consciousness. The cumulative energy of a nation blossoms forth into a burst of glorious action, vigorous thought, noble poetry, after pretty long intervals of torpid inactivity, when the national mind replenishes its splendid resources in apparent idleness. The depressing gloom of the Middle Ages and the lisping experiments of the early poetasters were dark stages in the resurgent process, which wafted from the shores of Heaven the magic mist of song to settle its golden glory on the noble Age of Elizabeth. This energising excitement was followed by a period of lull, when the breeze scarce moved through the trees. The latter half of the Nineteenth century (and up to now) has been a facsimile reproduction of the conditions and consequences which obtained for a period of a century in the England after Milton. In these stages of quiet, the flagged spirit finds its proper recreation in flimsy productions, which can never survive the blasting breath of Time. The incessant refinement which lingers on the perfumed path of the Muses to construct with patient labour and substantial edifice out of the fairy exhalations of an exalted mood, is wrought of too much pain to an enfeebled race which fain would rest after a trying experience. The heaven-sent energy once dissipated in prodigal profusion, can never regenerate itself from a vacuum, but must wait to originate at length in languorous ease on the lap of decay. Hence, it is no wonder that the modern essay—the embodied impatience of the genius of literature, which throws together a few gleanings into a promiscuous heap in petulant fitfulness, the short society tale which drones in galling monotony over wine and women, frills and furbelows and lurid police reports, the terribly long novel with its detestable “purpose,” the mechanical verse which whirls with amazing rapidity in giddy circles of rondeaus and album-poetry—all these constitute the formidable output of literary or, rather more fittingly, printed matter of our vigorous age.

This elaborate statement is not intended as an apology for the incontrovertible fact mentioned above. It is rather an

explanation of the root-causes, which rendered the present state of circumstances almost inevitable. Journalism, like the Church, is militant. Its policy is the aggressive offensive. Napoleon is reported to have said, "Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." Journalism is ever ready with its missiles to assail, at a moment's warning, its innumerable though invisible foes. It strengthens its forces by internal reconciliations effected by what O. W. Holmes has designated the "Mutual Admiration Societies." Its plans, correctly understood, are clear as crystal. A tacit arrangement draws all journals of the same faith to a centre of activity, from which they may safely press their forces on hostile convictions. Hence the very tone of every periodical is modulated in nice adjustment in every department of its activities to suit its own atmosphere. Therefore, the spoonfuls of literature it gives in regular doses to the public smell strongly of its likes and dislikes, and cannot be expected to be any more the fearless expression of the author's mind. A Gifford recklessly cutting out the articles of a groaning Carlyle to suit his own pattern, is not an unusual phenomenon exciting our displeased curiosity, but a welcome doctor of the people's æsthetic nourishment. This invalid cannot surely be expected to be impressive. But we may assume its spirits are rallying. And the easy stages of convalescence are not without their pathetic and interesting side.

As befits the organ of the many-mouthed expression of a nation, the periodical literature of the present time branches off into many natural divisions—the purely literary, the social, the political, the religious, the philosophical, to name only the most important. Each one is generally tackled by professed specialists who have convinced the public into a confiding belief in their prowess. But, at a time when the critical genius of a nation finds the warmest welcome in the world of thought, and discovers an adequate field for its exercise in the exciting regions of party politics, it easily supersedes other literary interests and establishes itself as the only legitimate staple of thought in periodical literature. This explains the easy predominance of political articles in all journals. But as every journal has its own atmosphere, as was observed before, and cannot mix up other topics to a very great extent without the imminent danger of striking a discordant note, it has to restrict itself to its own

chosen subject, and, if it ever makes an undecided excursion into other fields, to content itself with a few stray sheaves. Hence the extraordinary number of periodicals wholly devoted to the discussion of political questions. They, not infrequently, insert a piece of literary criticism, a short story, a philosophical essay, a *jeu d'esprit*. But these are in their nature fugitive and, I should think, serve only as a sort of dramatic relief.

But what applies to political literature applies, in a proportionate degree, to the other branches of literature also. This diversity of interest represented by diverse periodicals is, in a limited sphere, a sort of blessing to idlers, who find it congenial to their temperament to confine themselves to 'the few journals which alone deal with the single subject which is their passion. But I should again say that this is a curse in disguise to the unfortunate beings above specified. These butterfly readers, in spite of all their faith, must hop from one summer flower to another without a taste of honey, or trace of fragrance; they can never be the busy bees. But here I may be committing the facile mistake of giving undue importance to a comparatively trivial question. The point I wish to emphasise is simply this, that a journal which proposes to cater for the hydra-headed monster can never justify its existence, if it does not adequately provide for the combined interest and instruction of men of all tastes. It is sad to note that very few journals stand this not exacting, though a little irksome, test at the present time. But it facilitates our work of describing the various branches of journalism in an almost tabular form. We can now directly proceed to take a brief survey of each of the departments of journalistic activities.

Self-confidence was never a virtue so impetuously insisted upon as in the very note of contemporary literature when the hack's pen goes to work with all the precision of perfect knowledge and firmness of judgment. His decisions are made up beforehand, and the laboured building up of clauses and sentences is but a parade of formal grandeur, which ushers in these foregone conclusions. This is the very cream of the work now done in the field of literary criticism and Belles Lettres. In spite of all tall-talk about romantic criticism, sympathy for the author and the effacing of self in the critic, seem not so much matters of a forgotten past. The unknown author's difficulty is now doubled, for he is expected to pacify

not only the critic but also an impertinent public, which looks with lofty contempt at a work which probably cost the author many a tear and many a groan. But the hapless being who is subjected to these scrutinies is of course not the one who has made his name in literary circles and wallows in wealth, but the ill-fated wretch whose commonest and dolefullest experience is rejected M.S.S. The fortunate being has, on the other hand, a very glorious time of it. The trivial outputs of his daily life are treasured with fond reverence by unclaimed Boswells, who sing his glories for the edification of an obtuse audience. Quaintly flavoured anecdotes gather round his name with stealthy steps, and occasionally, Bohemia is fused into the land of Romance. The habits of the man and his harmless peccadilloes are made to account for the splendour of his genius with a display of close reasoning, which would astonish even a Newman. His ambitions are justified, likes and dislikes interpreted as all conducing to the making of perfect literature. Nor do our journal-critics hesitate to assign him his place in the gallery of the great of all times. Where, indeed, can he be seated but in the inner circle, which closes round the celestial throne of Shakespeare? Truly, criticism, if ever it can be, is now the sycophant of fortune.

Let us now pass into the sphere of the general essayist. His main activity consists in recording his own "impressions" of men, manners, things, books and all the other thousand and one things under the sun, which ever attract the vacant gaze of idle curiosity. With infinite self-pity he pays heart-felt homage to the Eternal Ego, cherishing its aspirations with mournful self-interest, brooding over its sorrows with troubled heart and brimming eyes, and looking at all the other objects of the creation through a pair of smoked spectacles, which invests them with a yellow haze of ungainly insipidity. But, of course, his opinions are of inestimable value to an expectant public, which can safely be reached only through the hospitable column of a renowned periodical. So he doles out his ideas in measured parsimony. Nature and her perennial resources speak to him only through railways and photographs, and he transmits these messages with unprecedented fidelity to men, who cannot command these conveniences. In fact, he does not lay pretentious claims to credit; with charming unconventionality

and disarming frankness, he tells you that he is nothing but a live typewriter. But though you are glad of his sincerity, you cannot but wish that he were otherwise than he is.

Closely allied to our critics, are the biographers and character-writers who use the periodical press to exhibit the exemplary lives of great men to an admiring public. The biography proper of the present day is not strictly associated with journalism ; it has become, as people have begun to realise, a connected publication of the subject's private papers garnished with a few well-assorted, stimulating incidents and anecdotes, the authenticity of which the biographer never troubles himself to vouch for. The admirable patience with which the ambitious biographer wades through a mass of confusing detail is amply rewarded not only by the indulgent attention of an ever-eager public, but also by the gratified subjects themselves. But what particular benefit accrues to the man in the street—unless the polished scandal he learns to talk, which deprives him of a few hours' well-paid labour, is a benefit—is more than any man of commonsense can say. Our periodical character-writers, again, while claiming to execute detached vignettes—the delineations of single facets—distort their colour to accommodate a partial vision, with the result that they give us not the man as he is, but the man as he might have been, if the forces of creation had been amenable to *their* persuasion.

Though the transition is a little too sudden, let us now turn to the realms of poesy to take the measure of the harvest they promise in these seasons of vigorous growth. Verily, this is the day of gay, polished pendants, which chain the heart of man in the vast space of things ; and very finely to this universal truth are attuned the cadences of the modern muse. She lisps charming effusions which unfortunately split off into tiny bits, though still preserving their entity. The *vers d'acacion* is the only branch even of spurious poetry, which can flourish at the present day. And where else could it rest at ease but in the bosom of the sixpenny-magazine, a pendant literally and metaphorically ? But this Magazine poetry is not content to hide its diminished head in this florid luxuriance of monthly growth. It must, of need, occupy an acknowledged first place both in size and in merit. But, unfortunately, its size is only

the unhealthy swell of the old frog in the fable; and as for merit, why,—all things must come to an end.

The last and by far the biggest division to be considered under the heading of pure literature is fiction. Its fertility, in our time, has so completely sapped out the healthy juice of the main trunk that very little is left for the nourishment of the other branches, which wither away in consequence. Every Weekly has its *Feuilleton*. The Magazines, penny and sixpenny, which are wholly devoted to fiction, are innumerable. Even sober Reviews insert short stories at healthy intervals. But what is the distinctive characteristic of this exuberant growth? Its almost uninterrupted monotony is its unmistakable mark. This is most apparent in the long 6s. novels of the time. Love is necessarily the theme and the conflict and conclusion alike evolve from it; and Hymen graces the conclusion with his pleasing presence. Some authors have discovered their particular delight in representing the inventions of modern science—motors, tram-cars, railways, breweries, etc., as the agents of human destiny and very skilfully worked out their design. Others revel in scarlet studies of love and war and death in darksome regions, which the ordinary human fancy has not the temerity enough to pierce through, and so gazes at, with wonder in its eyes, standing on the very border. Or again, the loving villain who snatches away the bride from the despairing husband is an equal favourite, especially with some of our lady authors. But the essentials, when sifted out of this bewildering confusion of petty detail, are always the same. The few ideas are permuted and combined with consummate skill, but not with skill enough to disguise the skeleton which would peep forth through the ragged thin strips of flesh and stray drops of blood, which are all the outcome of the author's attempt to give life to (his or her) character. But why should so much of human ingenuity be wasted on such an uninteresting, thankless task?

Thus, the whole outlook in pure literature, as evidenced by our periodicals, is not very inviting. There is a weakness in the evolution, a slackness in the joints, a triviality in the conception, and a clumsiness in the execution, which effectually take off every vestige of true literature from the millions of words poured forth every day by our periodical press. Nor can this be easily remedied in the present state of circumstances. The

idea of running a purely literary review, for the sake of pure literature, can never progress beyond paper, for the financial support necessary will not be forthcoming. The public wants nothing of the kind. What it requires is tangible amusement, which only meretricious attractions can hold out. It will soon get tired of a purely literary journal, which cannot supply it with food for light talk, with slang stories of sport and spirit, with humorous caricatures of public men to laugh over and with innumerable other knick-knacks which alone delight the public and feed the journals at the present time. The saying that the advertisements alone keep a journal from being lodged in the limbo of forgotten things on the very day of its birth, will then find a practical illustration. Need we, then, repeat that literature, being incompatible with present-day needs, cannot flourish under the wings of our periodicals?

But, as was premised at the very outset, pure literature occupies only a secondary position in the periodicals of the day. It is politics that provides never-failing matter for thought and comment, that stimulates and energises, provokes and sharpens. But all that is written on politics in our journals is not literature, in the sense in which Burke's speeches and Macaulay's political writings are literature. These writings have neither freshness, nor virility, nor substantial interest of high theme to rescue them from obscurity. The petty squabbles of to-day, however tremendous they may be to the parties concerned, and however important in the eyes of the onlookers, cannot arouse sympathy or eagerness in posterity. Most of these writings cannot be interesting even to the antiquarian, who burrows into every dusty hole, for they contain not the main channel of the current, which might be of use to the Historian as indicating the footmarks of progress, but only branches and deviations from it, which are in no way interesting except as faded monuments of futile excursions. Then, how can the label of literature be stuck with propriety on frail erections of words, which crumble in the very process of construction?

Religious literature is, fortunately for us, too meagre to arrest our attention. A busy nation finds it more convenient to let garrulity play its harmless freaks in moss-grown churches in stupid villages, and works out the salvation of the soul more simply through the salvation of the body.

Then, again, there is an extraordinary amount of writing on purely social subjects ; but once more, luckily, this whirlpool of words is not literature. Fashions and fabrics do not exactly find their direct road to the heart of the public through beautiful language or ennobling thoughts ; and our social life is simply the sum-total of the changing modes of our outer life and their influence, such as it is, on the inner man.

The only considerable branch now remaining to be discussed is that of philosophy, and where doctors differ, it would be sheer impertinence for a layman to put on a knowing look. But, happily for all parties concerned, I am not setting forth to estimate the value of the ideas our philosophers set afloat on the thinking world, but only of the intrinsic worth of the form in which they exist. But without irreverence, the opinion may be hazarded that these same ideas are not so stable as they look, because they are subject to many corrections, reversals and amendments, as is but natural in writings where conjecture plays a large part ; also, they cannot escape the ravages of Time like some works which, though their opinions have become antiquated, are resuscitated from eternal oblivion by the jewelled setting of the style, which can ever attract men for its own sake.

In this rather hasty survey of periodical literature in its main divisions, we are persistently struck by one fact, the absence of refreshing energy by which Matthew Arnold defined genius, and the consequent paucity of thought, which compels the regular intellectual caterers of the public to seek refuge in imitation relieved by unseemly freaks of eccentricity. This false activity is assisted in its march by an unhealthy sentimentality at one end, and an unfeeling harshness at the other. What is more, it is powerfully backed by keen commercial instincts, which drive off æsthetic niceness and sense of proportion. Our periodicals cannot exalt or refine, satisfy or gratify, energise or improve. Thus they fail in all the functions of true literature in its relation to man. They tickle the ears of many and thereby put money into the pockets of some. Nor can they do more. Probably, no one expects more from them.

N. RAGHUNATHAN.

Madras.

THE BEGÂR BULL.

*Alles Vergangliche.
Ist nur ein Gleichnis,*
GOETHE, FAUST.

YEARS ago, I cannot say how many, I said to myself I must write about the Begâr Bull—though uncertain what form the attempt should take, whether poem, or essay, or newspaper article, or pamphlet, or monograph, or mystical symbolism in the manner of Jakob Böhme, or serious or humorous attempt, or a stringing together of “disjecta membra” in the manner of G. K. Chesterton. In some form or other, it seemed to me, that here clearly was a topic for something written—a virgin soil in which no pen had yet made its furrows. The subject itself—the poor Begâr Bull, standing tethered at a village chowry, or trotting along the dusty road, heavy-laden—had something in it of invitation, almost supplication, saying—“Here am I, write about me.” That particular Begâr Bull has long since vanished into the limbo of the past. Others have succeeded in collateral descent, for man had made it impossible for him to give hostages to fortune. Those that I now see are not those of my first acquaintance, which, toiling along from day to day, in rain and sunshine, in dust and mud, have walked away into the darkness of Hades. Nature, however, as is her custom, has been careful of the type, though careless of the single life, and whether at a cattle fair, or weekly mart, or Pola festival, or on a common grazing ground, or wherever oxen are congregated, the Begâr Bull stands apart, and, singling it out from a thousand, I could say “This is a Begâr Bull”—so deep and lasting has been the first impression of its prototype on the palimpsest of memory. *O mihi si linguae*

centum sint oraque centum, ferrea vox, that I might make thee as famous as the bulls and the bees of Virgil, the ass of Tristram Shandy, the Thessalian Bucephalus of Alexander the Great, or Don Quixote's Rozinante, or Sancho Panza's Dapple, the skylark of Shelley, the field-mouse of Burns, the nightingale of Keats, the first harnessed ox of Buzyges, the bullock of Pasiphae, the apis of Thebes, the great winged bulls of Nineveh, the fly of the good uncle Toby, the raven of Poe, yea, the great bull itself that spins for ever in the Zodiac through the ringing grooves of Ophiuchus.

He is only a poor Begâr Bull. There he stands under the exiguous shade of a dry babul tree, tied with his nose-rope to a post of the old dusty, dingy, tumble-down village chowry, nibbling at dry and unsucculent stocks of Kadbi, whereof the leaves have been cut away for his more favoured brothers, and at whiles looking steadily into space with that placid philosophy which, search the world over, and you shall not find, as it is to be seen reflected from the mute and uncomplaining eye of an ox. Thou surely hast known no cheerful springtime of youth. Thou hast not frisked and gambolled, and, with tail and nose flung high in the air, sported and careered over the plains with thy fellows, as if the devil himself were in pursuit. Too early has the tender integument of thy nostrils been bored with a sharp horn, and the inserted rope has for ever been thy more than halter, and stony-hearted farriers have iron-shod, and the nails of the farrier have entered the quick of thy tender hoof. Thou hast bowed the neck to the yoke, and thy back has borne burdens before thy bones had ceased to be plastic; sharp-spiked oxgoads have perforated thy hide and flecked with blood the coat once shiny and smooth as velvet, and softer than the downy peach; no solution of continuity, laying bare the flesh of thy bruised neck, has ever been sufficient to keep thee from the yoke. Those once straight limbs, how are they crooked and knotted, and every single vertebra of thy once supple tail has been twisted and wrenched from the position where kind nature had placed it. Thy flanks, once curved with the line of beauty, how are they deep-furrowed, and every rib stands out the ridge of a separate furrow, rivalling the flanks of Rozinante himself. For us was thy back so bent, and thy straight limbs so deformed. Thou wert our conscript

on whom the lot fell; and fighting our battles, wert so marred. Hesperus, the bringer of good things, of home to the weary, and the welcome stall to the o'er-labored steer, bringeth not her good things to thee. Those green fields of grain, those pasture lands of grass, those stacks of Kadbi, unshorn of the tender leaves, and hedged in with thorns, they are not for thee—attempt them not, for thou wilt be repaid with thorns only in thy snout, or oxgoads in thy flanks, or a sojourn in a neighbouring cattle pound. Thy allotted fare is the pithless Kadbi stocks of last year's harvest. Thou never mortgagest the morrow. Thou art the redemption price of a prior mortgage which was not for thy benefit. Thou wert born for yesterday—and to-day and to-morrow are not for thee. The dusty road in summer, the muddy road in the monsoon, and the cold cheerless road in winter is thy home, and thy home is the road that leads thee to no goal. But, as a little spark of light intensifies the dark, thou hast one gala day in the year—the day of Pola. On that day a new rope will be passed through thy snout in token of renewed servitude, variegated tassels of coarse jute will dangle from the tips of thy bored horns, and the village urchins will amuse themselves with stamping patterns on thy flanks with old tinpots, shards or the necks of broken earthenware dipped in red ochre.

Thou may'st then, at sunset, indulge in chorybantics, and gallop in company down the village street, to a neighbouring tank or stream, with young rusticity shouting at thy heels, and for once fill thy stomach with green fodder, and for the rest of the year look back in vain on these flesh-pots of Egypt. (May the peppermint grow green on the grave of the founder of this festival; or if, as I guess, he has been cremated, may his fine particles float upward into the Zodiac, and lose themselves in the tangled ringlets of Cassiopeia's hair!) Had'st thou lived in the days of old Greece, thou had'st been woven into a myth, and become a type, or symbol, of labour without wages, and the exaction of much from one to whom little has been given. The tired Israelite in bonds and forced labor, in the land of Egypt, baking bricks without stubble, but never without the rod of the stern taskmaster, the hunted Helots of Sparta, the oppressed serf of Siberia, the peace-loving Caribbeans flying from the terrors of civilisation, the pariah of India, the poor Eurasian, that other and more than pariah

of Anglo-Indian society, whose life is the one same history of hopes and unfulfilled aspirations, of niggard Fortune that keeps the word of promise to the ear, and breaks it to the hope, or of a long and unprosperous love—thou art a type and symbol of all these, and more.

DeQuincey, had he known thee, would have companioned thee with his three Ladies of Sorrow, the “mater Lachrymarum,” the “mater Suspiriorum,” and the “mater Tenebrarum;” Phidias would have made a Laocoon of thee, and Victor Hugo have added a chapter to his “*Les Misérables*.” But thou art voiceless in thy woes; and the whip and the knotted babul stick, and the sharp goad, and the Tantalus pangs of unsatisfied hunger never brought a moan from thee.

Thy protest against a deaf and dead injustice is silent, and more eloquent than the vain and pceevish lamentations of articulate man. Thou movest straight before thee, following thy nose, and thy direction is the resultant of forces. Thou lookest not before and after, nor pinest for what is not. The days that are no more are to thee as days that had not been. Thou vexest not thyself with things too hard for thee, nor, shouting question after question into the Sybil cave of destiny, receivest no answer but an echo, nor, chasing the phantom Hope through all the labyrinthine ways of life, returnest again to the dull vacuity of the actual and the present, and again revertest, in memory, to the vanished dreams of “*der Drang nach Wahrheit und der Lust am Trug*.”

The next time I come this way, I shall know thy last habitat by the vultures and carrion kites circling in the air, or, with ravenous beaks, unflensing a mere hull, left high and dry, of what once was—only a Begâr Bull. Thy viscera lies scattered about in bits, or may be seen dangling from shrubs and the branches of the surrounding trees, or trailed along the ground by shy crows. Thy hide has already been stripped from thee, and the Patel has bartered it with chamars for shoes and thongs; the worse than barbarous Scythian, he who makes his generation Messes to gorge his appetite, has repasted himself on thy flesh; thy horns and hoofs will be boiled down for glue, and thy bones be collected and sold for the refining processes of a sugar factory. To thy owner thou

hast been nought but a white elephant, and well may he say :—

O, let me look upon thy visage, being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.

One thing only now remains. The Mahars will file a suit against the Patel in the nearest civil court for damages and recovery of the price of thy hide, pleading the immemorial custom of watans and Mahars' *hags*. The Patel will counter-plead, rejoinders will be filed, applications made for injunctions, and interlocutory orders, with preliminary objections raising dark questions of jurisdiction, limitation, and other waste, unclean bugbears and incubi, as numerous as the leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa ; learned counsel will be engaged on both sides, appeals, and reviews, and revisions will follow in due and unending succession through all the civil tribunals of the land, the frightful apparition of *res judicata* will be invoked periodically, till, in the fullness of time, the vexed question will be finally and authoritatively determined by a Select Committee of the Privy Council, and thou shalt have the posthumous glory of lending thy name to the leading case of Rama Patel *vs.* Ganpati and 15 others, printed in 99 Cal: pp. 9999 et seq. Thou shalt live longer than the memory of Cheops and Osymandias. I have discharged my duty, and—fare-thee-well.

On a future occasion, time and inclination favouring, I may ask the reader to take a look at thy owner, by way of corollary, or converse, to the proposition : “ He that drives fat oxen must be fat.”

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

NATIONAL PROGRESS.

IT is an unfortunate fact that, when we speak or write of national progress, we usually mean material progress. We are still so largely under the influence of the materialistic theories evolved during the so-called Industrial Revolution of the 19th century, that the idea that National Progress can mean anything but purely material prosperity does not occur to us. Even our politicians and leaders of thought can think of no other way of demonstrating that progress than by quoting trade statistics and income-tax returns, or by pointing to the fact that wages have risen over one hundred per cent. in less than a century of national life. They gleefully instance these material facts, and think that nothing more need be said. For a hundred years, in fact, National Progress has been treated as the peculiar province of study of the Political Economist. The laws or rules of material prosperity laid down by the economist have been regarded almost as axioms of the Creator; and that complete indifference to life—mercifully tempered in later years in the case of women and children—which is so characteristic of orthodox political economy since the days of Ricardo, has had a fell effect on the views of all but a minority. As Ruskin puts it in *Unto This Last*:—

Among the delusions which at different times have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern *soi-disant* science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

We shall meet with this “influence of social affection” again; in the meantime, a more pertinent question requires consideration. Why is it that our leaders of thought refuse to re-

cognise anything but material prosperity as an index of national prosperity? The real reason, we may suspect, is that existing forms of government would be endangered if any other definition takes the field. The ostensible reason which is offered, is the impossibility of believing in a general rise in man's moral and intellectual capacity.

Within the last few weeks, for instance, a book has been published by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace—who received the 'Order of Merit' a few years ago for his services to science—entitled, *Social Environment and Moral Progress*. In this book he seeks to prove the general proposition that there is no evidence of progress over the whole period of what we call civilisation, in the inherent character of man, in his real morality and in the level of his intellect. He believes in a selection by evolution of the physical body (he is indeed entitled to an equal place with Charles Darwin as the originator of the theory of natural selection), but he denies that there has been any agency strong enough to produce a selection of man's mental equipment. Turn to a non-scientist, and we see the same denial of moral and social progress from another point of view. Mr. W. H. Mallock in his *Studies in Contemporary Superstition* (an ominous title in itself) says:—

It is perfectly obvious the moment we examine the matter closely and resolve to bring our thoughts into severe and accurate order, that some of the most important elements of power never have resided in any class that can be called 'the People,' and never can reside in it. The devising of the means for fulfilling the requirements of the community must always be in the hands of a minority who possess, or are supposed to possess, talents above the average—a minority which is not merged in 'the People,' but is differentiated from it. And thus we arrive at what is perhaps the best definition of 'the People' that is possible—all those persons who are without exceptional talents, and whose qualities, when exceptional at all, are exceptional by being below, not by being above, the average. It is conceivable, in certain cases, that 'the People' thus defined may be capable of wielding all the power requisite for some *destructive* purpose, but it is utterly inconceivable that they can ever be capable of *construction*. A drunken mob some day may blow up the Forth Bridge, but a drunken mob will never rebuild it.

These are strong views, and they cut across the belief of those who hold that there has been from the beginning a continuous rise in morality and in social behaviour. But when a scientist of the reputation of Dr. Wallace commits himself to the

statement that, during the whole period of what we call civilisation, there has been no such rise, we can almost excuse anyone else who sees national progress only as a question of pounds, shillings and pence. Nor can we blame Mr. Mallock for holding the view that Society is ever destined to consist of a minority of "cultured" and a majority of "ignorant," and that the power of government must rest permanently with those who possess this "culture"; it flows from the same font whence Dr. Wallace takes his inspiration. But what a commentary on the avowed efforts of religion and philosophy! After centuries of effort, based on a belief that man can rise in the moral sense, we are told that the effort is in vain; we are told to believe that civilisation is a figment of the imagination, and that man to-day is no better and no worse than the iceman in his cave and the savage who saves the nail-clippings of his enemies as a totem of revenge. We may usefully quote Professor Lecky's *Rise and Influence of Rationalism* as a corrective of such views. He says:—

Bull-baiting and bear-baiting and cock-fighting, and countless amusements of a similar kind, were once the favourite pastimes of Europe, were pursued by all classes even the most refined and the most humane, and were universally regarded as perfectly legitimate. Men of the most distinguished excellence are known to have delighted in them. Had anyone challenged them as barbarous, his sentiments would have been regarded not simply as absurd, but as incomprehensible. There was, no doubt, no controversy on the subject. Gradually, however, by the silent pressure of civilisation, a profound change passed over public opinion. It was effected, not by any increase of knowledge or by any process of definite reasoning, but simply by the gradual elevation of the moral standard. Amusements that were once universal passed from the women to the men, from the upper to the lower classes, from the virtuous to the vicious, till at last the Legislature interposed to suppress them, and a thrill of indignation is felt, whenever it is discovered that any of them have been practised. The history of the abolition of torture, the history of punishments, the history of the treatment of the conquered in war, the history of slavery—all present us with examples of practices, which in one age were accepted as perfectly right and natural, and which in another age were repudiated as palpably and atrociously inhuman. In each case the change was effected much less by any intellectual process than by a certain quickening of the moral judgments.

The idea that National Progress means only material pros-

perity is, to put it plainly, old fashioned and a relic of Victorian Liberalism. Our political and other mentors have grown grey in the worship of Manchesterism and they are unable to grasp the fact that a new life with new conceptions is springing up in the masses around them. Time was when a material prosperity was all-important. In those far-off days when "labour" was a slave, without an articulate voice, a great dumb animal, starved and ignorant, the pressing need was economic amelioration. It was in such circumstances that Richard Cobden found an immediate field of action and a practical philosophy of life, in attending to the material well-being of the populace. He maintained that there was the true key to the foundations of morality and enlightenment. Stability and happiness, he thought, must flow from an economic prosperity. His beliefs dominated the Manchesterian school of thought of which he was the virtual founder and principal exponent. His views are still upheld by the orthodox, although the central idea that man had only to be freed from all artificial restraints, and society would obediently reorganise itself in a graduated scale of efficiency, has been in part discarded. *The Times* of London, a newspaper which cannot be accused of a "working class" partiality, has in a recent issue (April 1913) gone so far as to assert that Manchesterism is dead :—

The sanctity of the natural play of economic forces is an abstract idea, which has never been observed in practice, and has been openly and generally abandoned for generations. Manchesterism is dead beyond all possibility of resuscitation. Persons who do not know it—and there appear to be some still—cannot tell a corpse when they see it.

"The People," to use Mr. Mallock's term, have received all the benefits that the school of Cobden could obtain for them. From a series of causes they see that they are not sufficient. Life, it is observed, carries with it something more than merely an economic margin over and above a living wage. Culture, knowledge—the whole gamut of intellectual life—lies beyond the economic issue. That is the new desire and, equally with the material side, it will have to be met. We thus pass from, and build on this economic amelioration, to moral and social reform. "The People" have entered (and claim a recognition of the fact) into what Emerson so wisely calls the "ascending effort," a striving for something beyond and above the eager struggle for existence.

This impulse, this striving is a product of civilisation. To the savage, self-preservation is the only law; his mentality is concentrated upon the struggle for existence, and his every action is designed to aid him in his fight. He has little time to spare for recreation, and even his amusements are such as will afford him an increased dexterity of eye and hand. Civilised man, on the other hand, has attained, by a greater certainty of living and a shortening of the hours during which he must work to maintain life, such a sufficiency of leisure as enables him to give attention to matters having no tangible connection with his daily labour. In consequence, civilised man has, unlike the savage, a twin mortality; one concerned with the struggle for existence, the other free to take part in what Emerson calls the "ascending effort." As it is put by Mr. H. G. Wells in *New Worlds for Old* :—

It needs but a cursory view of history to realise, though all knowledge of history confirms the generalisation that this arena is not a confused and aimless conflict of individuals. Looked at too closely, it may seem to be that—a formless web of individual hates and loves; but detach oneself but a little, and the broader forms appear. One perceives something that goes on, that is constantly working to make order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion; justice, kindness, mercy out of cruelty and inconsiderate pressure. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to speak of this force, that struggles and tends to make and do, as 'Good Will.' More and more evident is it as one reviews the ages, that there is *this*, as well as lust, hunger, avarice, vanity and more or less intelligent fear, to be counted among the motives of mankind. This Good Will of our race, however arising, however trivial, however subordinated to individual ends, however comically inadequate a thing it may be in this individual case or that, is in the aggregate an operating will.

Nor must we forget that as life becomes more secure, this goodwill, this freer mentality tends to greater prominence. The greater the certainty of life, the more readily does man turn to intellectual pursuits. So readily indeed that it is doubtful whether the moral and social progress of a nation cannot most easily be measured in terms of leisure. At all events we may offer the general proposition that there is the greatest chance of progress in that Nation having the greatest respite from toil, and least in that Nation where the struggle for bare life consumes all the waking hours.

We may bid defiance to Dr. Wallace and those who agree with his views, and roundly urge that National Progress, in the true sense, is a combination of material and moral prosperity. Nor need we stop to consider the Eugenist view that the human race is decadent, or the philosophic view that truth and morality are fixed quantities; that what was true a millennium ago, is true to-day. Decadence has been a cry for hundreds of years; no age has ever been better than the preceding age, just as the youth of one generation are never equal to the youth of previous generations. "A decadent England" was enlarged upon by more than one writer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the Queen herself had her fears, for she did all in her power to keep the size of London within the limits, to which it had grown in her day. And as for a fixed measure of truth and morality, the ordinary person is too convinced that the theory of relativity is more in accordance with current thought to pay much attention to a logician philosophy. The ordinary person holds that all things are relative to the passing moment; "the supply of facts is ever changing, hence the centre of gravity of the Actual is subject to constant shifting; beside, about half of our knowledge, or even more, is provisional; what was yesterday regarded as true is false to-day" (Chamberlain in *Foundations of the 19th Century*.)

So we pass in this whirl of uplifting life to what Ruskin called "social affection." The economists, whom Ruskin raged at, knew little of it; the scientist of to-day thinks little of it. The pre-Darwinian economist bowed his head to the word "utility"; if a man had no "utility," he must perish. Since Darwin's day the fetish is "survival of the fittest"; here, again, if a man is not "fit," he must perish. In the one case philosophy gave its sanction, and in the other the scientist gives it to the motto, "the devil take the hindmost." Philosophy and Science offer the same last rite to the unfortunate, who is thrust into a pauper's grave! But "social affection", rightly or wrongly, decrees that there shall be no such selection of the fittest; it decrees that the halt, the lame and the blind must be cared for. The fossilized coprolites of a Saurian reptile may show traces of the prey, which it devoured and lived on, and so indicate, as Buckland argued, that the preying of one animal on another—to eat and be eaten—is a general law of nature. But it is the shadow lying across the path of progress. Man—thinking man—

has turned the phrase, "eat and be eaten" to "live and assist to live." Man—thinking man—no longer "lives to eat" but "eats to live." Man—thinking man—is engaged in an attempt to bring form of order to a chaotic impulse of life; to regulate human conduct on a basis of "to-morrow" and not of "to-day."

In conclusion, we may say that in the early industrial history of England economic values were in the ascendant, but that in time this devotion to material prosperity was softened and tempered by the application of moral and social principles. Slowly at first, but quickening with the spread of education and the cheapening of books and newspapers, the last thirty or forty years have seen such a development of a sense of social polity, that the new movement threatens to overturn Individualism as completely as Individualism overthrew Feudalism. Labour has been trained for a century to accept an ever-rising standard of communal conduct, and, articulate at last, Labour is demanding that the process shall be continued to a logical and ordered end, in which practical application will be given to Ruskin's dictum, that "there is no wealth but life." To the student of history, Socialism—the label under which Labour formulates its demands—is but a stage in moral and social progress; whether that is the final stage, time alone will prove. But there is a sweep of a century of movement behind the demand; a movement ever widening and ever embracing fresh sections of the Nation. And until the day arrives when National Progress, in the sense we have defined it, is the accepted creed of all classes in the community, the jostlings of an individualistic system by combinations of workmen (Trade Unions) and by general strikes (Syndicalism) will continue. These visible signs of agitation are not a disease, however, but a sign that a wider concept of life is flowing amongst the affected classes, that moral values are becoming an instinct with the rank and file, and that they are searching for a means to realise them.

"Socialism"—using the word to indicate an "ascending effort" or "social affection," has been defined as "a tendency and not a revealed dogma"; it is an attitude to life and not a political shibboleth. For the "lower" classes, Socialism primarily means a higher economic standard of life, and, secondarily, a better life as a result of that economic increment; for the "middle" class, Socialism means the Betterment of Democracy, a principle based on an extending sympathy. Two armies in the body politic are

loosely joined together by the simple idea of "altering the present conditions of life." Watching apart the play of moral and economic forces around him stands the politician, awaiting the day when these impulses and desires shall be sufficiently coherent, sufficiently intermingled, to admit of the application of a legislative cement. One section sees in Socialism the means by which a greater share of the national wealth may be obtained; the other, abhorring misery and poverty, and possessed of as high a sense of duty as has ever been displayed by men, is helping to create the machinery by which present hopes may be realised. The experiment of Manchesterism has taught us that the predominant economic phase of thought now displayed by the poorest sections of the community will pass and resolve into a moral phase. Whether this is agreed to or not, there will be few to dispute that in a universal sense of duty to fellow-men—"social affection" in other words—lies the hope of the future. Men may differ as to the methods by which this duty may be given a practical shape, but, so long as it remains as prominent as it is to-day, by the persistence with which it is followed, exactly by so much are we receding from Individualism. Intellectual development has gone on amidst the whirr of machinery, and we are conscious that we now stand at the threshold of a New Age.

We do not deceive ourselves by thinking of the "stately progress" of the poet, however. Life is a flow of sordid as well as beautiful desires; it is but a quagmire at present, left from the strenuous tramlings of an industrial Revolution. But there is a hopeful Unrest on every side, and it is your business, my business and everybody's business to create an atmosphere of Unrest—Divine Unrest—around us. By unseen channels the vital force is working. The raindrops can erode a mountain; an hoarfrost may cause a landslide; a chance word, falling on unstopped ears, may bring a revolution. Bit by bit, word by word, the desire for fine living and fine thinking may be made the aim of all. By example we may carry with us a power of "sustained suggestion," the force of which we cannot calculate.

J. BEEDON WYMARK.

England.

A BALL OF BLUE YARN.

THE St. Lawrence was indeed a deep, dumb river that day, and the voyageur making his way up in his birch-canoe, felt oppressed with the heat and stillness.

For three years he had worked in far Labrador, trapping for the Hudson Bay Company and now, with six months' leave, was going home to try and comfort the old mother for the loss which had made him fatherless.

He was paddling slowly, close to the shore, his mind full of the meeting so soon to be, when something fell from an overhanging rock into the water, and broke his reverie. It was a ball of bright blue yarn, and looking up quickly to see from whence it came, Jean St. Sylvestre beheld a girl's laughing face peering over at him.

Adèle had watched the progress of the canoe up the lazy river, wondering idly who the occupant might be, and when it glided past her resting place, she could not refrain from leaning over to get a better view of the handsome face and kneeling figure.

With a deft movement of his paddle, Jean drew the ball of yarn to the side of the canoe, and picking it up from the water, tossed it with a smile to the girl above.

"Tiens, Mademoiselle! I was just in time, n'est-ce-pas?" He said, as she thanked him in voluble French fashion. Then he raised his straw hat to her and resumed his paddling.

Adèle's cheeks were bright, and her heart beat fast as she tried to resume her knitting, but the blue stocking was destined to little progress that day, and her eyes scarce left the canoe until it had vanished round a bend in the river. Then she arose with a sigh and went slowly homeward along the river shore.

The girl was one of a large family, and had early been trained to work, but her dreamy nature demanded solitude at times and when the want became oppressive, she would take her knitting as an excuse,

and steal away to the river-side, there to build the beautiful air castles common to youthful dreamers.

This habit of hers was no secret to the family, and she came up the little path to the house to meet the usual volley of chaff from her brothers.

"Say, Adèle," cried Thomas, the wag, "who was the chap you were talking to down there?"

Adèle started guiltily, but quickly recovering herself, with a toss of her head said, "I wasn't talking to any one," and passed them all to take refuge with her mother in the kitchen.

Jean, meanwhile, had reached his destination, and the canoe safely beached, was trudging slowly up the little rising, which led to his mother's house. She did not know of his coming, and the tin dish of chicken-feed in her hand fell with a clatter to the ground, as Jean vaulted the low wire fence and clasped her in his arms.

"Ma mère, oh ma mère! How thin you have grown!" He muttered brokenly as he gazed at the dear face, while she could do nothing but weep, such passionate tears as no one in all Beaulharnois had seen her shed. With Madame St. Sylvestre, laughter was for everybody, but tears were sacred, and when her husband had died, her calm white face, with its far-away wintery smile, astonished the neighbours, who could not guess that beneath the icy exterior flowed a raging torrent of grief.

"Come, my son," she said at last, "I am so happy to have you once again that I have forgotten how hungry and tired you must be."

With his arm about her, they passed into the house, where the old woman hurriedly drew up the most comfortable chair for Jean that he might sit and smoke reposefully, while she prepared a hasty supper.

Words were few between them, for neither felt it possible as yet to speak of their great sorrow, and except for a stray question from the mother as to the hardships of the journey down, and brief responses from Jean, who was not one to complain, the meal was eaten in silence.

When the dishes were washed and put away, Madame St. Sylvestre took her bonnet from the peg, and put it on, seeing which, Jean rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, drew on his coat and followed his mother through the front door.

Instinctively they chose an unfrequented path to the little Catholic cemetery on the hillside through which they passed, the mother leading the way to her husband's grave. There, with all the compassionate love a woman feels for her fatherless son, she put her

arms about Jean and drew him to her as though she would shield him from all further misfortune.

"Mon pauvre garçon! This is what you have come home to," she sobbed, and Jean, kissing her gravely, replied:

"Ma mère, I still have you, thank God! And you must let me comfort you a little for what you have lost. I will not go away any more but stay and work here to be near you."

For answer Madame St. Sylvestre pressed her son's hand, she could not speak and for awhile they stood thus, in sad silence; then, kneeling by the grave, they said a prayer for the repose of the beloved one's soul, and rising, turned slowly homeward.

Jean was comparatively a stranger in Beauharnois, his father and mother having moved there but shortly before their son had gone to Labrador; naturally then, he was an object of interest to the dwellers of the little village, and whole families would crowd to the front door, if it was rumoured that Madame and her handsome son were passing up the street: but of all this Jean was thoroughly unconscious, and would frankly return the gaze of the curious without a single egotistical thought.

On Sunday morning at the church door, he met again the girl, whose ball of wool he had rescued from the river. Adèle was in the midst of a family group, and might have passed unnoticed had not her father addressed Madame St. Sylvestre. An introduction between Jean and the entire Martin family resulted, and this time the man felt himself unmistakably attracted by the girl's sweet face, blushing so rosy red under his frank gaze.

They walked home together, and before the door of the St. Sylvestre house had been reached, Adèle had forgotten her embarrassment, and the two were on a footing of comradeship, already.

Jean, in bidding her good-bye, added a request for permission to visit her, which was readily given, and when he followed his mother into the house, his determination to give up a roving life, and settle in Beauharnois, had become fixed.

"Tiens, Adèle! That's the best one yet!" Thomas who was walking some yards ahead called to his sister. "He hasn't bandy legs like Napoleon, nor cross eyes like Narcisse Dubois. Better take him, Adèle."

"Tais-toi, stupid!" returned his sister, not very vexed however, "he hasn't asked me yet."

"Oh! but he will!" continued the rogue, wagging his head with the air of an elderly sage. "When a man looks at everybody and sees only one girl, it's easy to know what's the matter with him."

"You are too wise for your age, Thomas, *mon cher*, better go low, for already I see the hair on top of your head getting thin."

Adèle spoke gravely, and Thomas, with a little frightened gesture, took off his cap and patted the top of his head to reassure himself. At this they all laughed, and the boy, covered with confusion, ran round to the back of the house to escape further teasing.

Jean wasted no time in making use of the permission given him by Adèle and soon became a constant visitor at the Martin house, where he was made welcome by all. Sometimes, when the night was unusually fine, he and Adèle would wander down to the scene of their first meeting, and there, unobserved, revel in the deep confidences of unacknowledged lovers, while the wise old river flowed silently by, bearing away into the great beyond their tender secrets.

The end to this happy state of things came at one of the village dances, when Adèle, in a spirit of mischief, showed overmuch favour to Narcisse Dubois, and Jean, outraged and burning with angry jealousy, had rushed out into the night where, under the bright starlight, lovers' hopes and fears played tag with his heart, and he had made his way home scarce knowing what he was doing.

Madame who sat by the fire knitting, turned in surprise as her son entered. "What brings you home so early, my Jean?" she asked anxiously. The man flung himself into a chair by her side and lit his pipe before replying.

The mother waited patiently. She knew that the confession long expected was coming now, just as soon as that pipe began to draw aright.

"Mother, I love Adèle Martin," he said with startling abruptness.

"And she loves you, my son," replied the old woman calmly.

"I don't know, mother," he said, the fears coming uppermost as he saw again the smiling face raised to Dubois.

"You can find out, Jean. You are not a woman," Madame St. Sylvestre smiled. "You could bring your bride here," she continued, "and I could find a little corner somewhere else; an old woman like me wants but little."

"Turn you out of your own house to make a home for my wife? *Ma mère*, for what do you take me? I would not marry even Adèle on such terms!"

"Then let your bride share in my home, dear boy, for I begin to feel the weight of household cares heavy on my stooped shoulders, and would willingly give place to a younger woman."

Jean gazed tenderly at his mother. He was not quite sure that she had spoken the truth, but she was poking the fire, and no shade

of emotion troubled her fine old face. Here then was a solution of the financial difficulty, and he would settle the rest with Adèle to-morrow.

Tenderly he stooped and kissed his mother.

"Good night, ma mère, you are one of God's good women," he said and strode from the kitchen.

When she heard the door of his room shut, the old woman, stooped over the fire, making it safe for the night, and the tears, which fell hissing on the smouldering logs, were an offering to the Virgin Mother of Sorrows and Renunciation, whose image stood on the mantel above her head.

A few days of restless anxiety followed, for Jean had been foiled in every attempt to see Adèle alone. Her manner had lost all its former ease and "*bon camaraderie*," and his appearance at the Martin house was now the signal for a sudden access of zeal in household affairs, which kept the girl always at her mother's side.

But his day and opportunity came at last, and Jean was not slow to seize it. He had walked over in the evening to find all the family, with the exception of his sweetheart and her mother, away on a holiday jaunt to the races at Sorel.

After the few formal words of greeting had passed, Madame Martin, on pretext of a cake in the oven which must be watched, left the young people alone on the front porch. Adèle rose to follow her mother, but Jean intercepted her path, and his blue eyes gazing down on her with loving determination, told the girl more plainly than words could have done, that further coquetry was useless. Beneath that look of reproachful love she could not but obey Jean's silent request, and turning, they took the path to the river. At the old trysting place they stopped as if by common consent, and stood awhile in silence. The man was the first to speak, and in a voice low and subdued by emotion, he asked:

"Adèle, are you angry with me?"

"No," came the whispered answer.

"Will you be angry with me if I tell you something?"

"What is it?" she asked brokenly.

"Do you think you will be angry?" persisted the man.

"No."

"Adèle, I love you dear—you are the one woman in the world for me. Would you be afraid to marry me, little girl?"

"Oh no, Jean," and the girl, frank enough now, smiled at her lover's humility.

Then the strong arms went around the slender shoulders and words of love came thick and fast, each one an easement to the big heart of him who had suffered so much these past few days.

The engagement was but brief; there was nothing for which to wait since Adèle had consented most willingly to share the home of her future mother-in-law, and Jean, with this much assured, could earn a comfortable living at the new saw-mill; so early in the fall they were married. There was the usual wedding-feast and speech by Monsieur le Curé, after which the couple, followed by a shower of rice and old shoes, drove off in a borrowed buggy to spend a brief honeymoon in the quaint old village of Chateauguay.

As the vehicle disappeared from view, Thomas, who, with his hands stuck in his pockets, was watching it, turned to his mother and said solemnly, "I always knew it would come to this." And the tears, which had stood in Madame Martin's eyes, fell and gave place to smiles.

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Jean and his wife had been established about a month in their home when news went around that the saw-mill would be closed during the winter. Financial depression was the reason advanced, and for that Jean cared not, a straw. The vital thing for him was where to find work? He could not live with his wife on his mother's slender means, that was clear, but where to find suitable occupation was a problem.

It is true the Hudson Bay Company had offered him many inducements to return to their service, all of which he had put aside, thinking that if the worst came to the worst, he could apply to them; but the thought of the long parting from his young wife, which such a course must enforce, was anguish to be faced only in case of dire necessity.

Another month spent in vain search, brought to him the certainty that this dreaded resource was the inevitable one, but how could he summon enough courage to tell Adèle? And it was only when he had signed himself over to the Company, that he brought himself to face the terrible task.

All unknown to Jean, both wife and mother had surmised what was to be their portion, so, when at last with that gentleness which strong men use to those whom they would protect, he told Adèle of the parting to come upon them, her colourless face was her only sign of emotion.

When he had finished, she said mechanically, "When must you go, Jean?"

"Next week, Adèle. It is soon, is it not?"

A hot tear fell from the girl's eyes and dropping on the man's hand, made him look up hastily.

"Adèle," he whispered brokenly, "my Adèle." And clasping her in his arms, he lavished on her all the wealth of his great love while she, resting there passive with fast flowing tears, fought the great battle of her life and won—never pleading with him to stay since his mind was made up, his pledge to the Company given, and such pleading could but add to his trouble.

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Jean had been gone six months when the Hudson Bay factor, sitting in his log hut working on a pair of "botte sauvage," beheld him enter, closely followed by an Indian carrying a large pack.

"Hello! St. Sylvestre. Glad to see you, old man. Sit down, sit down; you must be dog-tired," said Ben Thorpe as he rose to greet his visitor.

"Good-day, Thorpe," said Jean extending his hand, which the other shook with overmuch warmth. "I've done well for the Company this time, and came down to get my letters and my discharge at the same time. Give me my letters, old man. I can't wait another minute for news from home."

"Sorry, Sylvestre, but there are no letters for you." In the factor's eyes there lit a gleam of satisfaction, which Jean, overcome with emotion, did not notice.

"No letters for me! Why Thorpe, you are surely mistaken?" exclaimed the unhappy fellow, unable to relinquish the hope which had made life possible during his six months of exile.

"Quite sure!" replied Thorpe, then added with a show of reluctance, "Fact is, I'm afraid there is bad news in store for you, Jean, and you must prepare yourself for the worst."

"Prepare myself for the worst," echoed the trapper. "What worst? Tell me—tell me!" he went on wildly, seizing Thorpe by the shoulder.

"Sit down," said the latter, and Jean obeyed. "News came to me through your friend, Narcisse Dubois, that there had been an epidemic of diphtheria in Beauharnois, and your wife and mother had both died of it." Sylvestre bowed his head in his hands and groaned aloud.

"Oh my God! and is it for this that I have worked and waited—worked and waited?" The words were reiterated again and again as the man swayed to and fro on the seat, grappling with the horror which had overtaken him, and which was more than he could bear, for he lost consciousness, and would have fallen had not Thorpe

caught him and, with the help of the Indian, carried him to a rough bunk in an adjoining room.

"Hope it hasn't killed him!" muttered the factor, "we can't afford to lose such trappers as he just now. If he dies, I'll be pretty badly sold, because money might have done the job just as surely."

Jean did not die, and in a few days was able to leave the fort. Accompanied by the faithful Indian, he made his way back into the wilderness, and this time no hope, only blank despair accompanied him. Only a weary life-time to be lived through, because the creed of his childhood told him that the manner of his release must be left to the God Who had given him life. Silently he worked in that lonely land, never returning to the Fort unless obliged by necessity, and then remaining only long enough to render account to Thorpe of his work. So he existed for well-nigh eighteen years, during which time his determination to live and die in the wilderness of Labrador had wavered but once. That date he had marked with a red cross on his rough birch-bark calendar.

One night, trudging wearily home on his snow-shoes, a couple of fur-bearing animals over his shoulder, Jean almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, which was lying across his path. Hastily throwing the carcasses on the snow, he stooped over the man and sought for signs of life. The heart still beat, it was true, but there was no consciousness, and the lower limbs were severely frozen.

"Nothing for it but to get him home as quickly as possible," thought Jean, and signing to the Indian who was close behind, to help, between them they lifted the large emaciated frame and leaving their spoils where they had fallen, trudged off through the difficult forest path, which the uncertain moonlight rendered still more arduous. Arrived at the little log hut, their burden was gently deposited on Jean's bed of pine boughs, and some whisky forced between the livid lips. All the usual remedies for frost bite were applied but it was well on into the night before Jean or the Indian dared to light a fire in the stove, or think of their own wants.

At last, however, the frozen feet yielded to treatment, and the two men, drawing the blankets over their patient, left him to seek food for themselves.

While Jean was still munching the rough supper prepared for him by the Indian, a sigh and slight movement from the bunk sent a thrill of delight through his heart. With one bound he was beside the bed with his ear close to the sick man's mouth in the hope of getting a clue to his identity. A few broken words devoid of meaning or connection, and then a name rang through the hut which sent Jean staggering to his feet.

" Adèle ! Adèle ! " called the sick man, and again, " Adèle ! "

Snatching the little oil lamp from the bench close by, Jean held it to the man's face, then with a cry of anguish, drew hastily away from the bedside.

" Narcisse Dubois ! " he muttered hoarsely. " God ! what brings him here ? "

The flood-gates of memory were down, and the ruthless tide poured through his soul, bringing with it all the old jealousy of this man who had oh ! so many many years—or was it centuries ?—ago driven him from the merry dance into the loneliness of the night. But what did that matter since Adèle, too, was dead, and nothing left for which to care ? Narcisse Dubois had brought the news to the fort, so Thorpe had said. How dare he bring such tidings ! " Had I known him as he lay there in the cold, he should have gone uncouraged ! "

Thus ran the thoughts of the tortured man, half crazed with grief unspeakable. He was filled with a wild desire to kill this being, who had twice brought pain into his life, and it was long ere his naturally calm disposition reasserted itself, and enabled him to resume his duty as nurse.

" It was the beard that disguised him, " said Sylvestre, wondering a little that his recognition of Dubois had been delayed so long.

For days Jean remained in the hut, leaving to the Indian the work of trapping. He had schooled himself to listen with outward composure to the still delirious rambling of the man he had befriended, and the frequent repetition of the name which was such sweet torture to hear from those lips. At last the fever left Dubois, and very slowly his normal mind reasserted itself. His first recognition of Jean came suddenly one stormy day, when Dubois had lain for a long time gazing at Sylvestre, who sat smoking by the little stove. Suddenly, the sick man raised himself on his elbow and in a hoarse, awe-stricken, voice asked ;

" In God's name who are you ? " Jean jumped to his feet.

" Why Dubois, old man, don't you remember Jean St. Sylvestre ? " he asked gently.

" Jean St. Sylvestre ! " repeated Narcisse in wonderment. " It can't be true ? "

" But it is true, Narcisse. And now you mustn't talk any more ; you are still very weak. "

It cost Jean no small effort to silence the sick man, for he hungered with the hunger of starvation to know all that Narcisse could tell, but the invalid had fallen back on his pillow exhausted, and it was not

until some days had passed, and he was able to sit up in bed, wrapped in a heavy gray blanket, that Jean permitted his patient to talk.

"Where did you find me, Jean?" queried Dubois, to whom the other told in a few words the story of his finding, and seeing that Narcisse was now strong enough to be questioned, Sylvestre began in his turn, "What brought you here?" he asked.

"I came to see you, Jean St. Sylvestre, though you mayn't believe me."

There was a flush of excitement on the invalid's face as he made this strange assertion, and St. Sylvestre, looking at him, believed Dubois to be raving in delirium.

"You came to see me, Narcisse? Why, you never came to see me when we lived in the same village!"

Jean smiled a little bitterly, for old memories were surging painfully near the surface.

"No! I hated you, Sylvestre—because you won Adèle from me, and when she could get no news of you until word came that you were dead"—(a smothered cry from his listener caused Dubois to pause a moment). "I tried to win her for myself, to persuade her that with the little one—yes, she had a baby girl some months after you left—it was her duty to marry again and so secure herself and the child from want. But I might as well have talked to the Holy Virgin for all the good it did, and as I could not bear to watch her working so hard to keep the home for the child and your mother, and the Company were wanting men, I took to the trapping. They sent me to work for Thorpe, and he told me how you had been lost in the great snow-storm a few months after you got here, and of course I believed him, until by chance I heard some Indians talking of the great white trapper, who lived always alone, and coming seldom to the Fort. Something in the description they gave of this man, made me suspect that they were talking of you, and I asked Thorpe for particulars of this trapper. I could see him start when the question was put, then I grew bold with the strong conviction that was upon me and said: "Thorpe, you are a liar! That man is none other than Jean St. Sylvestre, who is not dead at all!" Thorpe grew white with rage, and cursed my impudence, stamping about the hut like a madman—Jean, that man is doomed—declaring that I was raving, and you were certainly dead. I left the hut, and got the Indians to guide me part of the way. After they left, I lost myself, and it was only the grace of God, and perhaps the prayers of Adèle, that brought me to your hut."

Narcisse crossed himself piously in thanksgiving, and Jean stooped to wipe the beads of sweat, which hung on the man's forehead.

"God bless you, Dubois," he whispered brokenly, "God bless you for your goodness to her and to me!"

"But Jean," Narcisse began again, "what has kept you away all these years?" He turned his head to get a better view of Jean's face.

"Kept me away!" Sylvestre growled through fast closed teeth, "nothing but the damnable lies of that hound Thorpe! When my six months of service were up, I went to the Fort expecting to find letters from Adèle awaiting me there, but Thorpe said there were none, and then told me that my mother and wife had both died of diphtheria, and you—you, Dubois—had brought the news! Why I believed him, God only knows. But there was no reason in my mind for him to play me false—and here have I been wasting my life in this accursed wilderness, longing for death to end my misery, and give me back my loved ones."

"Your wife lives, but your mother died eight years ago, Jean." Jean started.

"Do you know the exact date of her death, Narcisse?"

"Yes. It was the night of the tenth of November. I remember, because it happened just three weeks after my own father's death," said Narcisse, around whose mouth lines of fatigue were showing.

Jean rose to examine the birch bark calendar, then returned to the bedside.

"Narcisse, my mother came to me that night—yes, she did!" he reiterated in response to the unconcealed scepticism of Dubois' eyes—"She kissed me just as she used to do when I was a boy, and it was so real that when I woke, I expected to see her standing beside my bed. It was her good-bye to me, Narcisse—Oh! my God! my God! Had I but known!"

St. Sylvestre threw himself on the bed beside his friend, his whole frame shaken with sobs; and the Indian coming in with an armful of wood, threw it down and ran to the bedside: but it was Narcisse, not Jean, who needed his ministry; Dubois had fainted.

The remaining days of Dubois' convalescence were spent by the two men in long talks over the past, and speculations on the future, since Jean would not listen to his friend's suggestion that he should start alone and at once on the homeward journey, leaving the invalid to follow later with the Indian.

An irrepressible longing tugged at the heart-strings of the trapper, bidding him go; but Jean St. Sylvestre was no weakling, and it was only when Narcisse had sufficiently regained his strength that preparations for the journey were made.

Accordingly, a rough sleigh was improvised, on which the con

valescent could be helped over part of the long journey by the other two ; and in this wise the little party made its way to the Fort.

Forgiveness had not yet come to the heart of St. Sylvestre, and he longed to get his hand on the man who had laid waste his life.

"If I kill him, no one can blame me," he had said, and Narcisse felt in his soul the truth of the assertion, but Jean never claimed his revenge, for before they reached the Fort, his enemy had passed beyond mortal vengeance, and as they entered the little settlement, a band of trappers passed them, bearing the dead body of Thorpe to a temporary resting-place beneath a mound of rough grey stones.

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Spring was early that year, and to Jean, paddling slowly up the St. Lawrence, the sight of the tender green of leaves and grass was one of great refreshment, bringing relief to eyes weary of gazing upon vast and silent snow-fields.

His whole being was filled with the thought of this home-coming, and purposely he directed his canoe towards the overhanging rock, on which Adèle Martin had sat that first time of their meeting.

Shading his eyes with one hand, while paddling with the other, he gazed over the blue grey waters, until he sighted the spot he sought.

On his rock of sacred memory, two figures stood—a man and a woman—and a feeling of resentment possessed him at the sight of such desecration.

Unheeded by them, he reached to within a few feet of the bank and then, using his paddle only to guide the canoe, drifted quietly under the overhanging rock.

Too much filled with the sense of ownership to realize that he was caves-dropping, Jean started as a girlish voice overhead said :

"No, Maurice, don't ask me. You know it cannot be while she is alone, and needing me night and day as she does."

"You make your mother an excuse, because you do not really love me," replied the young man bitterly. "We could easily arrange so that you might still do for Madame St. Sylvestre all that is necessary, but the truth is that you don't want to marry me—and that being so, it would be better to end our engagement at once."

"Since you wish it, our engagement is ended ! Here is your ring !" cried the wounded girl, throwing to him the simple circlet with its golden hearts intertwined, which had been the pledge of their betrothal.

Turning her back on him, she walked off up the little pathway, leaving her lover alone on the rock, too much astonished by this unexpected turn of things to do more than gaze stupidly at her retreating figure.

"I must get there before her," murmured Jean St. Sylvestre,

delaying no longer but sending his canoe spinning along the shore to his old landing-place.

One pull from his strong arms sent the little craft to safety on the river shore, then the man took to his heels, and ran up the rough and now seldom used path, calling aloud as he went, "Adèle ! Adèle."

On the trysting rock, Maurice Beaulieu had remained, lost in bitter reflection—cursing the lover's impetuosity, which had probably cost him the girl he loved.

He had no sense of time, but grown weary with standing, had thrown himself at full length on the grass, and was lying thus when the sound of hurrying footsteps drew his attention from his sad reflections. Looking up quickly, he saw Madeleine St. Sylvestre running down the path to the river, and without realizing what he was doing, Maurice rose and stood with outstretched imploring arms, half expecting that she would pass him by.

But Madeleine, the tears coursing down her cheeks, ran straight into the shelter her lover had provided, and laying her head on his bosom, whispered brokenly :

" Maurice, father is alive, and has come home, and mother doesn't need me any more.

" Are you sorry—dear ? " he asked, stooping to look into the girl's face, but only the tender pressure of her beloved head on his bosom answered him.

MAY HARVEY DRUMMOND.

Switzerland.

THE MAID OF FRANCE.

IT is true of all great geniuses that they reflect their times and also transcend them. To this rule Joan of Arc is no exception. She is for all time certainly, but she was also essentially the product of her age. Before proceeding with the heroine, I shall therefore briefly note the conditions that made her type possible, and the circumstances which called aloud for her appearance in 1429.

Since 1392 the intermittent madness, and the constant folly of Charles VI., had left authority in the hands of his sensual and unscrupulously avaricious wife, Isabella of Bavaria, and her popular ally, the King's brother, Louis of Orleans, "a personification of amiable vice," who was believed to have cast a magic spell on his Royal brother. But in a relatively lucid interval, the King appealed for aid and protection to the Duke of Burgundy, Jean San Peur, a potentate, whose territories were almost as great as his own; appearing as a deliverer from the extravagance and exorbitant taxation of Orleans and the Queen, Burgundy became the favourite of the people of Paris, and his influence reached as far south as the Loire. France was thus cut up into two parties, the Orleanists and Burgundians. The latter in 1411 appealed to England, and Henry IV sent English contingents to his aid. The more daring Henry V, taking advantage of these civil broils, revived the pretensions of Edward III, beat France to her knees at Agincourt (1415), and in 1420, by the Treaty of Troys, married Catherine, a daughter of France, and in response to his weak legal claim on the Crown of France, was, in preference to the Dauphin, acknowledged as the successor of the mad King. The Dauphin himself, indolent, timid, and the sport of rival parties, fled to Bourges. In 1419 occurred his famous reconciliatory meeting with the Jean San Peur, Duke of Burgundy, in an improvised chamber on the bridge of Montereau, where Burgundy was cruelly slain; his successor Philippe, pursuing the blood-feud, strengthened his alliance with England; and the Dauphin Charles being disinherited, Henry proclaimed himself heir of France. But both Henry and the mad

Charles VI passed away within two years. Bedford, the able brother of Henry V, was left as Regent of France for the little babe of nine months, the famous unhappy Henry VI of France and England. In spite of intrigues and counter-intrigues in both camps, the Anglo-Burgundian progress in the conquest of France was steadily kept up till the situation of the Dauphin became desperate about 1429. The character and appearance of this young prince, with whom our heroine has so much to do, deserves a mention. According to one account he was indolent, a "fugitive and cloistered" prince, profligate in his pleasures and the tool of his ministers. Says another, "He was very ugly, with small grey wandering eyes, his nose thick and bulbous, his legs bony and bandy," though his portraits hardly justify these reproaches. His latest biographer represents him as tenaciously resolute, rich in good sense and knowledge of affairs, "a handsome prince, well-languaged and full of pity for the poor." He was very devout, "his piety was sincere." But even this apologist of the Dauphin confesses that he was the slave of his favourites, blind to their defects, ready to suffer anything for them, (and it was exactly this which cost Jeanne everything.) "The king," as a minister of James VI said, "is like a jackanapes. If I hold him, I can make him bite you; if you hold him, you can make him bite me." La Tremoille, the greatest scoundrel of the period, was about this time introduced to him, and soon obtained such ascendancy over his master that for six years he remained the evil genius of King and country." The horrible picture of the pangs of the common people in the midst of these wars is past delineation, though the "Journal of a Bourgeois of Paris" does all to give a blood-curdling account of it. Bread was scarcely to be had at all. Poor women struggled in the crowds that pressed about the bakers' doors, and could get no morsel of food for their husbands who toiled, or for their starving babies; often they crept back to their wretched homes to die. Then day and night in Paris was heard the sobbing and the pitiful complaining of little children who cried, "I die of hunger!" They searched the dung-heaps of the city for food, ten or sometimes twenty or thirty children together, and there was no heart so hard but, hearing them cry at night, "Alack, I die of hunger!" was grieved for them, so says the Bourgeois of Paris. But in spite of wars and rumours of war, in spite of famine and dire disease, of troops of armed marauders devastating the land with fire, murder and rapine, of barbarous wrongs and revenges, their country rushing headlong to its ruin, and grim poverty knocking importunate at their very castle gates, the group of knights and noblemen, poets and pretty pages with exquisite and delicate ladies round the Court of the Dauphin, passed their days in pursuit of pleasure, among the sweet airs and green trees of Touraine.

Such were the conditions of things, when our heroine started on her mission. A word then about her birth, parentage, etc., will not be out of place. Domremy, in which Jeanne was born (January 6, 1412), is one of the many villages that nestle by the banks of the Upper Meuse. There the long green tresses of the water-weeds wave and float, the banks are gardens of water-flowers, the meadows are fragrant with meadow-sweet. The surrounding hills are high, and in places covered with dark forests. The climate is temperate, the people are grave—"Seldom die, never lie" is a local proverb attesting their longevity and truthfulness. The father of the maid, Jacques d'Arc, owned horses and cattle, and was a relatively rich and prominent member of his little community, while her mother was certainly devout, and with great energy and taste for pious adventure. The parents of the maid were devout Catholics, of good repute, and honourable position as 'labourers.' In the midst of childish sports and domestic duties Jeanne grew. Devotion to Saints whose legends were repeatedly told her, marked her early girlhood, and soon her favourites were St. Catherine and St Margaret. Of her earliest years till she was twelve or thirteen, nothing in special is recorded.

An intelligent girl of that age, even in a remote and relatively quiet corner, would hear abundant talk concerning the great wars, and the havoc wrought by the English and the routiers or armed bands, who fought now for England and Burgundy, now for the Armaguacs, the French party; or plundered for their own hands, taking advantage of the prevalent anarchy. It would be a strange mistake to think that when there were no newspapers there was no news, and no interest in public affairs. In countries such as France then was, as in the Highlands in the 18th century, or in Africa now, it was the duty of every wayfarer to tell what news he had, and to gather more. On the roads pedlars, merchants, and pilgrims were always passing to and fro, all eager to hear or to tell any new thing. Domremy was with France, *i.e.*, with the Dauphin in sympathies, though its people did not actually fight; and thus the frequent tales of the sorrows of France were Jeanne's inspiration. The intellectual influences that reached her were those of the Church, of common talk, and of local tradition,—in fact, of folklore; and from the village Church she frequently heard sermons that touched on politics, and on the sorrows of the uncrowned King. Jeanne was an ordinary example of the good, amiable, kind, religious peasant girl, liked by all, but laughed at a little by other young people, for her earnest piety. When she announced her mission, she said that God had called her "to go into France" and help the Dauphin. Her own account of the Voices from above runs thus: "When I was thirteen years old (or about thirteen) I had a Voice from God, to help

me in my conduct. And the first time I was in great fear. It came, that Voice, about mid-day in summer time, in my father's garden. I heard the Voice from the right side towards the Church, and I rarely hear it without seeing a light. The light is on the side from which the Voice comes." Her first emotions were those of fear, and of doubt as to what these things should signify. She conceived, however, that they marked her as one set apart: "The first time that I heard the Voice, I vowed to keep my maidenhood so long as God pleased." She believed that the Voice was of God, and after hearing it thrice, knew it for the voice of an angel. The Voice was for her soul's health. "How did she know that?" "Because it told her to be good and go often to Church, and said that she must go into France." Thus during four or five years (since 1424 or 25) the Voices had pressed her mission upon her. The phenomena occurred twice or thrice a week. Before the two Saints, Margaret and Catherine, came, the Archangel Michael had appeared to her, and promised their arrival. Angels were in his company. "I saw them with my bodily eyes, as clearly as I see you; and when they departed I used to weep, and wish that they would take me with them." Jeanne made no conscious choice of Saints. She did not know who these shining figures were till they informed her. It was apparently after the arrival of her mission that Jeanne became sedulously devout. For her part, she resisted, during three or four years, the commands of her Voices—from 1424 to the spring of 1428. When they bade her go to Robert de Baudricourt, who would give her an armed escort into France, to raise the siege of Orleans (begun in October 1428), she replied, "I am a poor girl, who cannot ride, or be a leader in war." Her own native village was comparatively quiet and the Voices spoke to her of "the great pity that was in France." It was not at home that she found "great pity," but "in France; wherefore to France she would go." She was not a virago. Her first wish was to prevail on the English to go home peacefully as the allies, no longer the scourges of France. She was religious first; she would have her Dauphin consecrated, would have him reign as "God's vassal," as his lieutenant over a peaceful and devout realm. Jeanne would bring a kingdom back to freedom and duty and religion. She had that faith which moves mountains; it was by faith that she wrought military miracles for the conversion of the English. The sight of the sufferings of her village could not alone suggest these ideas, and did not suggest them to any other child in Domremy; and the troubles, which Jeanne saw, were less than those to which the hags and girls of the Border, English and Scottish, were hardened by familiarity. Yet hundreds of years of those agitating experiences produced no Pucelle on the Border, and only one in the history of the world. The Voices that

she after all obeyed, did not speak to the child about local troubles, but bade her leave her home and "go into France."

We cannot fix the precise moment when Jeanne yielded to her Voices, and determined to go into France. She would rather have been torn to pieces by horses, she said, than thus engage in an adventure so foreign to her normal nature, *if she had not been sure that the command was of God*. But how was she to overcome practical difficulties; how win access to the Dauphin in one of his *Châteaux* by the Loire? The distance was great—four hundred and fifty miles—much of the intervening country was Anglo-Burgundian in allegiance, and all the roads were infested by robber bands. The captain of the nearest walled town held for the Dauphin, Robert de Baudricourt, commanding in Vaucouleurs, some twelve miles distant from Domremy was obviously the best person to whom she could apply for aid and escort. Robert was a blunt practical man of the sword, who had married two rich widows in succession, and who had been fighting since he could bear arms, in the reckless wars of the marches of Lorraine. He had some sense of humour, but there were no fine enthusiasms in his nature. In May 1428, accompanied by a local clod-hopper, Jeanne first approached the redoubtable Baudricourt and informed him that she had a divine mission to save France. We may imagine that the oaken rafters of the hall rang with his laughter, and he dismissed her as a visionary. Meanwhile the siege of Orleans, the Moscow campaign of the English in France, was going on: the French were hard pressed: ill-disciplined, disheartened, the people stoutly held out for the Dauphin, but all efforts at rescue from outside were half-hearted. At one time a French force came with some supply of fresh fish for the besieged. To get into the town they had to fight a part of the English troops. So lacking were they in moral and physical courage that a little "hurrah" from their opponents made the French quit the field in precipitous flight leaving their supply of "herring fish behind them," whence the action is known in history as the battle of Herrings. In October 1428 it was plain that the Dauphin had never stood in direr need. In January 1429, Jeanne's chosen date was drawing near, and about January 12th she again left Domremy, but this time for ever! Adieu to Domremy, to the little brook, and the isle; to the fairy castle of her childhood, with its grey old garden, adieu to the fountain and the ladies' tree; farewell to the birds in her father's close; farewell to the dear mother; to the meadows where she had run races for chaplets of flowers. To her that other immortal garland was to be run for, the imperishable crown of the Maiden Martyr. How her father permitted her to go near men of the sword is a mystery. He may have been persuaded by the curé Fronte, or by others who thought that Jeanne might do good by going

THE MAID OF FRANCE

her own way, for by this time her ambition was the theme of the gossips of Domremy. More probably Jaques d'Arc had absolute reliance on the common sense of Robert de Baudricourt. "Assuredly," he must have thought, "the captain is the last man to let the girl go!" Robert was recalcitrant. Her prayers seemed to be unheard, she could not move the jovial incredulous Baudricourt. Her first gleam of hope appears to have come from a young man-at-arms aged 27, who had some acquaintance with her father and mother. His name was Jean de Metz, and his heart was true to France and the rightful King. While the Maid dwelt with some relations in Vaucouleurs, about the first or second week of February 1429, this young man met her "in her poor red woman's dress," and said to her "Ma mie, what are you doing here? Must the King be walked out of his kingdom, and must we all be English?" She answered, "I am come to a Royal town to ask Robert de Baudricourt to lead me to the King. But Baudricourt cares nothing for me and for what I say; none the less I must be with the King by mid-Lent, if I wear my legs down to the knees. No man in the world—Kings nor dukes—can recover the kingdom of France, nor hath our King any succour save from myself, though I would liefer be sewing beside my poor mother. For this deed is not convenient to my station. Yet go I must, and this deed I must do, because my Lord so wills it." "Who is your Lord?" "My Lord is God," said the Maid. He answered, with an emotion that thrills us as we read, "Then, I, Jean, swear to you, Maid, my hand in your hands, that I, God helping me, will lead you to the King, and I ask when you will go." "Better to-day than to-morrow, better to-morrow than later." The young man then suggested to the Maid the idea of travelling in male dress, or rather he asked her if she would do so, and she assented. The Duc de Lorraine now heard of Jeanne and sent for her, with a letter of safe conduct to Nancy, some sixty or seventy miles from Vaucouleurs. She then changed her poor girl's dress of red cloth for the tunic, vest, long breeches, boots, spurs, and cap of a page. The people of Vaucouleurs subscribed towards the expense; a horse was bought for her; and when she and her three companions rode out of the town, Baudricourt gave the Maid a sword and said "Allez, et vienne que pourra!" Her friends came to see her ride forth, rejoicing in this her first victory over the doubting hearts of men. "You should not go," they said, "all the ways are beset by men-at-arms." But Jeanne, who had told a sister in the village that "she longed to be gone, as a woman with child longs for the day of her delivery," replied, "The way is made clear before me. I have my Lord who makes the path smooth to the gentle Dauphin, for to do this deed I was born." Then through the gathering dusk, for they rode by night, they went down the way to France.

What manner of maid, to outward view, was she that on February 23rd, 1429, rode out to achieve her great adventure? Even according to the English tradition Jeanne d'Arc was beautiful. In Shakespear's Henry VI she explains her beauty by a miracle. The Virgin Mary appeared to her,

"And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With these clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see."

The captains in the old Mystery play, "La Mystere du Siege d'Orleans," describe her thus:

"Sweet she is in words and deeds,
Fair and white as the white rose."

From various witnesses we learn that she was "beautiful in face and figure" (*belle et bien formée*), "her face was glad and smiling," "her breasts were beautiful." Her hair was black, cut short like a soldier's; as to her eyes and features, having no information we may conceive of them as we please. Probably she had grey eyes, and a clear, pale colour. She was so tall that she could wear a good-sized man's clothes. Thus with her natural aspect of gladness and her ready April tears, Jeanne was a maid whom men loved to look upon, and followed gladly. In Chaucer's pretty phrase she was

"Sweet as a flower and upright as a bolt."

Her health was perfect, her energy was proved to be indefatigable. Her courtly manner of address and salutation she must have learned from her crowned and gracious lady Saints. She loved a good horse, a good knight, and a good sword.

On her way Jeanne had no kind of fear or anxiety. Baudricourt had made her companions swear an oath that they would guard her well and safely. Thanks to their oath, their chivalry and the "goodness they saw in her," the two gentlemen, they swear, went with Jeanne as free from passions as if she had been their sister. It was, at the lowest, their interest to bring her unharmed, a maiden prophetess, to their King. After several days' march the little party reached Fierbois where Jeanne dictated a letter to the Dauphin, asking permission to enter his town of Chinon, for she had ridden a hundred and fifty leagues to tell him things useful to him, and known to her. Her impression was that in this letter she told the king that she "would recognise him among all others." She rode to Chinon, and after dining or breakfasting at a hostelry, she appears to have gone to the castle. She was not at once admitted. The Dauphin sent persons to ask who she was and why she came, clearly he knew nothing about her; her letter had not

been given to him. She was unwilling to answer till she saw the King. She would then say no more than that she was to relieve Orleans, and lead the King to his coronation at Reims. The Council was divided in opinion as to whether she should be admitted or not: however, an appointment was made. Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Vendome, led Jeanne into the Royal presence. The hall of audience was crowded; Jeanne says that three hundred knights were present, and the place shone with the lustre of fifty *flambeaux*. Coming in from the darkness of the night, the Maid, in her page's dress of black and grey, was not dazzled by the torches burning; was not confused by such a throng of men in velvet and cloth of gold, in crimson and in azure, as she had never seen: veteran soldiers, counsellors like false La Tremoille, prelates like the Archbishop of Reims. Says de Goncourt, who was present, "She came forward with great humility and simplicity, and I heard these words which she spoke to the King: 'Most Noble Lord Dauphin, I come from God to help you and your realm.' The Dauphin drew her apart, and spoke with her long. "The King seemed to rejoice in what he heard." She had recognised Charles at once, and it is certain that, in her opinion, she did so spontaneously. She may have heard him described; but she certainly believed that she knew him through her Voices; and there is a version that Charles stood disguised as a poor knight and others were pointed to her as being the Dauphin. According to Jeanne, her *secret communication* to Charles made him take her seriously. What was that? In his utmost need, in 1428, Charles had made, alone, a mental prayer in his oratory, "uttering no words, but in his heart imploring God that, if he were indeed the true heir of the blood of the noble House of France, and the kingdom rightfully his own, God would please to guard and defend him; or at least grant him grace to avoid death or captivity, and escape to Spain or Scotland whose kings were of all ancientry brothers in arms and allies of the Kings of France, wherefore he had chosen them as his last refuge." And the Maid voluntarily told him: "I tell thee from my Lord, that thou art true heir of France and son of the King." "She *tutoyait* him, speaking as a prophetess from Heaven." And now that she had the Dauphin, with him she prayed and wept, desiring sorely to succour the people of Orleans. "You hold so many and such long councils," she said to the Dauphin later. Her heart was on fire to be at work, not to waste that "one year and little more," during which she was to endure, as she kept telling the Dauphin. This prophecy the Maid is said to have repeated several times: "She is to achieve two more great feats" (in addition to the relief of Orleans), "and then to die." We must think of her as always foreknowing and always disregarding her swiftly approaching end.

Indeed Orleans was in sore need of succour, while the learned at Chinon and Poitiers split hairs and asked futile questions, wearying the Maid beyond endurance. The city had now been besieged for six months. English blood and money had been freely spent, but nothing been done or even attempted; save for the battle of Herrings, the English had won no laurels since they took the Tourelles. They had not the numbers that would justify them in an attempt to storm the town; nor could they reduce it by starvation.

Meantime Jeanne in the tower of the castle Coudray at Chinon was eating her own heart with desire to engage. At least she then made a loyal friend, of the Royal blood, the young Duc d'Alencon, who had been taken at Verneuil (1424), and was recently returned from prison. He was shooting quails in the marshes when he heard how the Maid had arrived and been received by the Dauphin. Next day he went to the castle and found Jeanne in conversation with her prince. The Dauphin named d'Alencon to her (she did not recognise him by miracle); "Sir, you are welcome," she said, "the more of the blood Royal we have together, the better. One day they met at the Royal Mass; and when service was over the Dauphin led d'Alencon, La Tremoille, and the Maid into a chamber apart, dismissing the rest of his courtiers. Jeanne, true to her idea that France was held in fief from God, asked the Dauphin to place the realm in the hands of God, and receive it again; a common feudal formality between lord and vassal. D'Alencon says that this surrender of the realm to the Dauphin's Divine Overlord was only one of the requests which Jeanne made. The affair came to be talked about; it was reported in extant contemporary letters, and despatches to Italy and Germany, and we know what the other requests were or were supposed to be. The Dauphin was to amend his life, and live after God's will. He was to be clement, and grant a general amnesty; he was to be a good lord to rich and poor, friend and enemy. Two contemporary sources, German and Italian, thus describe the request of the Maid.

So they talked and dined, a strange party of four. There is the Dauphin, always kind, courteous, and unconvinced; there is d'Alencon, young, handsome and loyal; there is the sceptical La Tremoille, his Falstaffian paunch ripening for the dagger-thrust in the Tour Condray (1433); and there is the beautiful eager Maid, with foreknowledge of doom in her eyes. A month ago she was the guest of some poor relations; now she is the companion of Kings and princes, and equal to either fortune. In the *Arabian Nights* there is no tale more marvellous.

From Chinon Jeanne was sent to Poitiers, the chief University town and home of the Bar in the shrunken realm of the Dauphin. Brother

Sequin, Professor of Theology and President of the Examining Commission, after a series of prolonged interrogations asked her "Do you believe in God?" "More firmly than you do." "God does not wish us to believe in *you* without better evidence. We cannot advise the King to entrust you with men-at-arms on your mere assertion, and risk their lives, unless you tell us more than this." He wanted an instant sign by way of corroboration. "In God's name. I did not come to Poitiers to work miracles! Take me to Orleans, and I will show you the signs of my sending; give me few or many and I go." The Maid's character was thoroughly studied; inquiry was made into her past life, her birth, her intentions; for six weeks she was examined by clerks, Churchmen, men of the sword, matrons, and widows. Nothing was found in her but honesty, simplicity, humility, maidenhood, and devotion. The most notable features about her were her perfect faith in her mission and in her revelations, and her constant tenacity of purpose. Jeanne was now accepted, and was sent to Tours, while arms were prepared for her, and a household was appointed to attend on her. A complete suit of "white armour" was made for her.

(To be Concluded.)

T. K. SHAHANI.

Lahore.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The adoption of H. E. Lord Hardinge's birthday as a Children's Day suggests the general question of **India's Political Calendar.** having a political calendar for India, and each of the provinces. The day on which a province was created ; or the Governor-General's office was brought into existence ; a great battle was fought ; or the Crown assumed the government of India ; an Indian first sat in a Legislative Council, an Executive Council, the Secretary of State's Council, or in Parliament ; the British Sovereign first landed or held his first Durbar in India ; or any other event of outstanding importance occurred—these days may be unearthed from records, but they are not at present generally remembered and celebrated. The King's birthday and the Prince of Wales' birthday are officially observed. Empire Day has been privately celebrated here and there, and to these few red letter days Lord Hardinge's birthday as a Children's Day has been added from this year. This latest addition was celebrated with much enthusiasm in many places throughout India. It is a proof of the popularity of the Viceroy—a proof which all loyal citizens have been anxious to provide as a protest against the wicked outrage that was committed upon him in December last, and as an expression of delight and thankfulness that it failed in its nefarious object. In most places where the children were brought together, they seem to have been told that a wicked person had perpetrated such a crime, and the Viceroy's fortunate recovery from his wounds was being celebrated everywhere with joy. The Police Commissioner of London has expressed his opinion that the failure to detect the culprit should not be taken to cast a stain on the reputation of the police, for the contingency could not be foreseen and the crowd

afforded exceptional facilities to the culprit to escape. The admonition of so high and expert an authority must carry the greatest weight. Besides the secrecy in which the crime remains enveloped—a secrecy which the promised reward of a large fortune has done nothing to penetrate, one may notice other indications of the mysterious and apparently well organised activities of the anarchical movement. More and more light has continuously been shed on the methods of those who succeed in entrapping young men by appealing to their patriotism and religious prejudices. They have apparently developed quite a new religion of Karmayoga, which combines philosophic mysticism with readiness to murder and rob, in the name of patriotism. It is not known how deep the movement has sent its roots. The majority of the people know nothing about its working, and have no manner of connection with it. It is probable that notwithstanding the occasional hauls of conspirators made by the police, the movement will not have spent its force for some years to come. Yet it seems evident that the story of the crime of December last cannot be repeated to children year after year, if its author is not traced and brought to book. It will have no moral to teach, for the moral law is vindicated, not when an attempt to do evil is frustrated in its ultimate design, but when Nemesis overtakes the culprit. When the culprit is at large, morality stands crippled: the children who hear the story will pity the law, while rejoicing in the good fortune of the intended victim. The children will, in future years, have to be told a more instructive story, and we have no doubt that the Viceroyalty of the founder of the new Delhi will supply it by the time the usual period terminates, or if it is extended a little in case the necessity for such extension becomes clear. In whatever circumstances the new festivity may have been inaugurated, the addition of a red letter day to the political calendar is an example to be followed. Nothing will be more appropriate than to commemorate a Viceroyalty, during which the British Emperor of India first visited the dependency, the old capital of the Moghuls was restored to its lost dignity, a vast stride was taken in the progress of education, and other memorable changes are likely to be introduced.

As a rule, Indians prefer to be governed by British statesmen from England, rather than by Anglo-Indian administrators, who have begun their career from the bottom of the ladder, especially in provinces where education has made sufficient progress to arouse a keen interest in politics, and tact in dealing with quick-witted lawyers is as essential a qualification as vigour in suppressing crime, and devoted industry in promoting the material prosperity of the country. Sir G. F. Wilson, the retired Finance Member of the Government of India, was one of our most popular officials. When he arrived in India, he had become acquainted with only two Indians, and they were cultured and eminent, in fact, members of the Secretary of State's Council. After he joined his office, he came in contact with other cultured, aristocratic, and wealthy Indians. Having seen the best side of Indian life and character, and being by nature inclined, apparently to take a charitable rather than pessimistic view of life, he could easily win his way to the hearts of all, who came in contact with him. Besides the members of the Secretary of State's Council, the only Indian whom he saw in England is said to have given him a bad coin. Perhaps the Indian wanted to find out whether the future Finance Member of the Government of his country could distinguish between a good coin and a bad one! Anyhow in India Sir G. F. Wilson has been led to form a high opinion of Indian character. Nothing could be more generous and more flattering—and we must be proud to add, more just—than the testimony borne by him, from his place in the Legislative Council, to the honesty, the faithfulness, and the capacity shown by the Indian subordinates of his department, some of whom he has promoted to the office of Accountant-General. It seems that his countrymen have felt somewhat curious to know how he could perform his journey through India without getting footsore. His answer is that while many others walked with raw peas in their boots, he boiled them, and they caused no pain. Therein lay the secret of his popularity—a secret which many may learn with profit. He was equally candid in the advice which he gave to Indians at a farewell gathering. They do not always judge Europeans as charitably as he has judged Indians.

Though individually he was popular, he could not hide from himself the scepticism, with which the professed good intentions of his countrymen are often received. His counsel to Indians was: "Do not condemn our English honesty and veracity, if you find that we move very slowly forward towards the goal of your hopes. Do not mistake that slowness for want of faith. We do wish to be absolutely honourable in our conduct towards India. That is a part of our conception of an English gentleman. But you will always find us politically hesitating and almost overcautious. We test one step, time after time, before we take another; and even then we are not satisfied, and fear we have been imprudent. That is our nature; it has become a kind of political creed with us."

The Christian nations of the West seem to be confirmed believers in the value of martyrdom. Their religion was born in martyrdom, some of their greatest heroes were men who sacrificed their lives. Sacrifice compels sympathy; even the Indian beggar, who threatens to inflict an injury upon himself if he is not given alms, knows the conquering power of sympathy. In the West the poet has sung:

Martyrdom for the Vote.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's
aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

In that sublime hope the adherents of every cause fight, be that cause nothing higher than obtaining a vote or the liberty to sit in Parliament. It seems not unlikely, that in the battle between man and woman, the weaker party will triumph. The House of Commons is not yet prepared to grant Parliamentary franchise to women; yet the minority in their favour is so large that with a little more perseverance they may win. If for no other reason, the male electors may give way just for the sake of ending a troublesome controversy somehow. The persecution which the militant

suffragettes court may tell on the heart of the nation more powerfully than the terrorism, which some of them have set up. It is a domestic quarrel of the nation, and in a family dispute the ladies often win. Going to jail and writing books on the dreary surroundings of a prison did not produce much effect on the male heart. The suffragette prisoners, however, seem to have indirectly brought about substantial improvement in the treatment of prisoners in certain directions. Perhaps in this reform they have succeeded better by suffering in jail than they would have by sitting in Parliament. The hunger-strike was not sufficient to soften the male heart. Woman's strategy was met by the more experienced tactics of man, and as often as a suffragette obtains her release by starving, she may be rearrested, if she continues to be active, until the Magistrate's sentence is completely suffered. She may starve in prison, but must die in her own home. Miss Davison decided upon a more heroic course. She threw herself in the way of race horses, especially the King's horse, and sealed her adherence to the cause with death. Martyrs always speak in the name of Truth or Justice, which means their Truth and their Justice. The truth and justice of one age may be the falsehood and injustice of another. Yet the sincerity of the martyr profoundly affects the popular view of right and wrong. The heart leads, and the head must sooner or later obey.



We are accustomed to hear that Democracy has failed in America, because public life there is not as pure as it is in England. The self-complacency of John Bull, as Brother Jonathan may now remind him, must begin to falter when His Majesty's ministers are found careless in their private monetary dealings, and extricate themselves with difficulty from the suspicion under which they fall. The House of Commons unanimously agreed that the two ministers concerned could not be charged with corruption; but the ministers themselves admitted that they had not been sufficiently careful in the purchase of American Marconis, and they committed an error of judgment by their silence on their transactions, when they ought to have spoken out in the House in October last. It was a damaging

**Purity of Public
Life.**

admission, and the resolution passed by the House, though not as severe as the Opposition would have made it, is a warning to statesmen, and it was all the more humiliating, because it was passed by the ministers' own party as the mildest form of disapprobation that they could pass, consistently with the regard of the House for the purity of public life. Jealous as Parliament has shown itself of its traditions, the incident will perhaps be treated by many as a sign of the times. We in India cannot forget how it was preceded by another incident, in which the India Office was involved. Sir Stuart Samuel was unseated under a judgment of the Privy Council, because the firm, of which he was a partner, had made purchases of silver for the Secretary of State for India in Council, and had thereby made a contract for, or on account of, the public service. That the Under Secretary of State was related to a member of the firm was made a subject of much comment, but there was nothing unbecoming in that circumstance, and with an explanation the House dropped the subject. The Indian Currency Commission is engaged in investigating the propriety of certain methods of investing Indian money in England. Purity of public methods is distinguishable from the purity of public men.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A GLIMPSE OF INDIA IN THE NINTH CENTURY."

To the Editor of EAST & WEST.

SIR,—In an interesting paper published on page 398 of *East & West* for May, Mr. Skrine says that "the incomparable muslins of Dacca have been killed by the competition of Manchester, whose trade was built on an absolute prohibition of the Indian product."

Now, Mr. McMinn ("The Wealth and Progress of India," a paper read before the East India Association in December, 1908,) roundly asserts that such statements are "absolutely void of truth," (page 39 of the *Journal of the Association* for January, 1909, and page 31 of the "*Asiatic Quarterly Review*," for January, 1909.) Again, "the East India Company, far from being hostile to Indian manufactures, spent about £160,000,000 in training artisans, in establishing factories, in buying and transporting to England for sale there the piece-goods, silk, saltpetre, indigo, sugar, which were their principal staples. They sold piece-goods alone for '65·9 million pounds in forty years (1771-1810).^{*} For years before the Company ceased to trade, they conducted operations at a loss, hoping for improvement, buoyed up by flattering statements from their servants—the commercial agents. The Indian trade was a losing concern, but the Company, through its monopolies of tea and opium, earned several hundreds of million pounds, which largely paid the expenses of Indian administration out of the pockets of the Chinese consumer of opium and of the British tea-drinker. They never said, 'Leave off weaving, we will weave for you.'[†]

Mr. McMinn gives abundant authority for his account; will Mr Skrine refer us to his? It is most important that we should have the exact truth on this subject, as on every other.

London.

Yours truly,
J. B. PENNINGTON.

^{*} Milburn, ", 223.

[†] Dutt's "England and India," p. 129.

